e Saturday Evening Post · March 12, 1966 · 35c

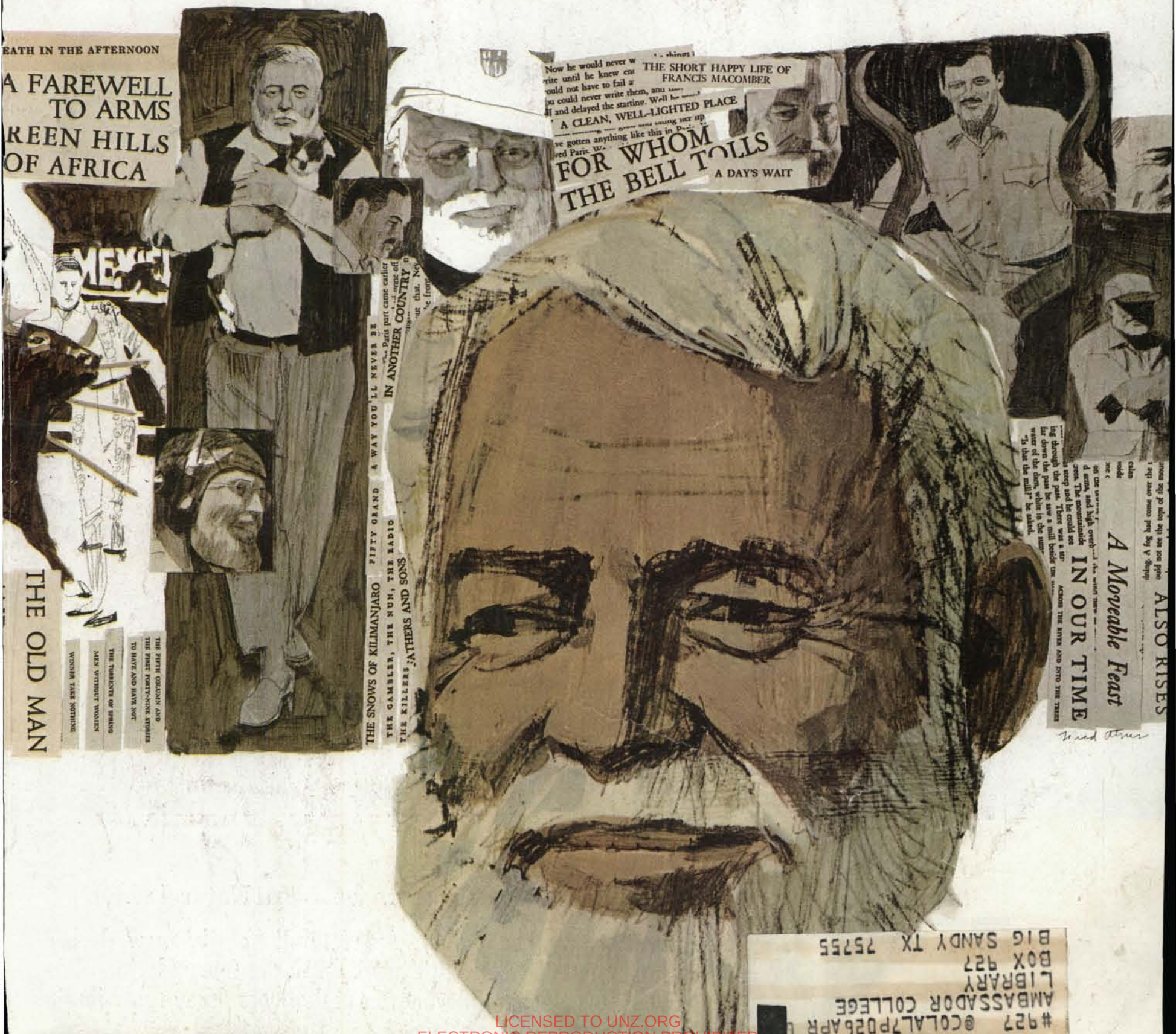
POST

Catholic priest tells
WHY I WANT TO MARRY

In Vietnam with BOB HOPE

FANTASTIC VOYAGE
Into the human brain · part II

A. E. Hotchner's
PAPA HEMINGWAY
Recalling the rich and roaring life that was his own best story



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Put yourself in Pedro's place and decide what you would do!

Pedro Rodriguez is a resourceful 8-year-old who lives in New York City.

Last spring, Pedro went to spend his Easter vacation with relatives in Boonton, N. J. A few days later, he grew homesick, so he slipped away on the bicycle he had with him and started for New York.

After seven long hours of pedaling through strange streets and towns, he realized he was hopelessly lost. It was ten o'clock at night and he had only 15¢ in his pocket.

Through the darkness, Pedro saw the friendly light of a phone booth, dropped his lone dime in the slot and dialed "Operator." Mrs. Anna Appleton, Night Chief Operator in Bloomfield, N. J., took over the handling of his call.

Pedro knew few English words and Mrs. Appleton couldn't understand his frantic Spanish. But her calm voice reassured the boy and she held him on the line while she enlisted the help of a Spanish-speaking student at a nearby college. Patiently, they pieced together Pedro's story.

But how do you find a boy in a booth who has no idea where he is? Mrs. Appleton knew only that the call must be coming from one of five adjacent communities. In quick succession, she called the police in each town and asked them to check.

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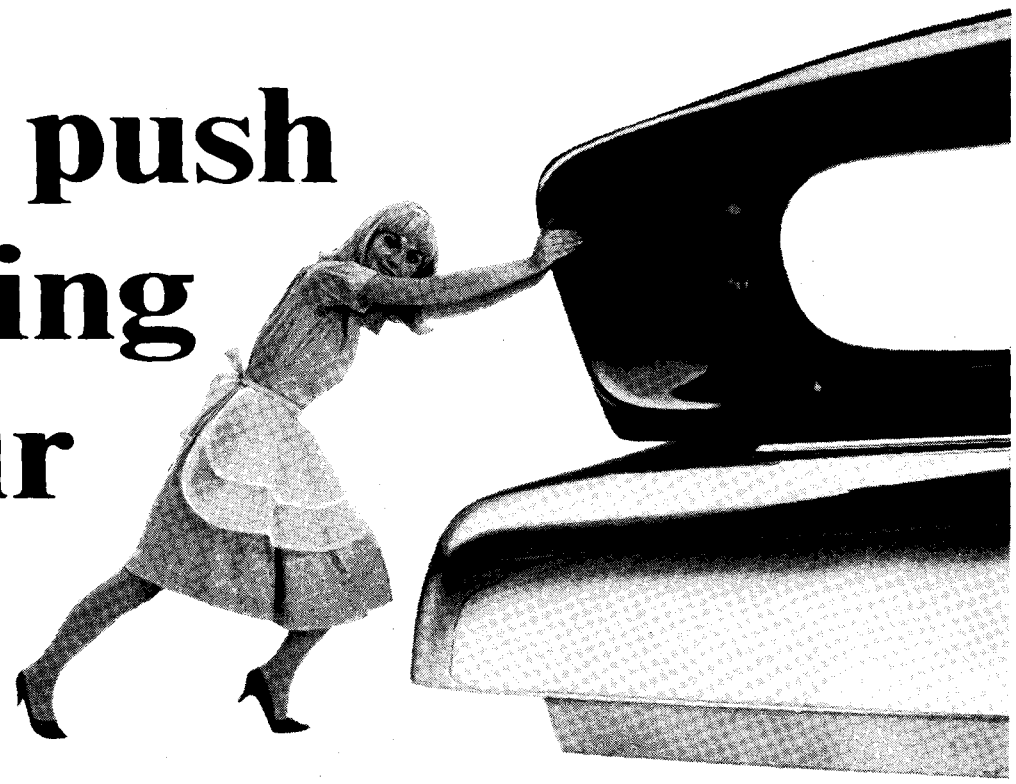

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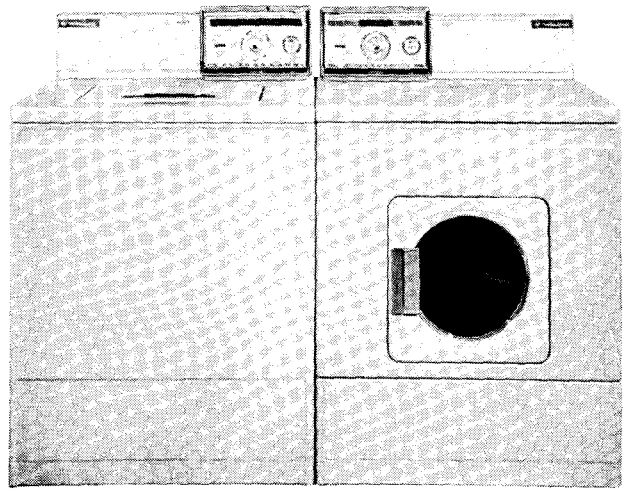

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The Saturday Evening
POST

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

IN THIS ISSUE

March 12, 1966 • 239th Year, Issue No. 6

Articles

I am a priest, I want to marry *(Speaking Out)* . . . *Father Stephen Nash* 10
Vietnam: How wrong was McNamara? *(Affairs of State)* . . . *Stewart Alsop* 14
Good-bye Sam Spade, hello Stephen Foster . . . . . *Thomas Meehan* 18
A long look back to creation. . . . . *Max Gunther* 23
Skiing the Rockies: The high-powdered life in the West . . . . *John Skow* 26
Papa Hemingway *(1st of 3 parts)* . . . . . *A. E. Hotchner* 32
Our greatest man . . . . . *William Saroyan* 80
Man with the golden touch . . . . . *Spencer Klaw* 83
Bob Hope, the GI's best friend . . . . . *Trevor Armbrister* 93

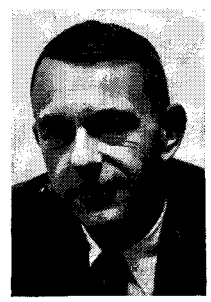
Fiction

Today, a woman went mad in the supermarket . . . . . *Hilma Wolitzer* 50
Fantastic voyage *(Conclusion)* . . . . . *Isaac Asimov* 56

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 73 Post scripts . . . 78
Hazel . . . . . 90 Editorials 98

About this issue



Max Gunther

The mystery of the origin of the universe has fascinated MAX GUNTHER ever since he took a college course in astronomy, but when he undertook writing the article in this issue, he found the various theories most difficult to explain. He stayed up all of one night trying to draw a diagram of a four-dimensional closed universe. (It cannot be done.) Gunther has written two previous science articles for *The Post*, THE ASTOUNDING LASER (Oct. 24, 1964) and THE SECRET OF LIFE (July 3, 1965). For the latter he was awarded a second prize in science writing last December by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. . . . JOHN SKOW is a proficient and enthusiastic skier who lives in New Hampshire, the heart of the Eastern ski belt. This is the second winter *The Post* has sent him to appraise other U.S. ski areas; last year he toured the South (GRITS, MAGNOLIA AND SKIING, Mar. 13, 1965). . . . A former associate editor of *Fortune* magazine, SPENCER KLAW is currently working on a book about the scientific community./Cover Illustration by FRED OTNES.

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Letters

Praise

Editor:

Your issue of January 29 was one of the best you have put out in more years than I can recall.

H. R. DOERING
Berkeley, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Congratulations on your January 29 issue. From the black ghetto through the land of the Viet Cong to the literary world of W. S. Maugham, it was top flight throughout.

JOHN F. McGREW
Duarte, Calif.

Dear Sir:

After reading THE EAGLES, by Mark Rascovich, and HOW THE DUKE OF WINDSOR LOST HIS THRONE, by Lord Beaverbrook, I am moved to express my appreciation for the vast improvement of *The Post*'s contents over the past months. This is the type of fiction and articles which helped form the reading tastes of many of my generation. Keep up the good work.

ROBERT O. TURNBULL
Binscarth, Man.

Dear Sir:

THE EAGLES, by Mark Rascovich [January 29], brought me back to the days of Alexander Botts, C. B. Kelland, Tarkington and others who used to people your pages. I even laughed out loud a few times while reading this absurd but entertaining story. So, I hereby raise my voice in approval.

KEIG E. GARVIN
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to nominate Mr. Sanche de Gramont man of the month for his bravery and public service in going into Viet Cong territory to gather the material in his article UNDER VIET CONG CONTROL [January 29]. The article is full of vital information the American people should know.

TRUMAN H. DUNN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Julie Andrews

Gentlemen:

My little girl, magazine in hand, came to me asking why "the Mary Poppins lady" in the book was so uncovered [SOME DAY IT WILL ALL BE JUST WONDERFUL, by Gene Smith, January 29]. Need I say more?

MRS. PAT NEWMAN
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Never have I seen a more expressive, tantalizing and appealing photograph of a movie star (or of any woman, for that matter) than the one featured on page 34. Julie Andrews's picture has more of the softness and mysterious appeal of a woman than all the pin-up pictures in the world.

KARL REDMAN
Kitchener, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Allow me to commend you on your excellent article about Julie Andrews. I never realized that a movie star such as Miss Andrews had such a hectic daily schedule. I was also quite impressed by the lovely pictures Philippe Halsman took of her.

ROBERT CALLEN
Catonsville, Md.

Barber Ware

Dear Sirs:

With apologies to Ogden Nash, whose limerick, BARBER WARE, appeared in the January 29 *Post:*

We *do* have a barber named Ware
Who is *not* allergic to hair.
But the jokes he does tell,
Were new when Rome fell.
He and Nash would make a great pair.

(Our barber is Jack Ware.)

BOB SCHUH
Chilton, Wis.

Genus genius

Dear Mr. Editor:

The Alsop piece on President Johnson and the "genus genius" [JOHNSON THE GENIUS, January 29] was done with a modestly suppressed indication of genius, as well as a tremendous sense of humor being inherent in the author.

This article was universal bait thrown out with design to catch every fish in the pond. Mr. Johnson could read it, beat his chest and bellow, "Me, great. Me, genius." There is supporting material for those who think he is neither nice nor lovable, and for those who think he is an ass. And there is something for those who think he either is or will be great.

EDWARD B. SEEGERS
Jacksonville, Fla.

The black ghetto

Gentlemen:

As a "Whitey," I bow to Mr. Mark Battle for a moving, informative and concise look at the black ghetto as I'd never seen it before [THE WHITE MAN CAN'T HELP THE BLACK GHETTO, January 29]. I agree—the problems can't be "cured with aspirin" but at least a diagnosis has been made, and that is a beginning.

MRS. AARON L. LEVITT
Pearl River, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Social planners should read this article. Mark Battle undoubtedly knows his people's problems. His recommendations for Negro-owned business, training, housing and charity are noteworthy. Negro schools of higher quality are the key to a better life. The harebrained idea about racial balance should be discarded.

GEORGE TENNEY
North Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

We as Negroes are not particularly proud to have our dirty linen exposed to the sunlight, but only articles like this can uncover the real problems and precipitate search for real answers.

Certainly, the "matriarchal" attitude of the Negro woman and her economic demands upon the poorly paid Negro man is a prime factor in causes of broken Negro homes. Yes, the vocational Negro schools do teach us to make crude furniture and bookends, while the white child learns electronics and computer operation. But we must also change the "white collar" com-

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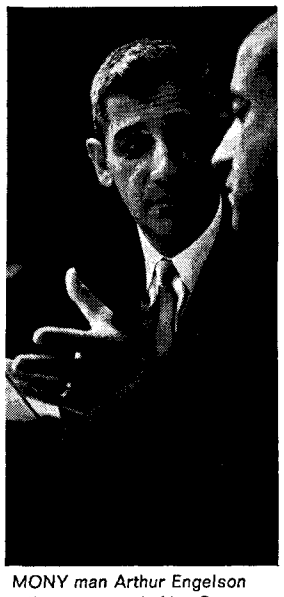
Mr. Alec Pappas, Vice-President and Assistant Director of Engineering, at the test site for a drone antisubmarine helicopter made on Long Island, N.Y., for the U.S. Navy's DASH weapon system

"Look, I work for a helicopter company. I'd rather invest in that than buy life insurance!"

"But a MONY man proved that I wasn't building anything like the right amount of cash to *guarantee* my family an income if anything happened to me!"



MONY man Arthur Engelson talks it over with Alec Pappas

"I've got investments, some life insurance of my own, plus group insurance... and that's enough,' I told MONY man Arthur Engelson.

"But Arthur proved that if anything did happen to me my family might suffer severe financial hardship. What sounded like a lot of cash wouldn't go far in terms of yearly income. If I wanted to *guarantee* an income... one my wife could live on for life and yet big enough to support the children in the early years... then I realized I couldn't afford to hedge with time.

"So Arthur came up with a really comprehensive plan. One that would provide funds to pay my wife a realistic lifetime income. And if all went well then I'd have cash towards a very healthy retirement fund. In fact, since I started the plan, I've used some of that cash! Since then Arthur has even gone out of his way to help me set up a trust fund through an attorney and bank.

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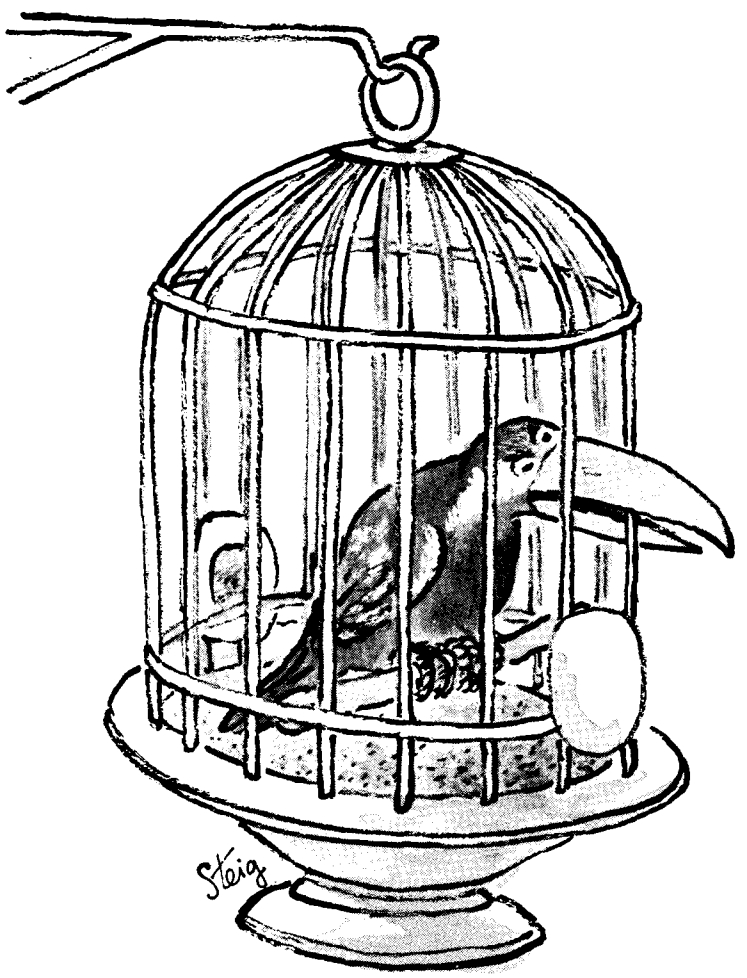

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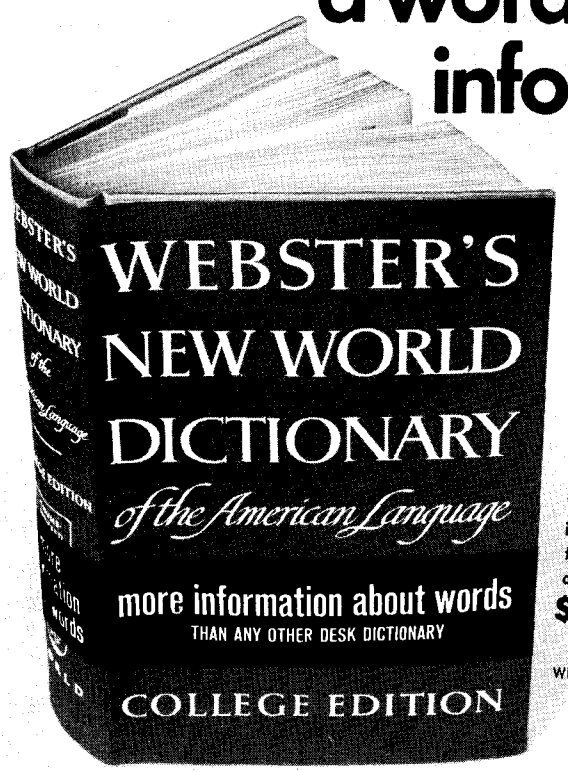

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Letters

plex that many Negroes have before they can be trained for many well-paying vocational jobs.

The article is good, sad, and touching, but a stark reality.

A. B. WILLIAMS
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sir:

Mark Battle's message of avoiding the imposition of middle-class white standards upon the American black ghettos is one which I have heard frequently from persons not as well qualified, but as familiar with the problem as is Mr. Battle. An individual's right to self-determination is a concept apparently little appreciated by even the most energetic and vocal ghetto workers.

GAIL KYMER
Baltimore, Md.

Sir:

There is nothing wrong with good middle-class standards, and many people are growing impatient with the Negroes who are so unappreciative of the many good things given them. They can strive to reach good middle-class standards just the same as Mr. Battle, my many Negro friends and I have. There is NO excuse for allowing a Negro girl to start having babies at the age of 12, to bring a dozen children into the world by a dozen fathers.

MRS. LIDA COSTELLI
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sir:

As a Southern white, I can say this article gives a very true picture. If I try to express similar ideas I am called prejudiced. But many white people have the same problems, and you can't help them or change them. I am a teacher, and for years I tried to help children whose fathers got drunk every Saturday night and did not hold regular jobs; I pick up the paper today and read that the very children I tried to help are unemployed and getting drunk every Saturday night.

JOYCE D. GREENWOOD
Marion, Va.

Dear Sir:

Maybe "The White Man Can't Help the Black Ghetto," but Mark Battle's superficial analysis is certainly no answer either. Begging the question, Mr. Battle wraps himself up in the cloak of the most popular sociological bête noire, "Whitey," and deludes himself and his readers that "Whitey" can't help "us." But it's "Whitey's" money which Mr. Battle would seek for "extraordinary spending" to revitalize the ghetto.

"Extraordinary spending" is only half the answer. The other half lies with the Negroes themselves.

How can we get rid of the "Uncle Toms" and the "ceremonial Negro leaders" who are chosen for us by the white community and who have been selling Negroes down the river for ages?

How can we muster enough racial pride in ourselves and in our community to stand eyeball to eyeball with the power structure and demand that this same power structure deal only with those leaders whom *we* have chosen?

How can we convince Negro communities all over America that the only path to fast and total equality is the pursuit of the identical goals other minority groups—Irish, Italians, Jews, Poles, etc.—have so successfully cultivated, i.e. get power and when you've got it, use it?

C. SUMNER STONE JR.
Special Assistant to Rep. Adam C. Powell
Washington, D.C.

Love, and love alone

Dear Sir:

It is all now never-to-be-forgotten history [HOW THE DUKE OF WINDSOR LOST HIS THRONE, by Lord Beaverbrook, January 29]. But I was around when it was all happening and was far more interested in the romantic than in the practical or the political aspects involved. Consequently, my sympathy was all with the king. Together with nearly everyone else I was deeply touched by his abdication speech.

FLORENCE HETTLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

The late Lord Beaverbrook was wrong! King Edward took the only action possible when he abdicated. The great British middle class, the backbone of England and the monarchy, would never have permitted the reign to continue. Mr. Baldwin, who belonged to this class, knew that.

MRS. WILLIAM H. HENRY
Middletown, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I was there, in Scotland, all the time the excitement was going on. I remember very well when, during World War I, we girls looked upon Edward in his beautiful wartime uniform as truly "Prince Charming."

Ichabod; the glory is departed! Edward, in my humble opinion, was a pigheaded fool.

MRS. JEAN FRAME
Morristown, N.Y.

Long live Aunt Julia

Dear Sir:

As an old fogy of 24 years, I must side with Aunt Julia [PLEASE RE-POT THE SAUERKRAUT by Charles Simmons, January 29]. It doesn't seem too unreasonable for teen-age girls to hang up their own clothes. If they had been brought up from the beginning with their own responsibilities, Aunt Julia's "notices" wouldn't have come as such a shock. A mother who waits on her children hand and foot is doing them a disservice.

MRS. LARRY PRESTON
Newton, Kans.

Dear Sir:

Re-pot the sauerkraut? Re-pot the martyr-mother, the milktoast-father, and send for Aunt Julia.

MRS. BERNICE M. GOWER
Roseburg, Oreg.

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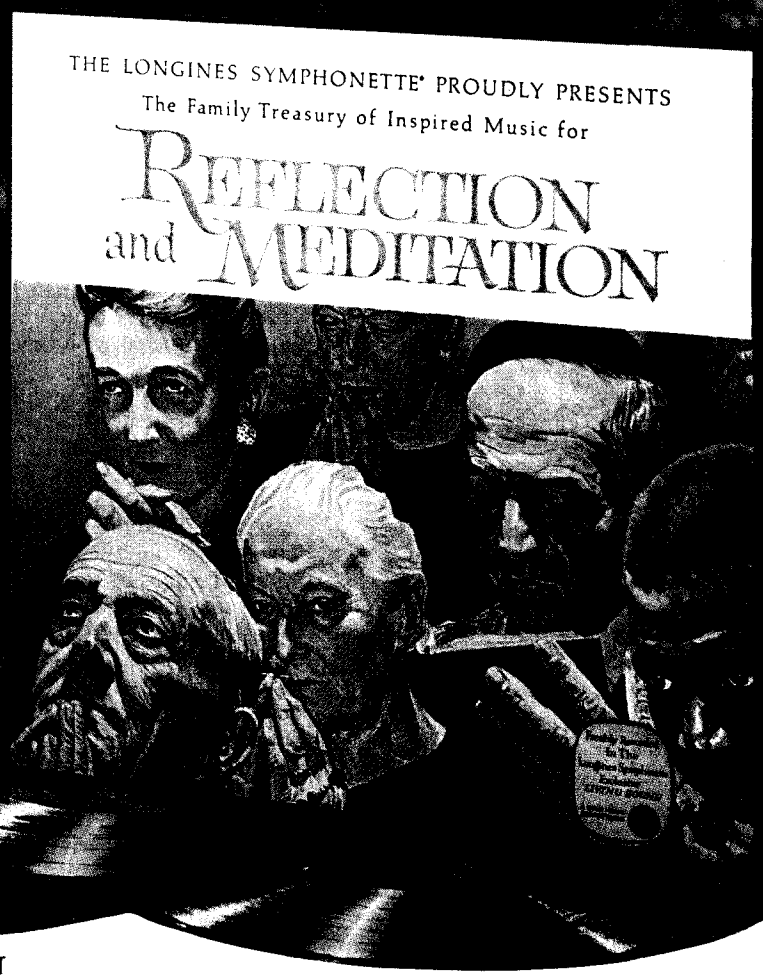

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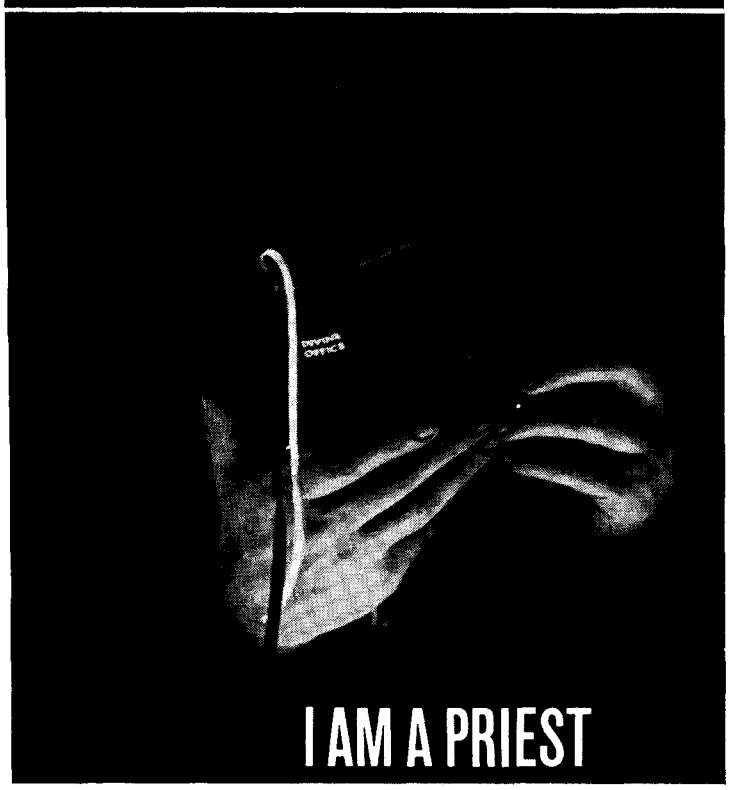

I AM A PRIEST I WANT TO MARRY

BY FATHER STEPHEN NASH

The author, 39 and a Midwesterner, has been a Roman Catholic priest for 14 years and is now studying for an advanced degree at a major Catholic university. He has signed this article with a pseudonym because he does not want to expose his relatives to controversy or himself to ecclesiastical retaliation.

I am a Catholic priest. That, to me, is a great joy. I am not permitted to marry. That, to me, is a great mistake. I speak not from the emotional and spiritual involvement with a woman. I speak not from a failure to meet the requirements of the life. I am a "good" priest. Nor do I speak from an immediate urgency to abandon my clerical responsibilities for a life of marriage in the world, even though such a thought occurs with ever greater intensity.

My work as a priest has been absorbing and challenging. In fourteen years of service, I have counselled the young before marriage and the troubled after marriage, worked for endless hours with alcoholics, encouraged unwed mothers to face life anew, visited countless sickbeds, interrupted my sleep to assist the dying, and strengthened brother priests when the burdens of their lives brought fears and unwept tears. I have told of Christ to His little ones who approached their first communion. I have listened to the tales of teen-agers as a dance tune rocked in the background. I have instructed hundreds of converts, worked with civic and ecumenical groups. I have raised money for every kind of cause, and have been able to save almost no money of my own.

I have coached football and basketball teams, gone hunting, fishing, golfing and sailing. I follow politics and sports, the arts and TV. I have served under tyrants and saints, and have a host of priest friends and find them a unique and lovable body of men. I laugh easily, experience depression seldom and discouragement never. I drink moderately, smoke a pack a day, and am not addicted to dope. I like nuns, love kids, and believe in the teaching of Jesus Christ and His Church with a simplicity of faith that puzzles me. I have said my Mass devoutly, do not doubt God's existence, nor question Christ's presence in the Eucharist, nor His forgiveness in Confession. I have little sympathy with the Church's position on birth control, divorce and religious obedience, and I despise the trappings of religious ceremony with its lace and silks from another age, but have kept my judgments reasonably private. I have led no crusades, nor do I seek to lead any.

I am sentimental to a fault, become too involved in people's problems, and am incapable of saying "No" to someone asking for help. I am the first to reach the party and the last to leave. I talk too much and listen too little, am vain about my appearance and concerned about my age. My mother loved my father, and I loved them both. I am from a large family and treasure the love of each member, suffer from only the average complexes, and was always a poor loser. I love to look at beautiful women, and find a mother and her child a breathless work of art.

I could have fallen in love a dozen times and have had but once, and briefly, a chance to express it. I love my priesthood with all my heart and can scarcely throw it away. But I want to be married more than words can describe, and this dilemma has prompted me to write. I am not seething with sex, though I would like to experience its mystery and fulfillment. I am neither unusually hungry for emotional support, nor bereft of personal attention, nor tangled with tensions. But I long to love and to be loved in the opportunity that marriage provides for creative giving. I desperately want to share the secrets of my love for God and His mercy in the intimacy of married love.

In years of personal prayer I strove to move from a religion of stone tablets and legal decrees to a personal union with Christ. I lingered in the warmth of the Blessed Sacrament, pleading for an end to my hunger of soul. I found strength in the union, but Christ stood most often as a historic Ideal, a distant Redeemer, and not the personal friend I sought. I struggled to find the answer in my work, I gave myself quite desperately, some friends said dangerously. I tried new methods of prayer. At times my efforts to make Christ real seemed almost a type of self-hypnosis.

But the more I worked and gave, or at least thought I did, the more I hungered to share the secrets of my drive with one who would share with me in turn. In the Liturgy I found myself given the role of the aloof and spiritual giant who sacrificed feeling and personal longing for a great and noble work. But it was not enough to paint myself into some misty and mysterious landscape of Claude Lorrain, and therein find my strength and solace. I wanted a wife, yes, I needed a wife. Immersion in the secret loves and storms of souls who sought my help only served to exaggerate my loneliness. How long can a man so straitened continue to question himself?

No doubt I had built an adolescent's image of marriage. And yet, I did not blot out the price of married love. I had been well schooled in its tears over trifles. I had seen with shock the extremes of feminine petulance. I had witnessed firsthand the oppressive closeness of the married state. I conjured up its hours of misunderstanding and confusion, its theft of privacy. But still I could not quiet my longing for love; I pined for marriage. To me it was not Nirvana; life did not offer such. But it was what I wanted, what I truly believed was my right.

Picture, if you will, a priest, picture me. Children came to me in tears, and as I dried their sorrow I longed to tell my own child of God's goodness. Tell me of children's Oedipal hostilities, their sicknesses, their inroads into hours of calm, their economic demands, their ingratitude; and I will only answer that I want to love as only a father in the flesh can, that I might give meaning and dimension to my fatherhood in the spirit.

Perhaps you think that in children I am looking for eternity. But I am not. I am merely looking for life's present gift. I want to be a man, not an ideal; a lover and not only a preacher; a father, not a father image. And to achieve this, I am willing to pay any price.

But I cannot throw away my priesthood. I would not, for I am a priest forever. Perhaps you don't understand, you may have never been a priest. I chose the priesthood and eternally embrace my choice. I did not choose celibacy, I did not understand it. I accepted this mystery that I might be a priest. I am not saying that every priest should be a married man. Celibacy is entwined with the most sacred traditions of the Church. Many priests were destined for it, they grow under its purging and liberation. But I am not a monk, I never wanted to be a celibate. I chose the priesthood and awoke to find the chains of my celibacy as no golden link to God, but a bitter link to loneliness, to dwarfed manhood, to self-pity.

Consequently, I find it hard to end a day. I read till my eyes are weary and protesting. I get in my car and drive with my thoughts. I stop for a beer in the protective twilight of some obscure roadside tavern, drinking alone, thinking alone, lest I betray the promise that I made in ordination. And what emptiness of soul do I seek to satisfy? I seek to love a woman, one who will try to love me in turn. I seek a woman who longs to love God as I do, who longs to give of herself as I do. I seek a woman who will share her vision of life with me. I seek my other half as I wander half a man. I want to know God in the way that personal human love alone allows. And then I want to return to my people as a priest, with her revelation of life's mystery as an added insight in my own teaching. I want to be a whole man that I can be a whole priest, that God will be to me a whole God and not an often distant light.

Some of my brother priests have no such needs. But thousands of us have discovered that our celibacy is as bitter as our priesthood is sweet—and that there is no theological necessity, no doctrinal or spiritual insistence on celibacy. Only the discipline of the Church has made celibacy the mark of the priesthood in the West. It was no doubt celibacy that helped purify the priesthood in the age of political religion and monastic corruption. It was celibacy that set the Catholic priest apart (and does today). But it was also celibacy that helped build a wall between clergy and laity, and often led to imperiousness and moral inhumanity. It was celibacy, nourished by a Manichaean, Catharistic and Puritan perspective of sex, that isolated the Catholic priest from reality. It was celibacy that created a Church that could at times abandon the people. I could trace for you the arguments for celibacy's value. I have read them in French, German, Italian and English, and heard my celibacy called a "special light to reveal the wonder that is God" and "a marriage to Christ." But the light has not appeared to me, and it is a union that I find sterile and unsatisfying. I could paint for you the historical setting, but you would only be faced with a conglomeration of facts and contradictions, and ultimately you would understand the existence of celibacy only in terms of an ecclesiastical demand.

The white-haired can say that I am weak and unworthy of my calling. They can tell me that they have weathered storms. I bow, sincerely, in admiration. But I am a priest of today, and I am serving Christ in a restless age of realism, in an age where answers to questions only lead to other questions. I am tired of examining my motives, increasing my penances, in order that I might live in a way that I do not believe Christ intended. I have a right to be concerned about the salvation of my own soul, and a senseless struggle seems to keep that salvation in constant jeopardy.

Perhaps the married will say that I exaggerate the fulfillment found in this life. And perhaps they are right. I do not see how a man who lives with the hope of his ideals can do otherwise. But your advice, cynical or sound, will not answer my need, or annihilate my aspirations. I believe that even if married I will hunger still for the repose that

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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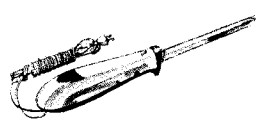

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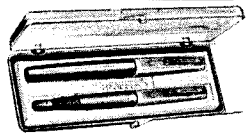

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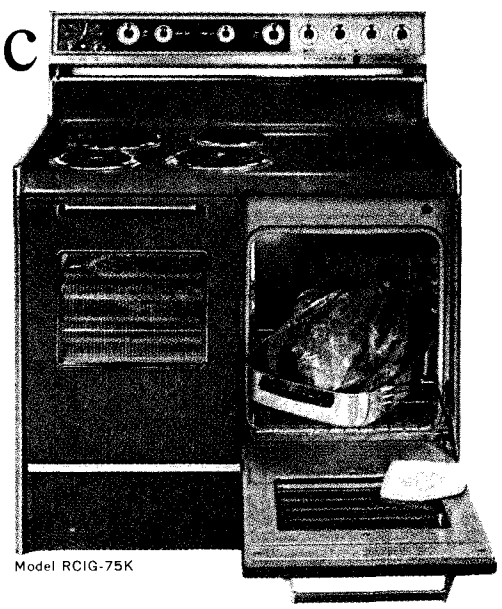

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comes finally in God alone. I do not say that God cannot supply what man by nature lacks. I only say that He *has* not, and I have no reason to think He will.

Perhaps if I were a plumber working with leaky pipes, or an accountant struggling with recalcitrant numbers, the battle would be bearable. But I am called from the celibate's cell to study the souls of men and women. I am asked to share the anguish of a woman married to an unthinking beast, and then retire, unmoved by this personal exchange. I am expected to accept the homage of adolescents' distant adoration for one another, and never to know the personal love that my office requires me to describe. College girls have hung on my words, and I have been sorely tempted to accept the unexpressed offer that my conscious longing had likely subconsciously provoked in the first place. I am to see people only at their most intimate and personal level, and yet never to share the secrets of my soul with a companion designed by God Himself.

I am not living in an age of Chrysostom and Gregory, when promiscuity abounded. I am not living in an age of Augustine or Innocent, when the body was envisioned as the source of evil, and sex was seen as sordid submission to weakness. Nor am I living in the age of Leo X or Alexander, when churchmen were tainted with greed and frequent sexual compromise. I am not even living in the days of Pius IX and Queen Victoria, when sex was a whispered word, and women were expected to endure the prurient demands of men. I am living in an age that shouts sex from the hilltops. I do not see with the simplicity of Jerome that "man is paper, woman fire, and the devil a mighty wind." I see with the eyes of a 20th-century Catholic priest, who has taught the beauty of marriage, the sacredness of sex, and the picture of divine friendship contained in the image of married love. I taught, and then I ran to shield myself from what I longed for and my vocation forbade—the love of woman.

I have heard it said, but only by lay people, that the dedication of the priest leaves no time for marriage, but I discovered that it left time for golf and poker and smorgasbords. I was informed that the priests held secrets that none must hear, but I found that the dedicated doctor must do the same. I was told that celibacy kept the insincere from pursuing a life of religious service, but I found Protestant ministers genuine men of faith. I was lectured on its magnetic force in winning the confidence of men. But I discovered that this was more than balanced by the priests who alienated people with their aloofness, their absorption in real estate and financial drives.

The solidly traditional have insisted that the people would reject the idea of married priests. But the people reject only what is not explained to them. Could the people not understand that celibacy is an ecclesiastical discipline much in need of reform? Would they not understand if a priest opened his heart to them and told them that marriage would make him a better priest? Pause and reflect on what it takes for a man to walk away from the priesthood—as thousands have because they found the burdens unbearable. Chances are it was a life that he loved, and when he left it, he crushed the hearts of his mother and father, saw friends turn their backs, found potential employers curl their lips. He must live in fear of being recognized and openly scorned. He was denied the sacraments, cut off from the Church he served, and forced to reject almost every friendship ever cultivated, save one—the love for a woman that was called impure. The Church has never come to grips with this problem, never really been honest about it. We know that one day this will change, but what prevents a Church from accepting a married clergy? And what right have the people to reject a married clergy, when the demands of celibacy are tearing thousands of us asunder? There is not an argument that can support this growing travesty.

If it were merely sex a priest wanted, as often his critics intimate, he could know it without this bitter price. There is scarcely a priest who could not find a ready and understanding companion. But if he wants the love of a wife, he must be willing to pay the exhaustive price of his honor. He may well have been too honest to lead a double life, so he faced the horrors of a private hell. He was fired with ideals, and then he was catapulted from a monastery into a world searching for love, and told to be warm but not involved. He was handed the commission to love, thrown into a valley of lovers, and asked to retire alone to his knees. He was to talk endlessly of love and never to kiss.

Some of my friends cannot leave the Church because of the hurt they would give to parents or friends. But my parents are dead, and my friends other than priests are unimportant. Others could not face the responsibility of beginning life anew. But I am trapped because I cannot stop being a priest. Perhaps this is the loneliest way of all.

Perhaps my personal plea strikes you as dramatic and maudlin in an age when cynicism mocks fulfillment in any life. But what I write, I feel with every fiber of my existence. Hence I cannot be logical and calculating; I can only tell you what my heart and soul have screamed a thousand times to me. Because you have not found fulfillment in marriage does not mean that I cannot.

I thought the Council fathers of Vatican II would face the problems that they well know thousands of us have. I thought, at least, they would open the door to my brother priests who have left in disgrace. But the Council fathers merely re-echoed the mossy accents of the past. Somehow they do not recognize the openness and honesty of the modern priest. Many of us could leave the life without a twinge of conscience, but cannot bear the pillage of our priesthood.

Answer me not, priestly critic, in tones of passionless unconcern. I have worked as few have worked. Answer me not, episcopal judge, in terms of solemn discipline. I have tried to pray as few have tried. Speak to me not, Council fathers, in words whose heart you have not felt. I speak with honesty that scalds my soul. I have fought within the limits of my powers. Perhaps I shall leave the priesthood; perhaps I shall not. But if I leave, it will be, as far as I can honestly see, because celibacy makes no sense to me. I groan to know God's love in the only human relationship that can give this love the dimension and reality that I need. To me, Heaven is a distant hope, Hell an unreal possibility. God's love is the only center that can give meaning to my life. I do not understand how I can be a priest until I am fully a man. Without marriage, I must continue to live as a half.

I do not write to inaugurate a crusade. That will come soon enough. I have merely told you the story of my soul, and humbly ask: "How long can half a man remain a priest?" □

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Vietnam: How wrong was McNamara?

WASHINGTON:

Walter Lippmann: "As each succeeding prediction and promise of the President's advisers turned out to be wrong, the only remedy they have been able to offer the President is that he should send in more troops and do more bombing."

James Reston: "Error starts in the mind. Wrong assumptions lead to wrong decisions, and this has been the tragedy of Vietnam from the beginning."

As these words—written by two of Washington's most eminent journalists—indicate, it is becoming an article of faith, among many intelligent persons, that the advice received by President Johnson on Vietnam has been consistently and totally wrong. It is worth asking whether this conviction is correct. For if it is, the President obviously ought to fire out of hand all his chief advisers, starting with Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, who has had more to do with policy on Vietnam than anyone else. Indeed, high officials whose advice on matters of vital national interest is *always* wrong ought not simply to be fired—they ought to be put on trial for high crimes and misdemeanors, and possibly drawn and quartered.

Have President Johnson's chief advisers on Vietnam always been wrong? No one will claim that they have always been right. The chief specific item of evidence of their wrongness is the statement issued by the White House on October 2, 1963, that "Secretary McNamara and General [Maxwell D.] Taylor reported their judgment that the major part of the U.S. military task [in Vietnam] can be completed by the end of 1965."

This "judgment" certainly turned out to be totally wrong. But it is only fair to add that the judgment was heavily qualified. The statement was made before the collapse of the Diem regime, but there were already very ominous signs of trouble on Saigon's political horizon. The last paragraph of the McNamara-Taylor report noted:

"The political situation in South Vietnam remains deeply serious. . . . Repressive actions in South Vietnam . . . have not yet significantly affected the military situation, [but] they could do so in the future." The fall of the Diem regime a few weeks later, and the political chaos which ensued, affected the military situation not only "significantly" but disastrously—more disastrously, certainly, than McNamara or Taylor had foreseen. But at least they were not the blithering idiots that the one sentence, quoted out of context, makes them seem.

Actually, because it is so spectacularly wrong, that one sentence is merely a useful stick with which to beat McNamara and company over the head. The really serious charge against McNamara and the other presidential advisers on Vietnam is that they have made three basically incorrect assumptions, as follows:

1. That the South Vietnamese alone could deal with the Viet Cong, with our help and advice.
2. That bombing of North Vietnam would by itself bring the Communists to the bargaining table in a reasonable mood.
3. That the commitment of American troops in South Vietnam would do the same thing.

In assessing this triple charge, it is necessary to distinguish between the verb "to hope" and the verb "to assume." McNamara and the President's other advisers certainly hoped that these things would happen. But they did not assume they would happen.

On the first point, for example, here is McNamara to the House Armed Services Committee, in January, 1964: "We hope that, with our full support, the new government [in Saigon] can . . . eventually suppress the Viet Cong insurrection. . . . However, the survival of an independent government in South Vietnam is so important . . . that I can conceive of no alternative other than to take all necessary measures within our capability to prevent a Communist victory." Bombing the North and committing U.S. ground troops to the South were certainly "measures within our capability."

As for the second point, McNamara and the Joint Chiefs repeatedly warned the President, both before and after the bombing of the North started, that "bombing alone won't do the job." The purpose of the bombing was twofold—to make infiltration of men and supplies from the North more difficult; and, more important, to give the U.S. a bargaining counter in eventual negotiations. Both these limited objectives have been achieved.

Finally, McNamara and the other Vietnam policy-makers advised the President to commit U.S. divisions to Vietnam, only with the most agonized reluctance. They were perfectly well aware of the danger that the war might thus become an almost unwinnable "American war"; and aware too that to extricate the United States from such a commitment might be mountainously difficult. But they were also aware of another fact—that if American ground troops were not committed, the war would be lost. This points to the heart of the difference between the policy-makers and their critics.

"Walter Lippmann is absolutely right if you accept his premise," says one policy-maker. "His premise, which he has been honest enough to state often, is that Communist domination of all Vietnam, and even ultimately of all Southeast Asia, is an acceptable risk for the United States to take. We don't think it is an acceptable risk—not one of us does. But his premise is certainly one on which honest men can differ. What I resent is the notion that we could have failed to do what we have done, and yet somehow, without effort or risk, Southeast Asia would have been saved."

No doubt McNamara and the other presidential advisers have been too hopeful, a natural human failing. But they are all highly intelligent and extremely logical men. Their chief fault, indeed, may well have been a tendency to assume that Asian Communists share their kind of intelligence and logic. "In the long run," an American general told this reporter in Saigon last year, "Hanoi is going to have to settle on terms acceptable to us. They have no choice—to do otherwise would be illogical. It would be irrational."

The really basic assumption of the Vietnam policy-makers in Washington has been this, in the words of one of them: "We'll get a settlement once the other side is *really* convinced they can't win." This is a logical and rational assumption. But it does not allow for the possibility that "the other side" may not be rational or logical at all. The other side may be totally unwilling to settle the war as long as they are convinced that *our* side can't win.

Ho Chi Minh's great, unforgettable moment of triumph came in 1954, when he defeated the French—at a time when the French controlled all the industry and all the big towns in Indochina. Old men dream old dreams, and Ho's past haunts the present. This is why the basic assumption of the Vietnam policy-makers may turn out to be wrong. But at least it is a perfectly logical assumption, and the men who advise the President are not a pack of fools who have been wrong about everything. And those who are now so wise by hindsight ought to consider the price we would have had to pay if the President had not accepted the advice of McNamara and company. That price would be not only "Communist domination of all of Asia" but a humiliation for the United States such as this country has not yet suffered in all its history.

Stewart Alsop

Policy-makers McNamara, Taylor.

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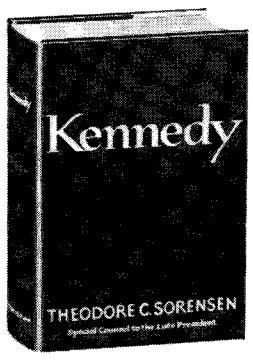

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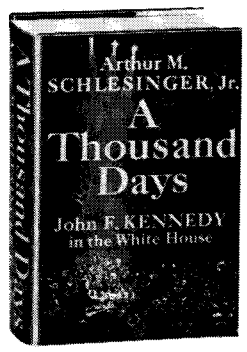

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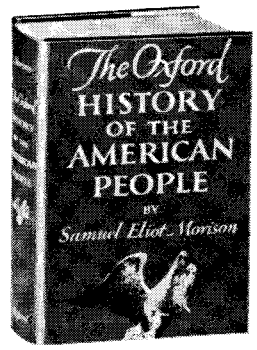

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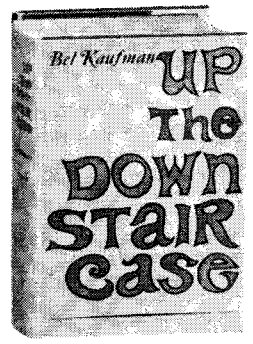

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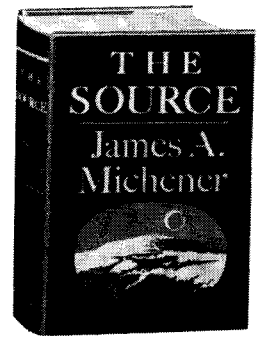

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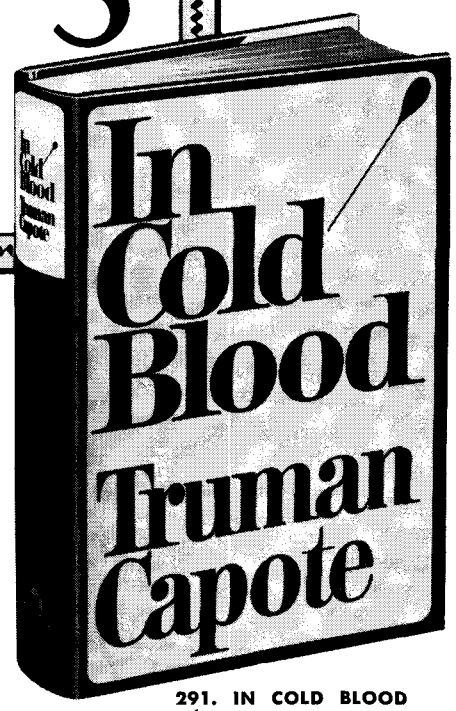

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Good-bye Sam Spade, Hello Stephen Foster

By Thomas Meehan

"Usually he wore the trench coat unbuttoned, just tied with the belt, and a slouch hat, rarely tilted. . . . His expression was usually sour, and when he smiled only the lower lip moved. . . .

"Several months ago, the New Yorker Theater in Manhattan ran a cycle of thirty Humphrey Bogart movies. A one-day double bill of THE BIG SLEEP and TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT broke all their attendance records. 'I had two hundred people sitting on the floor,' said Daniel Talbot, owner of the 830-seat revival house. 'It was wild.'"—From an article on Humphrey Bogart in ESQUIRE.

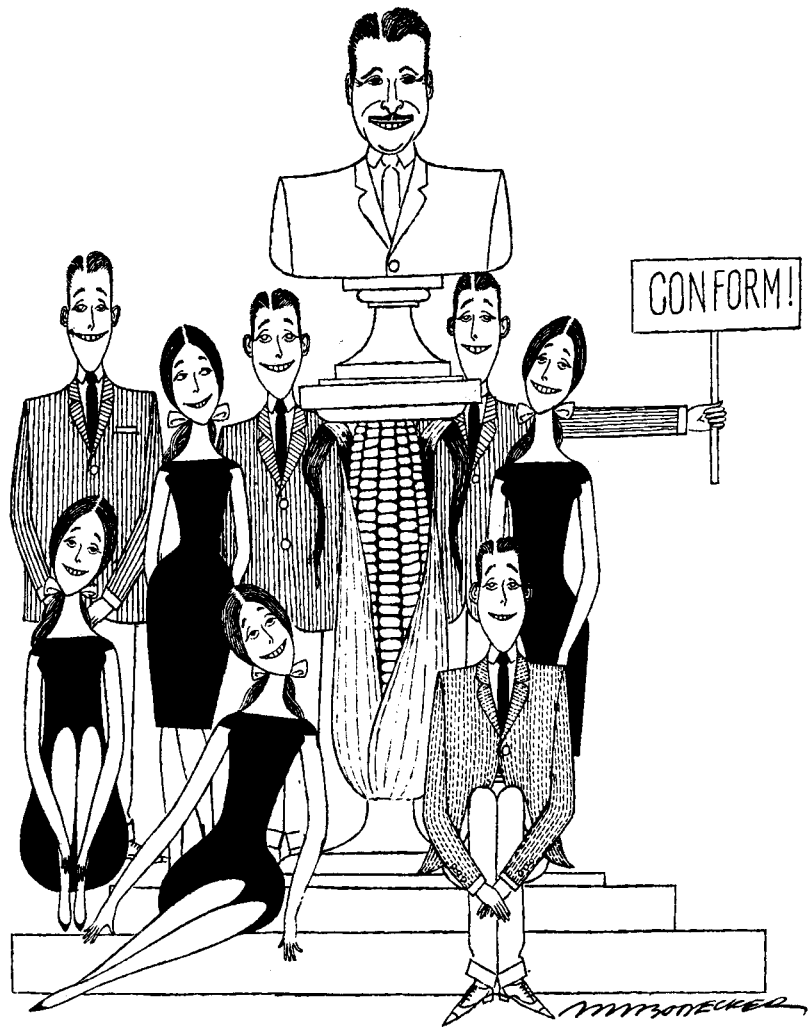
"From an innocent cult, this has been parlayed into a great big damn thing. It'll probably be someone else next year."
—From an article on Humphrey Bogart in NEWSWEEK.

Usually he wore a wide-lapeled double-breasted suit, went about with a cheerful grin, and parted his hair in the middle, like Herbert Hoover. And whatever he was doing, staying up until all hours to invent the telephone, putting out the Chicago fire, composing *De Camptown Races*, or merely trying to corner Alice Faye, he was always the same—the quintessential Mr. Nice Guy with a cocker-spaniel friendliness shining from his twinkling eyes.

One is speaking, of course, of Don Ameche, the moustachioed star of such Hollywood films of the '30's and '40's as *Swanee River*, *In Old Chicago*, and *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*, and now, in the early months of 1967, the object of a cult of youngish admirers, most of them college students majoring in business administration, hotel management, and mortuary science.

No one is quite certain when this substantial segment of America's college generation first became attracted to Ameche, but some observers suggest that the cult may have been born on September 8, 1966, when, at its annual convention in Las Vegas, the National Student Christian Temperance Society held a special screening of *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, a 1941 Ameche vehicle. In any event, the Ameche cult has spread rapidly from campus to campus, and is now particularly evident at Furman, the University of Nebraska, Panhandle A.&M., Wartburg, and East Texas Baptist, where most of the undergraduates have snapshots of Ameche pressed into their chapel hymnals.

Nowadays, whenever an Ameche film is shown in certain Southern and Middle Western college towns, theater managers must turn away hundreds of beardless, mild-mannered local students. Not long ago, in fact, the Silage Theater, in downtown Lincoln, Nebr., the home of the state university, ran a two-week Ameche Festival, opening with a double bill of *Happy Land* and *Happy Landing*, and the response was astonishing. "It was a richly rewarding experience," reported Larson J. Termohlen, the owner of the theater. "For fourteen days the theater was filled to overflowing with clean-cut and clear-eyed Ameche fans chuckling warmly at the antics of their idol in *Down Argentine Way;* applauding when, in *So Goes My Love*, he managed to invent the delayed-action fuse; and weeping unabashedly when he passed away in the last reel of *Swanee River*. It made me proud to be an American, a Middle Westerner, and an Odd Fellow."



Perhaps typical of the Ameche cultists is Carleton J. Gmeltsch, Jr., a senior at Nebraska, who is one of the founders of the university's Art Linkletter Club, an organization devoted to the ideal that college undergraduates should be as agreeable and uncommitted as possible. Gmeltsch, a meek and mild youth, feels that the reason for the rise of the cult is that Ameche symbolizes for an increasing number of young Americans their own deep-seated drive toward slavish amiability. "In the past few years a handful of bright, hip students with a lively interest in civil rights, foreign policy, and Joan Baez have given my entire college generation a black eye," Gmeltsch mumbled nervously not long ago. "But, despite all the publicity to the contrary, most college students today are like me, good eggs and good Americans who only want one thing out of life—a chance to keep our noses clean until we're sixty-five and can retire to Sun City on six thou a year. And this is why we're drawn to Don Ameche. In *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*, for instance, he not only invented the telephone but was a real swell guy. And in *Swanee River*, as Stephen Foster, he wrote some of America's most beloved melodies while being at the same time, to everyone he met, totally inoffensive. And where, by the way, would this great country of ours be without *Old Black Joe* and the American Telephone & Telegraph Company?"

Eager to pattern themselves after their idol, the cultists, mainly from having read one or another of the recent books on Ameche, among them, *Ameche: The Man, the Myth, and the Moustache*, are amazingly well acquainted with the facts of Ameche's life, and most of them for example, can reel off the names of the actor's six children (Donnie, Ronnie, Tommie, Lonnie, Bonnie and Connie) and know, too, the titles of the radio shows Ameche starred in before getting into movies. In fact, the cultists frequently hold meetings in student lounges at which they huddle about phonographs listening to pirated transcriptions of *Betty and Bob*, *Mr. First Nighter*, *Grand Hotel* and *The Chase and Sanborn Hour*. "I guess we admire Ameche for his voice as much as for anything else," reverent cultists explain. "That is, it's the kind of warmly sincere voice that every decent young American wishes he had—perfect for selling encyclopedias over the telephone." At these meetings, many of which last until 9:30 at night, the cultists munch gingersnaps, drink hot cocoa, and sing such songs from Ameche films as *Beautiful Dreamer* and *Old Dog Tray* while one of their number plays the autoharp.

The appeal of Ameche to the younger generation has puzzled many students of the contemporary American scene, but Dr. Lloyd W. Murcher, who is the Warner Baxter Professor of Popular Culture at Southeastern Iowa State Cow College, thinks he understands the phenomenon. "To these youngsters," said Doctor Murcher recently, puffing contemplatively on his corncob pipe, "the characters created by Ameche in his films personify the prototypical American square, and these kids know that once they get out of college, they, too, will become squares. Thus, they admire Ameche because they are able strongly to identify with sentimental folk-heroes like Stephen Foster—it's that simple. Essentially, the Ameche cult is rather similar in nature to the recent Franklin Pangborn cult, and, all in all, it's a good deal more wholesome than the embryonic new cult we social scientists spotted last week at Berkeley—a wild and indiscriminate craze for Tony, the Wonder Horse." □

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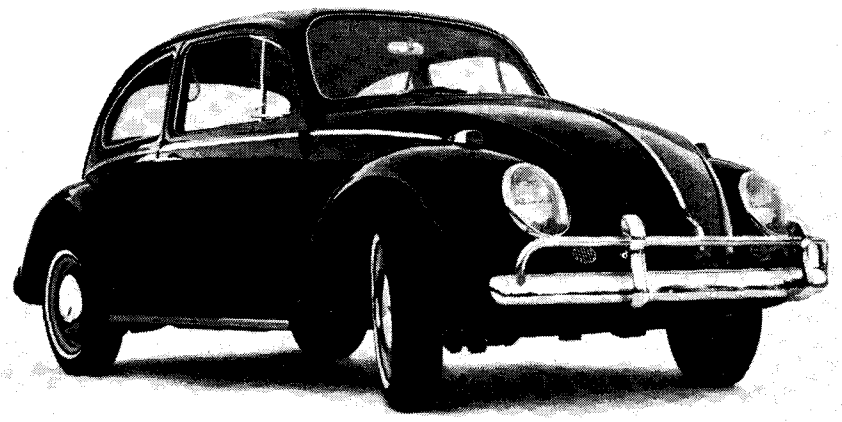

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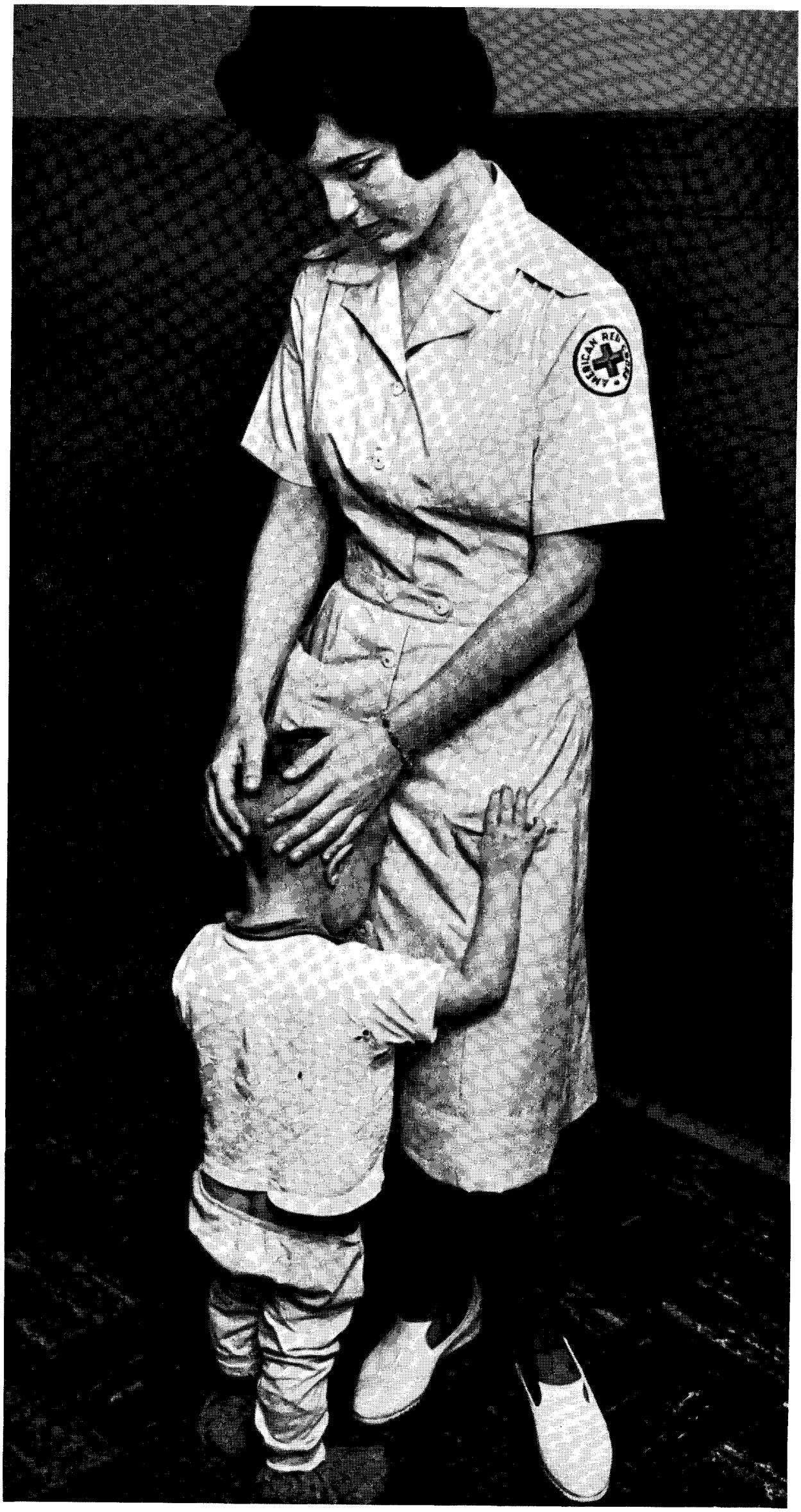

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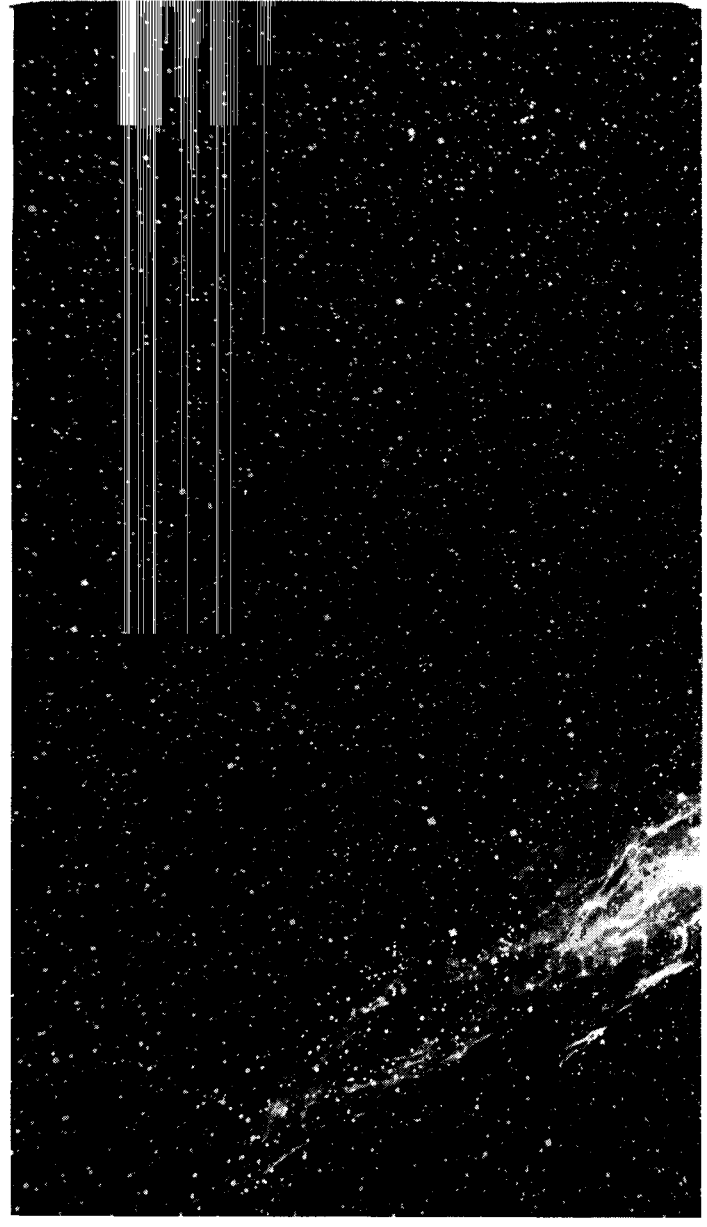
The Saturday Evening POST

New discoveries about the universe may be bringing astronomers to something like

A LONG LOOK BACK TO CREATION

By MAX GUNTHER



In a near-infinity of burning stars and black space so enormous that it absolutely cannot be imagined, on a speck of rock so small that to mention it seems almost ridiculous, tiny creatures called men are trying to find out where they are. They have a name for this vast star-dusted endlessness in which their planet drifts: They call it the universe. They have learned a little about it, but only enough to make them wonder all the more. Where did it come from? Where is it going? *What is it?*

In the past five years men's eyes and minds have suddenly reached out to what may be nearly the edge of the universe. Powerful new telescopes and other far-probing devices have been built, and carried above the obscuring atmosphere. Huge amounts of new information have begun to pour in, and some startling new facts and speculations about the universe have begun to emerge. After centuries of wondering, man may at last be struggling close to the truth about this huge enigma that stares back at him at night.

"It is always risky in science to say that you are 'at last' getting to the 'final' truth about something," says astronomer-biologist Dr. Freeman Quimby, who heads the National Aeronautics & Space Administration's program of searching for extraterrestrial life. "But I will say this. Twenty years ago the universe seemed so absolutely mysterious that I thought it was probably beyond man's understanding. Now, at least, I have hope."

Most astronomers share this optimism. Dr. Allan Sandage, a brilliant young astronomer who is one of the few men privileged to use the giant 200-inch telescope on Palomar Mountain, Calif., believes many of the larger questions may be answered very soon. "Within a few years," he says, "we may have a basis for deciding whether the universe is finite or infinite. We may know whether space is curved as Einstein postulated, or whether it stretches out 'flat' in all directions as Euclid envisioned it. We may know whether the universe will remain substantially the same forever—or whether it will expand forever and thin out, or eventually collapse in upon itself."

Now, as always, man's knowledge of the universe depends largely on his ability to observe and analyze the electromagnetic radiation pouring down upon the earth from distant stars and galaxies. Until the 1940's there was only one form of radiation that astronomers could use to get information about the stars: visible light. Around 1940 they began to use another form that was reaching the earth's surface, from the interstellar deeps—radiation in the wavelengths of radio. The first small radio telescopes "saw" things in the sky that optical telescopes had been blind to: blobs and pinpoints of radio noise, dark stars and other objects that man had never known about before. In the past decade huge new radio telescopes have been built, like the one-square-mile Mills Cross radio telescope in Australia, which can clearly "see" radio-emitting objects so far away that the radiation now reaching us began its journey long before the earth even existed.

Optical astronomy has been refined in the past 10 years to the point where it, too, can see far through space and time. The world's biggest optical telescope, the Mount Palomar giant, delivered its first sky photographs in 1950 and has since become a world center of astronomical discovery. "With the Palomar telescope and other new instruments we can see twice as well as we could before," says astronomer Martin Schwarzschild of Princeton University, "and in the past ten years or so, I would say we have at least doubled our skill in tinkering with the light and other radiation we collect. If you want to put it mathematically, you can say we see the universe today four times better than two decades ago."

But there are disadvantages to earthbound optical astronomy. The atmosphere effectively screens out almost all radiation but light and radio waves, and sometimes garbles light waves so badly that the Palomar giant is little more use than a pair of opera glasses. Thus astronomers have begun to move their equipment above the atmosphere. For example, Schwarzschild and the Perkin-Elmer Corporation, a Connecticut maker of precise optical equipment, have designed a telescope and aiming harness that are carried above nine tenths of the atmosphere by a huge balloon. This bizarre three-and-a-half-ton rig has already brought back information that earthbound astronomers could not have obtained. For instance, by studying infrared rays from distant stars—radiation that the atmosphere screens out almost completely—the balloon-borne eye last year found that certain "red giant" stars have as much water vapor above their surfaces as the earth does.

Astronomer Herbert Friedman of the Naval Research Laboratory has sent X-ray detecting devices aloft in Aerobee rockets. "X rays can give us a lot of information about distant celestial objects," says Friedman, "but the atmosphere blocks this kind of radiation." One 1964 Aerobee flight turned up an extremely powerful X-ray source in the constellation Scorpio at a point where there is no optically bright star or any star that is "bright" to a radio telescope. Doctor Friedman guesses that these X rays may have revealed something long postulated by astronomers but never observed: a dark neutron star, perhaps one quite close to the solar system. Astrophysicists theorize that such a star would not shine with visible light. It could be the remains of a supernova, a gigantic star that once exploded. The explosion would strip the star's atoms of all their lighter particles, and the remaining heavy neutrons would collapse in upon themselves to

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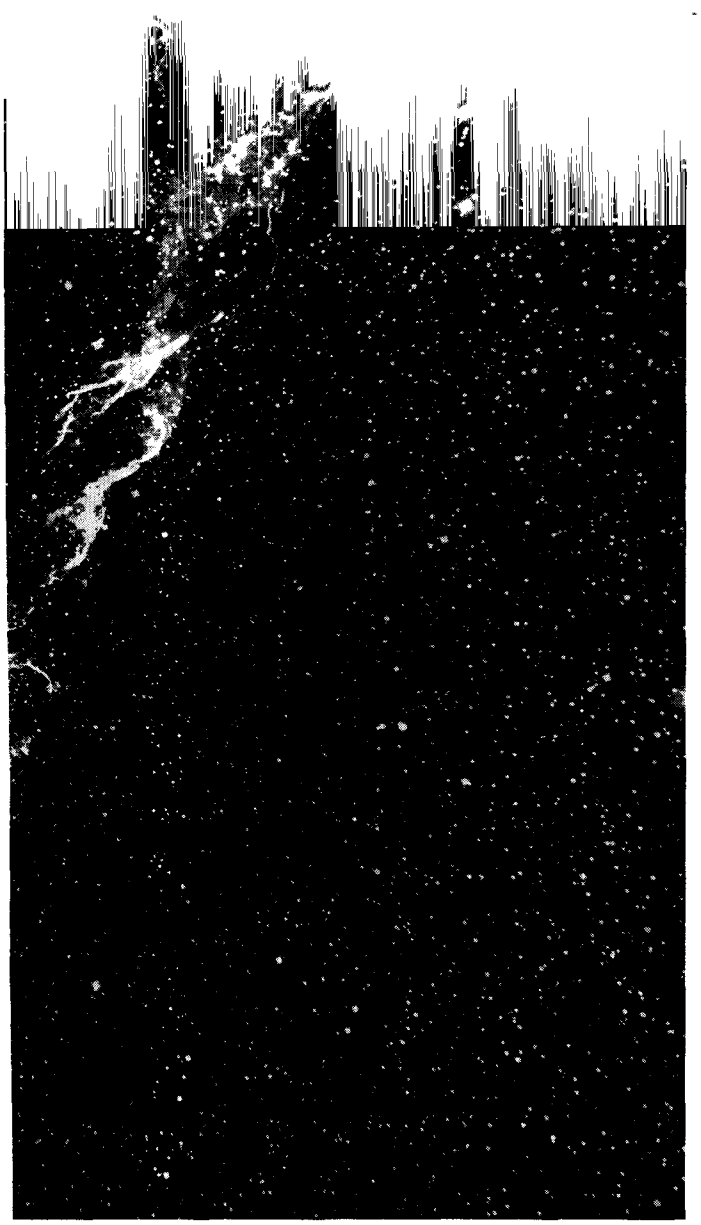

Seen through 100-inch telescope, nebula in CYGNUS *is a vast wisp of cosmic dust among the stars of our galaxy.*

Signs of a pulsating Universe which

form a globe so dense that a chunk the size of a golf ball might weigh 100 billion tons.

NASA has lofted dozens of satellites into orbit to collect astronomical data. The most ambitious one to date, scheduled for launching later this year, is the first of a series to be called Orbiting Astronomical Observatories. Data collected by its telescope will be translated into mathematical terms and radioed to the ground. One of the O.A.O.'s chief assignments will be to analyze ultraviolet light from stars—another form of radiation that is partially screened by the atmosphere.

As man's view of the universe has thus grown clearer, it has become possible in just the last two or three years to test the basic theories about the universe's size, shape, origin and destiny. There are three main theories, each with subsidiary theories orbiting it like planets, each based on the apparent fact that the universe is expanding uniformly in all directions. Of the thousands of galaxies astronomers can see, all except the so-called Local Group (a few galaxies close to our own Milky Way Galaxy and apparently locked in some ponderous orbiting dance with it) are receding from us and from each other at enormous speeds.

One theory, first proposed about 20 years ago by astronomers Fred Hoyle, Hermann Bondi and Thomas Gold, holds that the universe is in a steady state. It has always been this way and always will be. To fill the emptying spaces between the dispersing galaxies, new matter is continually being created out of energy at an average rate something like one hydrogen atom per 500 quarts of space per billion years. The newly created matter constantly clumps together to form new stars and galaxies, so that the universe goes on expanding forever without thinning out. The universe is infinitely large: an "open system" with no boundary, stretching to nowhere and beyond.

A theory propounded 40 years ago by the Belgian astronomer-priest Georges Lemaitre and usually referred to as the "big bang" theory, holds that this whole panorama we see at night was once a single, unimaginably huge lump of matter in a single place. It may have been matter, or it may have been energy—or the difference may not be important. If it was matter, it was probably so inconceivably hot—perhaps 10 billion degrees centigrade or more—that it was unlike any matter we've ever seen. At any rate, this colossus exploded, and the expanding universe we see today is the aftermath of the explosion. By calculating the recession speeds and distances of the galaxies, astronomers who lean to this theory estimate that the big bang occurred about 13 billion years ago. (Studies of the earth's internal heat and other clues indicate that our planet was formed between four billion and six billion years ago.) The galaxies will continue to fly apart forever, according to one version of this theory, and eventually they will be so far apart that no astronomer on any one of them will be able to see the others. This theoretical universe, too, is limitless.

A third theory, an outgrowth of the big-bang idea, is sometimes called the oscillating- or pulsating-universe theory. Its adherents (among them, tentatively, is Palomar astronomer Sandage) go along with the postulated explosion billions of years ago. But they believe there may have been other big bangs farther in the past, and there may be others in the future. According to this theory, the galaxies now flying apart are being braked by mutual gravitation. They will eventually slow down, stop, and start falling back together again. Finally—in about 70 billion more years, the current guess is—the whole universe will have condensed into a single lump of matter-energy again. It may then suffer a fate called "gravitational collapse," squeeze itself to a pinpoint, and dissipate all of its mass in the form of energy. Or internal pressures may halt the shrinking before collapse sets in, in which case it will "bounce" or explode, and the cycle will start once more. This theory generally encompasses the idea of a "closed system," a universe with a kind of edge or end.

Until the past two or three years these were simply uncheckable theories, each as good as the next man's. But the new observation techniques—supported by the immense calculating power of electronic computers—have now begun checking the theories out. There are already calculations which seem to make the steady-state theory less likely than the others. Within another year or two, astronomers may develop a basis for choosing between the other two—or perhaps for working out a totally different theory.

The deeps of space cannot be plumbed by trigonometry or by other methods used to measure relatively short celestial distances. Astronomers must rely instead on an instrument called the spectrograph, which splits a light ray from space into a spectrum patterned with dark and light lines. When any element is heated to an "excited state," as in a star, it produces a characteristic pattern of lines against the spectral background; each element's normal pattern is at precisely the same place on the spectrum. But when a source of light is receding from the viewer, its light waves are stretched toward the longwave, or red end of the spectrum, and all spectral lines are displaced in the same direction. Studying galaxies whose distance could be measured, astronomers in the 1930's found that the farther away a galaxy was the greater the "red shift" in its spectrum (and hence, the greater its recession speed.) Thus the red shift itself became a gauge for finding otherwise unmeasurable distances. Astronomers concluded that the greater an object's speed of recession the greater its presumed distance—and also reached the almost inescapable conclusion that the whole universe was uniformly flying apart.

By the early 1960's astronomers were seeing several billion light-years out into the universe without finding anything that looked like an outer limit, or "edge." Then, in 1963, a California Institute of Technology astronomer named Maarten Schmidt discovered a new kind of object in the sky, an object that stretched man's imagination almost to the breaking point.

For more than a decade radio astronomers had been intrigued by a few dozen stars that emitted far more radio noise than any of the millions of others. Through optical telescopes these noisy objects appeared as relatively faint points of bluish light. They were thought to be dim maverick stars of some kind out at the edge of our own galaxy. Not only was their powerful radio emission unusual; their light contained much more ultraviolet than the light from most stars, and their spectrographic reading was baffling. It is hard to get a good reading from a distant pinpoint of light. Usually only a small segment of the complete color array comes through clearly, but with most stars and galaxies this conveys at least some information. The segments from the radio stars conveyed nothing. While astronomers didn't know what to make of them, the stars were routinely listed at Cambridge University in the third Cambridge Catalogue of Radio Sources, and were given routine numerical designations.

Schmidt resolved to probe the mystery with the Palomar telescope and to start with he picked one designated 3C (for third Cambridge) -273. As he pored over 3C-273's spectrum he found himself looking at a massive red shift. It indicated that 3C-273 was rushing away from us (or we from it) at about 31,000 miles a second, roughly one sixth the speed of light. This would put it two billion light-years away: 12 thousand million million million miles.

The astronomer had trouble believing his spectrograph. The giant Palomar telescope had previously found a few other objects, presumably galaxies, which were that far away. But the objects were so faint that the 200-incher could barely pick them out. And here was 3C-273, just as distant, but bright enough to be picked out by a six-inch telescope such as any high school might buy. Was it possible?

To check the calculations, Schmidt and a Cal Tech colleague named Jesse Greenstein turned to another radio source, 3C-48. This gave them a still greater surprise. Its recession speed seemed to be about twice that of 3C-273, which put it at a distance of nearly four billion light-years. They and other Palomar astronomers went on to study others of these strange radio sources and kept finding more distant ones. In 1965 Schmidt announced the farthest yet discovered: 3C-9, apparently receding at four fifths the speed of light and perhaps nine billion light-years away—by far the most distant object known in the universe.

Not knowing just what these far-off objects are or quite what to call them, astronomers have settled on the term "quasi-stellar radio sources," or quasi-stars, or quasars. Some astronomers believe them to be galaxies; others think they may be gigantic single stars undergoing gravitational collapse, or chunks of primordial matter still in the process of exploding, or pairs of galaxies colliding. Whatever they are, they are unlike anything ever seen before 1963. To be so easily seen from so far away, an object would have to radiate more energy than a hundred large galaxies like the

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curves in upon itself against an inconceivable Nothing.

Milky Way. "The fantastic energy of quasars," says Schmidt, "is far above the possible yield of any reaction now known to physics."

But while wondering what quasars are, astronomers have begun to calculate how they might be used to extend man's widening map of the universe—perhaps to extend it all the way to the edge. "If 3C-9 is indeed nine billion light-years away, that means we are now seeing the light and radio emissions that left it nine billion years ago," says Princeton's Schwarzschild. "In other words, we are seeing nine billion years into the past. Out where the quasars are, we are seeing things that happened before our sun and its planets were formed. If the postulated big bang occurred thirteen billion years ago, and if that is taken to represent the birth of the universe, 3C-9 and other quasars may afford us a view of the universe as it looked soon after its birth."

The goal now is to get more exact data about the quasars. "If we can measure these distances and velocities with reasonable accuracy" says Palomar's Sandage, "we'll have a tremendously important clue to the nature of the universe."

The three major theories about the universe can each be fairly convincingly verified by finding out whether the expansion of the universe is speeding up or slowing down, and if so by how much. This would be much like the figuring an engineer would do to find whether a missile, shot into the sky, will escape into space or fall back. He measures the missile's velocity at a certain point, and then again a minute later, to find the rate at which it is slowing down. By making calculations involving the earth's mass he can predict the missile's fate. If the slowing is gradual enough, the missile will escape gravity and keep going. If the slowing is too abrupt, it will turn and fall.

A much more complex but similar computation can tell astronomers about the universe. If the speed of expansion turns out to be the same today that it was billions of years ago, or slightly slower but not so slow as to pass a certain critical value in the calculation, the assumption will be that the universe will "escape" itself—that is, the galaxies will keep flying apart forever. This will support the single-big-bang theory. If the expansion turns out to be a good deal slower today than it used to be, then the galaxies will eventually stop and fall back, as the pulsating-universe theory predicts. If the speed of expansion turns out to be faster, then the idea of any explosive beginning will look pretty untenable, and one or another of the steady-state theories will come to the fore.

Until now astronomers couldn't see far enough into the past to measure any change in expansion velocities. But now they can see nine billion years into the past. By comparing quasars' velocities with those of nearer galaxies, whose light reaches us after a few hundred million years, men like Sandage hope soon to know if the universe's expansion speed is changing, and if so by how much.

So far astronomers have found fewer than 100 quasars, not nearly enough to allow for cross-checking distance estimates or dependable averaging our errors. But in 1965 a new kind of object was discovered in the sky. It was a faint point of light that had the characteristic blue color and strong ultraviolet radiation of a quasar but lacked the radio noise. While searching for quasars at Palomar, Sandage came across dozens of these objects, and when he examined their spectra closely he found himself looking billions of years into the past. One of the objects seemed to be receding at nearly seven tenths the speed of light, which would put it some six billion light-years away.

The objects were christened Blue Stellar Objects, or B.S.O.'s. Like the quasars, they have a colossal output of light and give man a view across barely imaginable expanses of space and time. What excites Sandage most is that the B.S.O.'s are so numerous—perhaps 100 times as numerous as the radio-emitting quasars. They offer a real hope of finding the overall design of the universe.

The farther astronomers look out, to six billion light-years and beyond, the more B.S.O.'s they seem to find in a given volume of space (not a single B.S.O. has been observed anywhere nearby). This suggests a fascinating corollary: The farther we look back in time, the more densely populated the universe seems to be, suggesting that everything did initially explode from a compacted mass. If there was, indeed, such a big bang, there is no way of telling where it took place, no way of telling whether the matter of which our own galaxy is composed is closer or farther from the point of explosion than any of the universe's dispersing debris. And we could never, of course, observe the explosion itself, since its radiations have long since passed by. But the approximate time of the primordial blast and proof that it occurred may now be within reach of our comprehension.

Preliminary calculations ("very preliminary," says Sandage) also suggest that we may be living in a pulsating, finite universe. The first results in from quasar computations seem to show that the universe's expansion velocity is slowing down fairly rapidly, enough to fit the theoretical requirements of the repeated-big-bang idea.

British astrophysicist Fred Hoyle himself, main champion of the steady-state theory, now thinks he may have been only partly right. In a 1965 book, *Galaxies, Nuclei and Quasars*, Hoyle suggested that the bulk of the universe—which we cannot see—may be in a steady state and may be some 100 million times more densely packed than is our neighborhood. We are living in an "evacuated local bubble" that has somehow worked itself into a pulsating state. There may be other pulsating bubbles elsewhere, perhaps operating with totally different kinds of matter and laws of physics.

Some scientists are skeptical of these huge strides that cosmology has taken. Some, for instance, think quasars themselves may be only an illusion. Einstein postulated, and it has since been proven, that light rays are bent in a gravitational field. A huge field such as that of our own galaxy, which is evidently shaped like a disc bulging in the middle, might act as a lens and distort both light and radio waves from distant objects. The objects might appear to be something they aren't.

Whatever quasars are, much about them needs to be explained before science can quite come to terms with them. Their apparent intensity of energy looks impossible in the light of present-day physics, for instance. Another baffling fact is that some quasars seem to pulsate, dimming and brightening in cycles lasting anywhere from a few weeks to a few years. If a quasar is what it seems, it must be at least several light-years wide. Yet nothing is known in the universe that can travel faster than light, and any triggering signal causing a quasar to pulse would have to be disseminated throughout the quasar within the pulsing period.

A few theoretical astronomers, notably in Russia, think that at least some quasars may be much closer than majority opinion holds. One of these is Prof. Nikolai Kardashev, a highly respected scientist who sometimes startles fellow stargazers with his imaginative ideas. Kardashev can't swallow the idea of a huge, galaxy-sized object pulsating the way some quasars do. He thinks it possible, instead, that some of them are monstrously powerful, intelligently controlled cosmic beacons sounding a lonesome cry through the universe: "Here am I, where are you?"

Meanwhile, other astronomers have embarked on other epic journeys of intellect and imagination. Sandage, for instance, hopes to arrive soon at some firm conclusions about the geometry of the universe. Until now it has been impossible to tell how the universe's space is shaped. It may be a simple, three-dimensional "flat" space that obeys the rules of Euclidian geometry—in which case it is endless, stretching out forever in all directions. Or it may be a four-dimensional space, curved in either of two ways. It could have a negative or "open" curvature—and in this case, too, it would be infinite. Or it could have a positive or "closed" curvature, in which case it would be finite.

Scientists can describe a four-dimensional space mathematically, but nothing in our human experience can help the mind's eye envision it. If we were two-dimensional creatures on the surface of a monstrous sphere, we might conclude that we lived in an infinite universe, since we could never find an "edge" no matter how far we traveled. In truth, of course, we would be unaware of the third dimension in which this "infinite" universe curved in upon itself. In the same way, a four-dimensional system which appears infinite to our three-dimensional comprehension may curve in upon itself, so that a "straight-line" journey through space for X billion years would bring the traveler back to where he started. Such a positively curved universe would be as finite as a sphere. We could never escape its bounds, to whatever unimaginable Nothing might lie "beyond."

An expanding universe of this kind would be something like a balloon being inflated. The galaxies would be dots on the balloon's surface. An astronomer standing on any dot would see all the nearby dots receding from him, and dots twice as far away would recede twice as fast.

The geometry and laws of the universe must be somewhat different from the ones we live by, and the quasars and B.S.O.'s have offered hope of finding what those laws might be. By observing the positions and movements of these enormously distant objects, astronomers may, in effect, see the curvature of space. The first quasar studies—by no means reliable—seem to show that our space is, indeed, curved, and that the curvature is the closed kind that would make a finite universe.

Another mystery of the universe about to be investigated is that of time. Einstein theorized that time is a kind of illusion, interwoven with space and relative motion. The faster you move in relation to the rest of the universe, the slower becomes your perception of time. If an astronaut blasted off for a distant star, and if his spacecraft flew at a large enough fraction of the speed of light, he might return to earth 1,000 years later—but he himself might be only 10 years older than when he left.

NASA hopes to test the theory by synchronizing two atomic clocks and putting one aboard a spacecraft. An atomic clock, timed by the immutable internal rhythms of atoms, is so accurate that it should lose or gain no more than one second in three centuries. The clock aboard the spacecraft will spend days or weeks orbiting the earth at thousands of miles an hour—not a large fraction of light's speed, but perhaps enough to produce a detectable time-stretching effect. If the effect does occur, the clock will end the trip running a split second slower than the earthbound one.

"These are exciting times to be living in," says NASA's Dr. Freeman Quimby. "It is always exciting when an opportunity comes along to test a theory. When dozens of opportunities arise to test dozens of theories, all in the same few years, it's hard to wait for the outcomes." □

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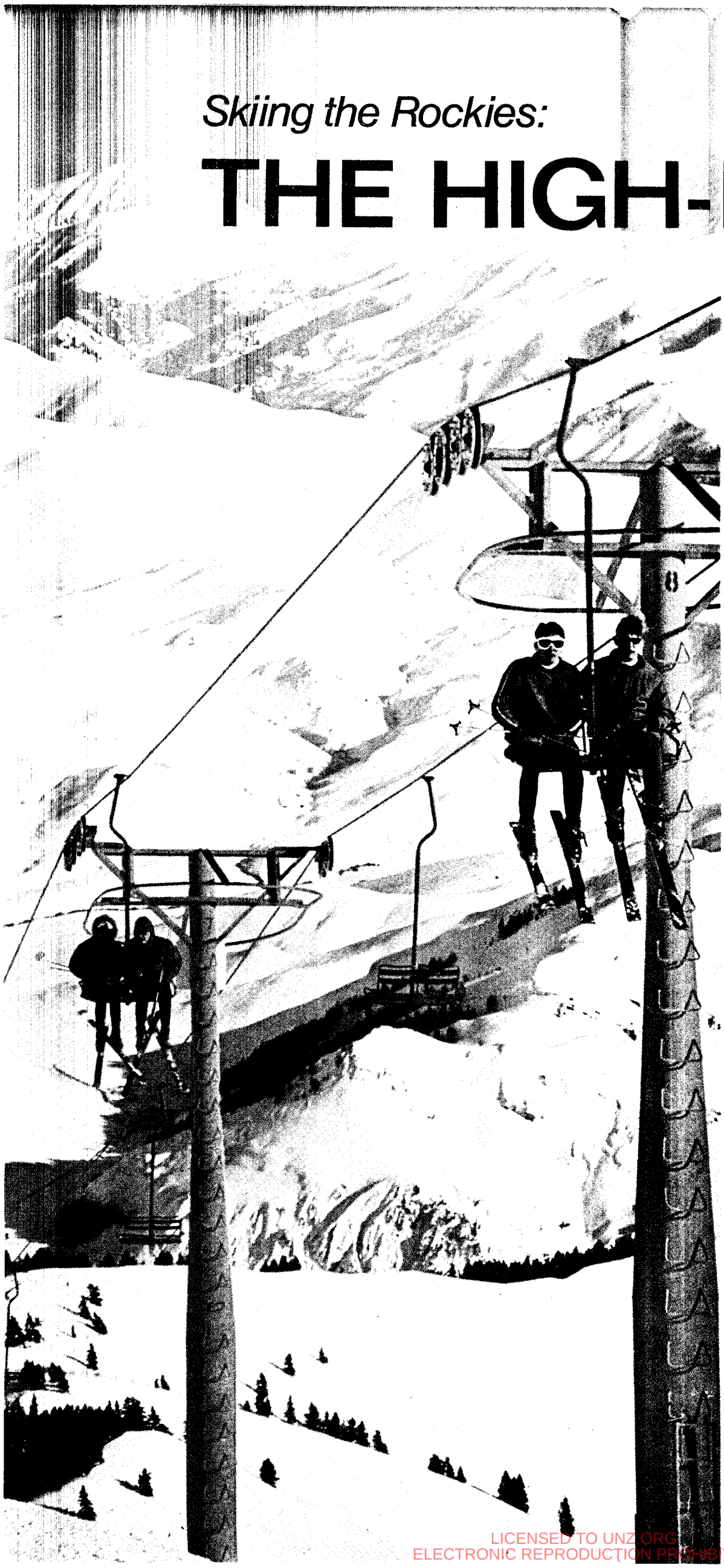
Skiing the Rockies:

THE HIGH-POWDER



Sunlight glares on vast snowfields as skiers near the top of Sun Valley's Baldy Mountain chairlift, 9,000 feet up.

Following Orthopedia, the

The great, snowy mountain at Sun Valley shouldered above the halfway house where we sat drinking coffee. From the top, tiny black figures curled carefully downward, dipped out of view and appeared again, sank below a second ridge line and disappeared, now no longer blackened by distance but wildly colored: a very tall blond boy in a down-filled orange parka, a pretty girl in blue with a bouncing pigtail, a ruck of solid-citizen skiers who passed the eye without catching it, a 10-year-old boy in white-striped red racing pants and a crash helmet. Some of the figures clattered into the chairlift line below our sundeck, lighting cigarettes as they waited, sagging on their poles, or impatiently shadow-skiing with quick counterswings of their knees and shoulders. The rest barged up to the sundeck. The tall boy and the pigtailed girl leaned together, laughing. The solid citizens, roaring happily at each other across five-foot distances, threw their coats on the lunch tables and swaggered inside to get hamburgers.

We watched drowsily. Neither of us wanted to ski. We had been avoiding it all morning, not saying anything, but dragging out breakfast, drinking more coffee. Now the coffee, the high, hot sun and the fatigue of a two-week skiing trip filled us with watery irresolution. Like three-year-olds left playing in the snow, we suddenly felt, sharply and fretfully, that we wanted to go home.

"You want to take a run and then go?"

My friend Joern Gerdts said he did. We had some coffee then skied stiffly down to the car. That was all; we had planned to ski another day, but we didn't even discuss it. The snow and the mountains had outlasted us, and the trip was over.

The flatness of mood at the end (which counts for nothing; the eyes finally tire of white and the legs of bending, but they recover quickly, and the mood with them) has its counterpart at the beginning. Ski trips are begun at night, because there are never enough days to ski. It is always cold at departure, a thin, thieving chill. Baggage is unmanageable; skis and poles stacked against the car scrape across the side and clatter to the pavement. Good-byes are hushed. The car engine is too weak to rev my spirits, and I turn the radio to a hillbilly station: noise against silence. It is 4:30 A.M. as I head out of my New Hampshire town toward Logan Airport in Boston.

Every skier must follow Orthopedia, the muse of skiing, to two holy lands before he abandons life for golf. One is Austria's Tyrol; the other is the American West. For an easterner, Austria is cheaper; a few years ago I was able to take my wife on a honeymoon trip to Kitzbühel and St. Anton with money set aside for a modest engagement ring. Sentiment as well as *Gemütlichkeit* made Austria the better choice; if I had chosen Colorado, I couldn't have afforded to take my bride. (Air fares to Europe are higher, but hotel, lift and ski-school costs in Austria are only about half the U.S. level. And trains are so good and

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ED LIFE IN THE WEST

muse of skiing, a man can get a lift that picks up where things Down East leave off.

By John Skow

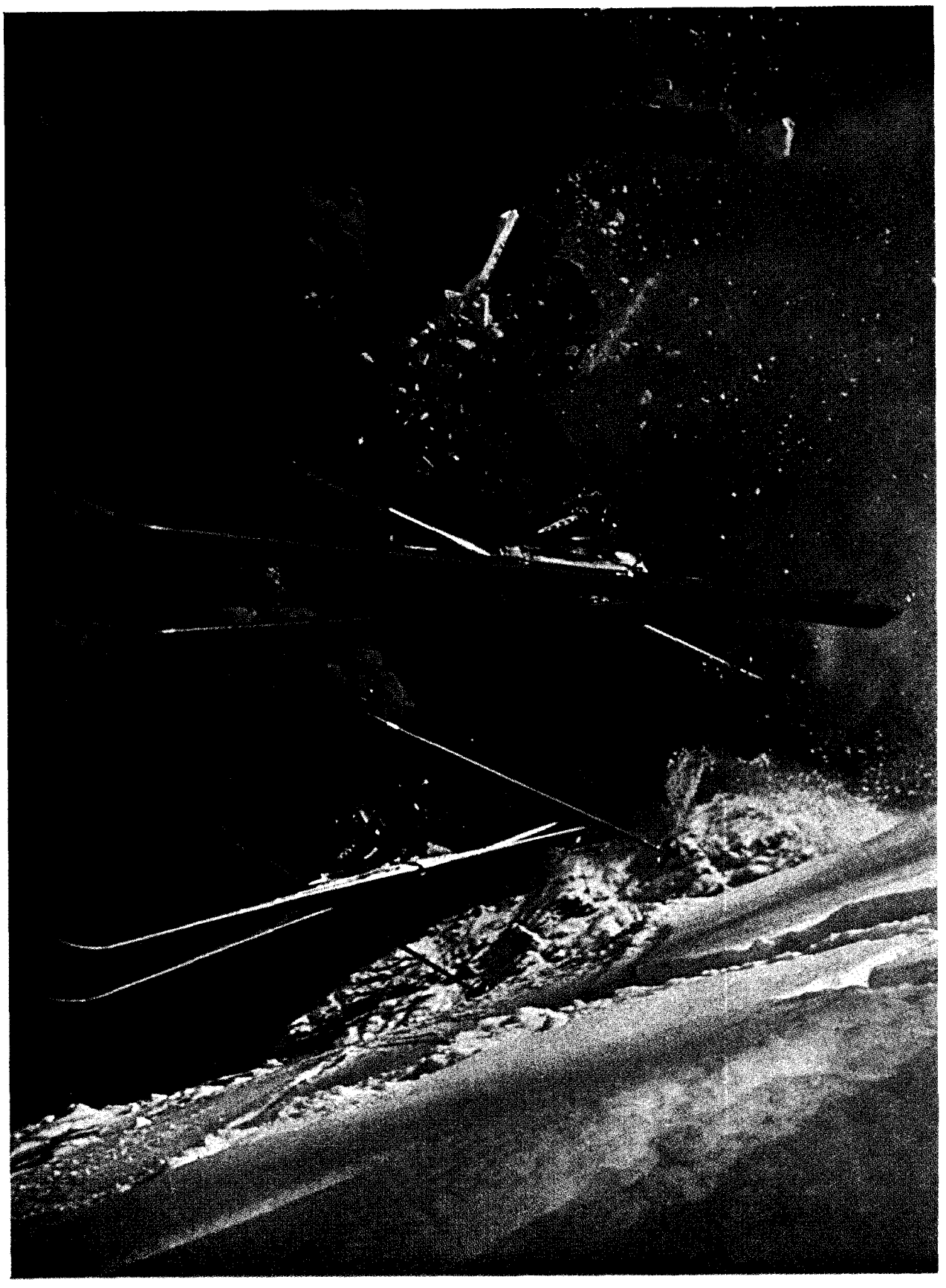
Austrian ski villages so small that rented cars, which are almost a necessity for Western ski trips, are an inconvenience in the Tyrol.)

Now I was making the second pilgrimage (this time my wife did stay home: sentiment was still abundant, but money was still scarce). Ski reports had been bad across the Continent; they are always bad when you have planned a ski trip. New England, where the season had started well, had thawed at New Year's, and it was brown with embarrassment as we flew west. The brown continued to the Denver airport. Then gradually, as the plane rose again and flew over the Rockies to the west, there was snow. Not much of it; stubble showed through, and great stretches of hill leaked dirt. But there was an inch of powder blowing in the prop wash at the airport in Grand Junction, Colo., and it was snowing lightly. Beyond the airport the roads were covered with a joyous omen, ice. At 65 mph my rented car slewed gently from side to side, first toward a handsome file of red cliffs, then toward the Colorado River. I cheered up. Everything was going to be all right.

Upstream along the Colorado, and then up the Roaring Fork, the harsh, tumbled land rises toward Aspen. It is all mining country—the towns still have the old names: Silt, Basalt, Rifle—and it is all high. Aspen is just under 8,000 feet, and the mountains from which it mined first silver and then traveler's checks reach nearly 12,000, far above anything in New England, and higher in skiable altitude than the Alps. Like most lowlanders (I live in mountain country, but the mountain in my backyard in New Hampshire stops short of 3,000 feet), I puffed a good deal for the first week. Every now and then while skiing, or even while talking at dinner, I would feel a brief, ludicrous panic and realize that I was not taking in enough air.

One reason for not taking in enough air is that there is so much else to take in. A skier in full halloo probably burns up 5,000 or 6,000 calories a day, and Aspen devotes a good deal of thought to getting him refueled. It may, or may not, be the best ski town in the U.S., but there is no question that it is the best after-ski town. In the 1880's, it was very good for after-mining, too, and there are impurists who feel that the replacement of the old town's bawdy-house row with the base of a double-chairlift did not represent progress. Nevertheless, there are ways to pass the time, many of them legal. At the Boomerang Lodge you can broil away skiing indignities in a sauna, dash outside into the snow (it is not true that you can't feel the snow; you can, intensely), leap for the haven of a steaming, heated pool, where you can submerge, feeling like a carrot in a pot of vegetable soup, and make faces through an underwater window at horrified customers in the bar.

After such a debauch you might creep to the Red Onion bar. There is no safety here. A German band has detonated and polkaists are lurching about; the air is filled with happy grunts, trom-



Jumping a bump at high speed, instructor Fred Iselin and colleague Suki Whitmore ski difficult slope at Aspen.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

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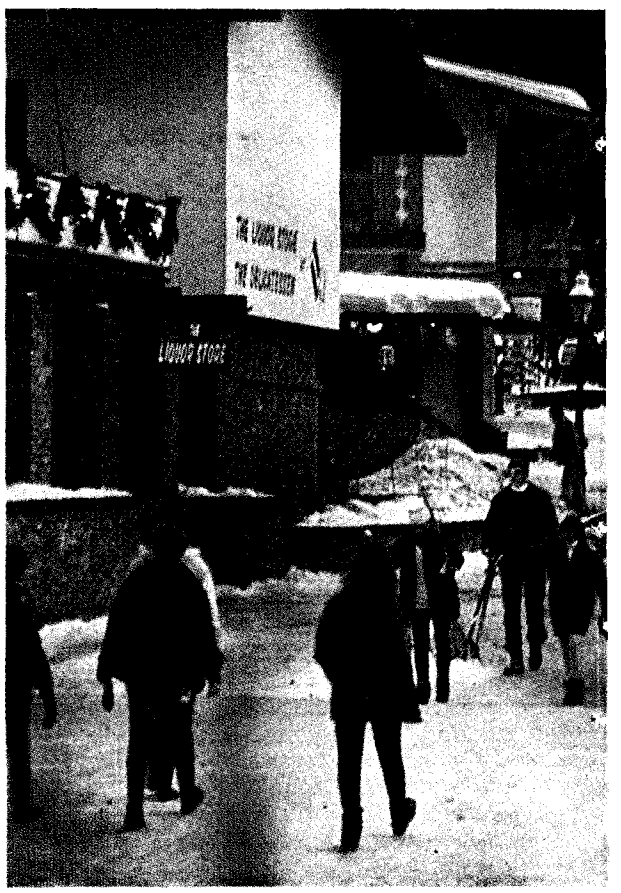
Like a baby plopped in a clothes basket, a skier who falls in deep powder has nothing to grab,

Beginners' class at Aspen studies basics on gentle slope called "Little Nell." Old mining town is in background.



Built within the last few years, the town of Vail, Colorado,

bone *Auspuff* and flying girls. (Girls in rapid motion are a danger even outside the Onion. All pretty, all 22, they go AWOL from college in Chicago or from a typewriter in New York and come to Aspen, where they work a little, ski a lot and get delightfully in the way.

For those made faint by the excitement there is food of New York quality and variety in a dozen restaurants. The Onion itself has a dining section, fenced off for protection from falling bodies. There is the Toklat, an Eskimo restaurant which, perhaps fortunately, does not serve Eskimo food. At the Crystal Palace your food gets cold as your heart grows warm; your waitress, the bartender and perhaps the cook have knocked off work to sing Broadway songs. And there is the Copper Kettle, a lavish cave whose Leadville rococo furnishings appear to have been designed by several teams of decorators in intense competition.

If you like home cooking, you can rent an apartment in a condominium like the Aspen Alps, one of several in town. A wealthy financier rents out both halves of his apartment at the Alps, and each half, at $70 a day, is big enough to sleep 25 or 30 of your friends, depending on how well they like each other. This apartment is rather special. In one living room there is an eight-foot-long, stuffed, $1,500 rhinoceros-hide rhinoceros to sit on, and in the other living room there is a fuzzy-green mountain, 10 feet high, rising in great, heaving, foam-stuffed foothills from the fireplace. This creative plaything is either the world's largest sofa or its smallest Alp. Its owner, it need not be said, is a Texan. Aspen is a little worried about Texans. Last year it was worried about surfniks. The drop-out exuberance of both groups, it is feared, will make the Diners' Club trade feel squirmy.

For those whose knees will support them in the morning, there are the mountains. Three of them now have working lifts. Buttermilk Mountain is a huge, gentle slope that is superb for beginners and intermediates. At Aspen Highlands, probably the next most difficult, Instructor Fred Iselin, *Grossvater* of ski pros, conducts a gallant defense of the rotation system (a modification of the jazzier reverse-shoulder turn is taught at most American mountains; it is a quicker way to change direction, but Iselin's cheerful mockery makes it seem disgracefully effeminate). Expert skiers call Ajax Mountain the most interesting of the three, by which they mean the most calamitous.

There are plenty of uncalamitous runs on Ajax Mountain, not one of which I got near the day Pete Danieli took me up to learn powder skiing. Powder is dry, fluffy snow that sometimes falls in huge quantities at high altitudes. It is rare in New England, where the most common snow condition is described accurately as "boilerplate." After nine years of practice at dodging trees, rocks and capsized skiers on New England's narrow trails, I can ski boilerplate backward, which is the way my maneuvers often leave me facing. If only a few inches of powder have fallen on a hard-packed base, the stuff can be ignored. The boilerplater throws up a fine spray and looks as if he is skiing powder, but his skis, which are out of sight, are clacking comfortably along on the same old scree.

Deep powder has no usable bottom to reassure the boilerplater. Skis are supposed to float just under the surface, supported by their speed like water skis. Weight should be well back, in a position that looks silly and dangerous, so the ski tips won't dive. Worse, the weight is equally distributed between the skis. But the boilerplater's first and fiercest canon is to keep his weight on the downhill ski; anything else means breaking the bank at Blue Cross. In deep powder, the weighted ski sinks, followed by boot, snappy stretch pants, fashionable feather-filled parka, and muffled cries. The muffling is caused by snow in the mouth and nostrils. There is a vivid sense of drowning.

A fall in deep powder is a plunge into infancy. An adult on his back in powder feels like a baby whose mother has plopped him into the clothes basket. There is nothing to grab—no way, apparently, even to sit up. The shot-down skier gives up for a moment and finds that although he is helpless he is also marvelously comfortable. He lies back and roars in pleasure. Then he begins the random kicking that will maneuver his skis below him on the slope and allow him to prop himself up. Often the comedy repeats itself. The skier, now upright again, leans over to check his bindings. His balance is unsteady because he is exhausted and his ears are full of snow. He totters sideways and is unable to shift his feet. Over he goes, in the clothes basket again, unhurt but no longer laughing. Even a good skier does this occasionally, and a beginner does it three times a run. By noon he has lost five pounds and is shaking with fatigue.

To an unbeliever this is unneeded proof that skiers ski only because it is against the law to go over Niagara in a barrel. The skier brushes such nittering aside. He knows he doesn't ski because he is fond of hurting himself. Certainly not because of prestige; there isn't any. At the office on Monday morning a skier ranks below a bandit motorcyclist. If he has broken something, he is a standing joke until the cast comes off. Among his own kind, he knows where he stands. He and all the rest are competing with mountains, not people. And although you can come to terms with a mountain, you can never beat it.

No one was thinking of beating anything the day we skied Snowmass, a big, unbarbered mountain a few miles from Aspen. It will be barbered soon; the Janss Corporation, which has bought Sun Valley, is building a network of lifts, and Fritz Benedict, a gifted architect who has rebuilt much of Aspen, is designing the first of eight villages.

But now Snowmass was almost trackless, reachable only by big, noisy snowcrawlers which carry a driver and 10 skiers, including a ski patrolman and a guide. There were two crawlers, and we racketed up through the powder to the 11,000-foot level.

One reason for skiing is that old gin vapors, stale air and stale words cannot be carried this

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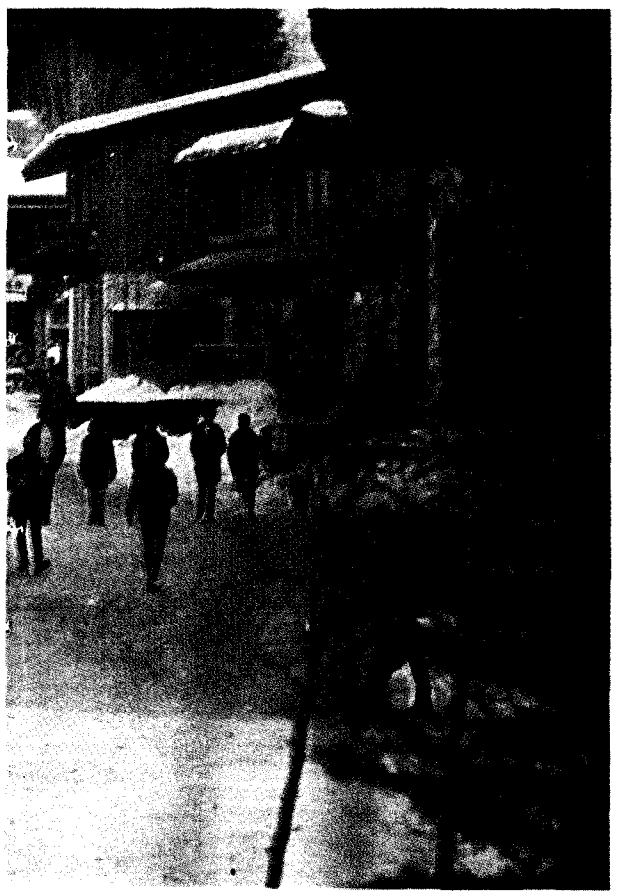
no way, apparently, even to sit up.



'ooks very much like a mellowed Tyrolean village, as planned.

high. The sun was hot and the sky clear; mountains 75 miles away cut off our view of mountains beyond. The powder was too dense to be the waist-high super-powder that skiers find once a season, but it hissed close to the knees as we cut down through a stand of small spruces. I fell, roared, fell again, didn't care. Pete Danieli, my tutor, had come along to see if I had learned anything, and he cheered whenever I did something right.

At noon there was cold wine, onion soup, sausage and cheese at a mountain hut, and camp-robber jays to pick up the crumbs. Back up into the sun; one good run, and then everyone came apart. Hal Hartman, the guide, lost a binding and took a hard fall. A woman of perhaps 50, who had been skiing expertly, now tired and began falling again and again. One man quit. There were no injuries, but we were paying for our morning with the risk of injuries. Hartman took us down, and we drove to a ranch nearby and had tea with bourbon. No one said much. I remember thinking that it feels very good when it stops.

We drove to Vail, an Austrian-style village a couple of hours from Denver. Vail is Aspen's rival, and when we got there people said to us, "I hear they had to shut the lifts at Aspen." In Aspen the talk had been that Vail had had no snow since Thanksgiving. Lodge owners and vacationers bet their money on a mountain and then try to reassure themselves; secretly, they are all convinced that other areas get hotter sun, better snow and wilder girls. This is excellent rumor country. News travels no faster in the Rockies than it did 80 years ago. Skiers don't listen to the radio, and the mountains shut off television, so the only way to get information is from travelers. "Nah," we said, "six feet of new powder at Aspen, and the girls won't let you alone."

Vail is instant Tyrolean, grown from grass since 1962. Imitations are not supposed to work, but this one works amazingly well. The narrow main

Ski tracks and evergreen shadows make patterns in the soft, deep powder snow high on Aspen's Ajax Mountain.

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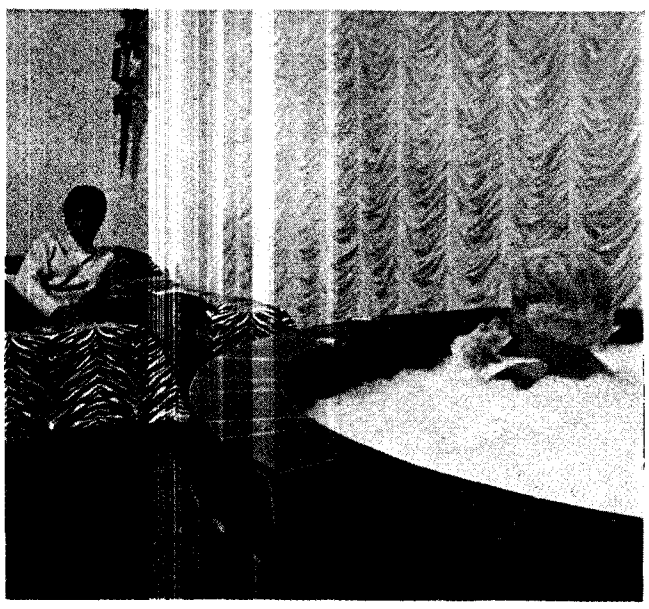


The soaring 'Yes!' of perfect physical action sustained.

SKIING THE ROCKIES

street twisting up toward the big gondola lift is a pleasant jumble of stucco shops and lodges, with balconies overhanging the walkways. There is no Disneyland quality; Vail is a working town, not a stage set. Shopkeepers live above their shops. Lodges are owned, or partly owned, by the people who run them. In Pepi Gramshammer's bar a fat German barmaid delivers fat German beer, delightedly eluding a pincher in a furry parka—"Out of here with all those feathers," she says in German.

Skiing is the only mass sport that the rich cannot play all by themselves, away from the masses. There are a lot of very rich families among Vail's investors, and there was a point in the resort's development when some of them wanted to run the whole thing as a private club. The idea would have cost too much even for them, and it was dropped. As things stand, the weekenders crowd in, although Vail's one-day record of 3,700 skiers is lower than the numbers swarming on the slopes at some of the mountains in southern New England.

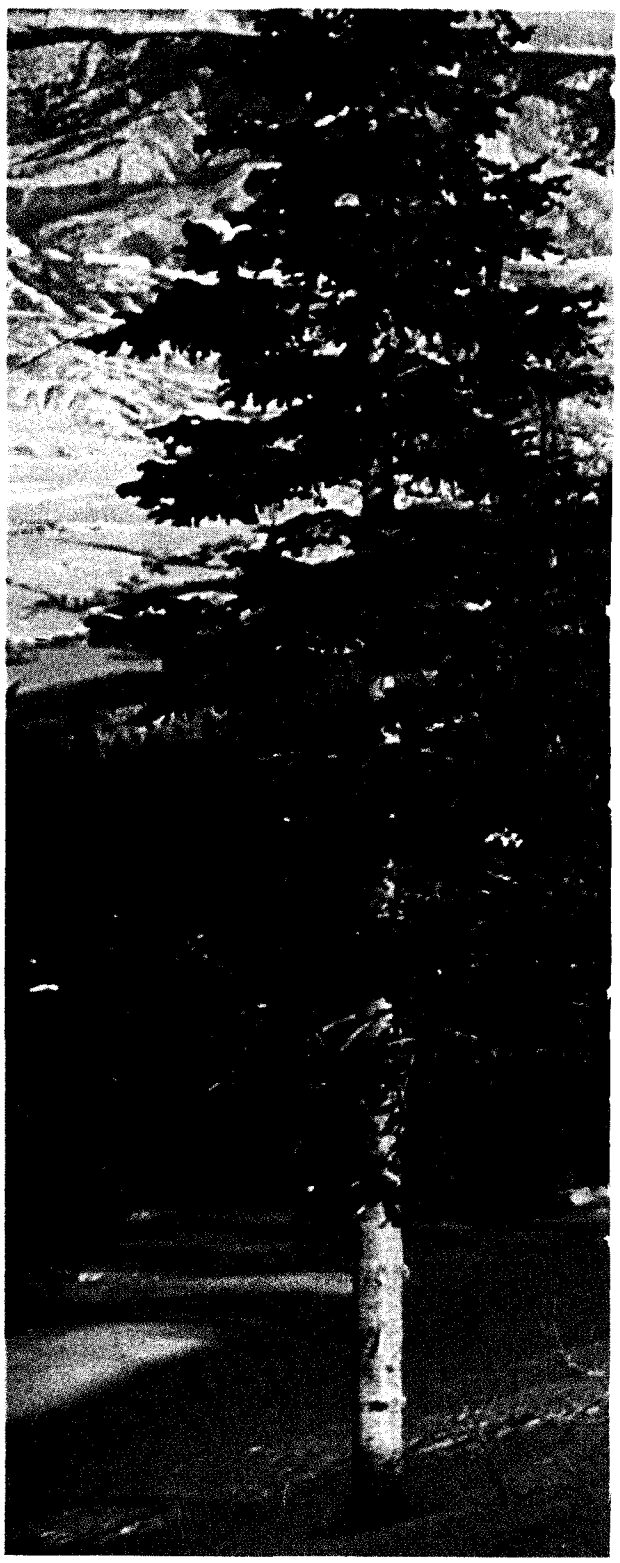
The man who has made Vail work is Pete Seibert, 41, general manager of Vail Associates. He is stocky and intense, with the tough, wary look of a man who, with no sizable wealth of his own for leverage, has managed to stay in control of the promotion he started. Seibert and Vail vice president Bob Parker, 43, are veterans of the U.S. 10th Mountain Division, whose survivors gave skiing in this country its impetus after World War II. Parker is a good skier, and Seibert, although one leg was severely wounded in Italy, is one of the best. They still race, and their interest has given a lean, tough quality to Vail skiing. The high-school team from nearby Minturn chops down through a practice slalom course. Gramshammer is generally visible, skiing with wiry perfection, and so is Roger Staub, the Swiss who won the giant slalom in the 1960 Olympics. Staub, who runs the Vail ski school, skis with a wonderful gaiety; he is not the sort of stuffily correct professional who, in the skier's scornful phrase, is afraid to get snow on his pants. For the fun of it, Staub will come oafing down the mountain on the wrong ski, one lurch ahead of the bonesetter. Sufferers in the ski school see him and laugh, but Staub makes a point: Loosen up, ski for fun, play with the mountain that is trying to knock you down.

Vail does not merely try to laugh you loose. It sells you wine at the big halfway-house restaurant—wine hot and spiced or otherwise. In Europe this would not be worth mentioning. Of course there is wine in the warming huts; how else would one get warm? But in the U.S., there is almost never wine on a mountain unless you carry it there yourself. Let all skiers drink to, and at, Vail.

And to Taos Ski Valley in northern New Mexico. There, it is said, jugs of Martinis are squirreled about in the snow to cheer the fainthearted. Mrs. Ernie Blake, the wife of the proprietor, does the planting. I know she does; I have seen her go up the mountain with Martinis and come down without them, skiing steadily as you please. The idea seems to be that as a crashed skier thrashes about in his fury, his hand will close about a jug and contentment will ensue. Sadly, this does not always work. I crashed tirelessly, but found no peace.

Mrs. Blake's husband, a transplanted Swiss with a wry rasp of humor, has come as close as any man to having a private ski mountain. Taos has only four inns, with 300 beds among them (Aspen can sleep 6,000). Blake discourages weekenders and ski clubs, and his area's geography discourages beginners. Taos skiing is steep and difficult, and although there is a beginners' slope, it has no Martini mine. The valley at Taos is 9,400 feet above sea level, and even skiers acclimated to Aspen puff when they pick up a soup spoon.

When the snow is right, which is most of the time, Taos offers some of the best powder skiing in the country. As it happened, the snow was not right when I was there. It was not bad by New England standards (enough ice to skid a skier between the rocks is good-to-excellent in the East), but it was packed hard and chopped up into moguls—sharp hummocks carved by preceding skiers. Vail's snow was no better, but Vail is big and fairly impersonal, and everyone brooded



Guitar music by the hearth warms skiers at St. Bernard Hotel near Taos (top), a ski area with an intimate flavor.

Bubble-bather enjoys tub in a bedroom of richly appointed Aspen apartment which rents to skiers at $140 a day.

After-ski party in the same apartment sprawls across indoor terrain composed of carpet over foam foothills.

At Aspen's Boomerang Lodge, a guest at the bar observes swimmers in the hotel's heated, glass-walled outdoor pool.

At Snowmass (right), skiers come down a rugged mountain which can be ascended only by snowcrawler vehicles.

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separately. At Taos, skiers eat at common tables, as they used to everywhere before things went posh, and everyone broods together. Taos is a small, sharp-flavored resort in an age of big bland ones. I am going back and find those Martinis.

At Jackson Hole in Wyoming's Tetons, high-steel men have struggled for two years to build an aerial tramway that will haul 63 skiers at a car-load up a 4,135-foot vertical rise, the longest skiable descent in the U.S. In November they had two of the four huge cables up and a third within 160 feet of the top. Then the hauling winch broke and stayed broken for three months. It was not the first accident; in an earlier one two workers were killed when a cable-borne cement carrier fell.

The Teton country is wilder than the rest. Huge herds of elk winter in the valley at Jackson Hole. Huskies belonging to a forest ranger yowl crazily at the base of the lower chairlift. At the top of the lift, ski patrolmen are bringing in a young deer hamstrung during the night by coyotes.

It is snowing, and the upper chairlift, which reaches only half the great height from the valley floor, carries us into whiteness. Skiing in a snowfall is dangerous; the snow stings the eyes and blurs outlines, and the landscape that looks soft is hard when you hit it. But the mountain is private and still, and beyond the skier's reduced horizon nothing exists. There is only the snow, a few trees, and a wonderful ease of speed. I broke an arm once in that private world, but I still ski fast in falling snow.

The night before, I had asked Paul McCollister, the president of the Jackson Hole Ski Corp., if he ever wondered why people ski when there are so many excellent reasons not to. I might also have asked him why people build ski areas, since his group has lost $350,000 because of the tramway delay. In so many words, he suggested that people ski because skiing sustains the soaring "yes!" of perfect physical action over a longer time period than any other common sport. The exhilaration of a perfect overhead in tennis or a 300-yard golf drive fades with the follow-through, but a skier doing fine linked turns down a big mountain can stay in hashish heaven for a half hour or more.

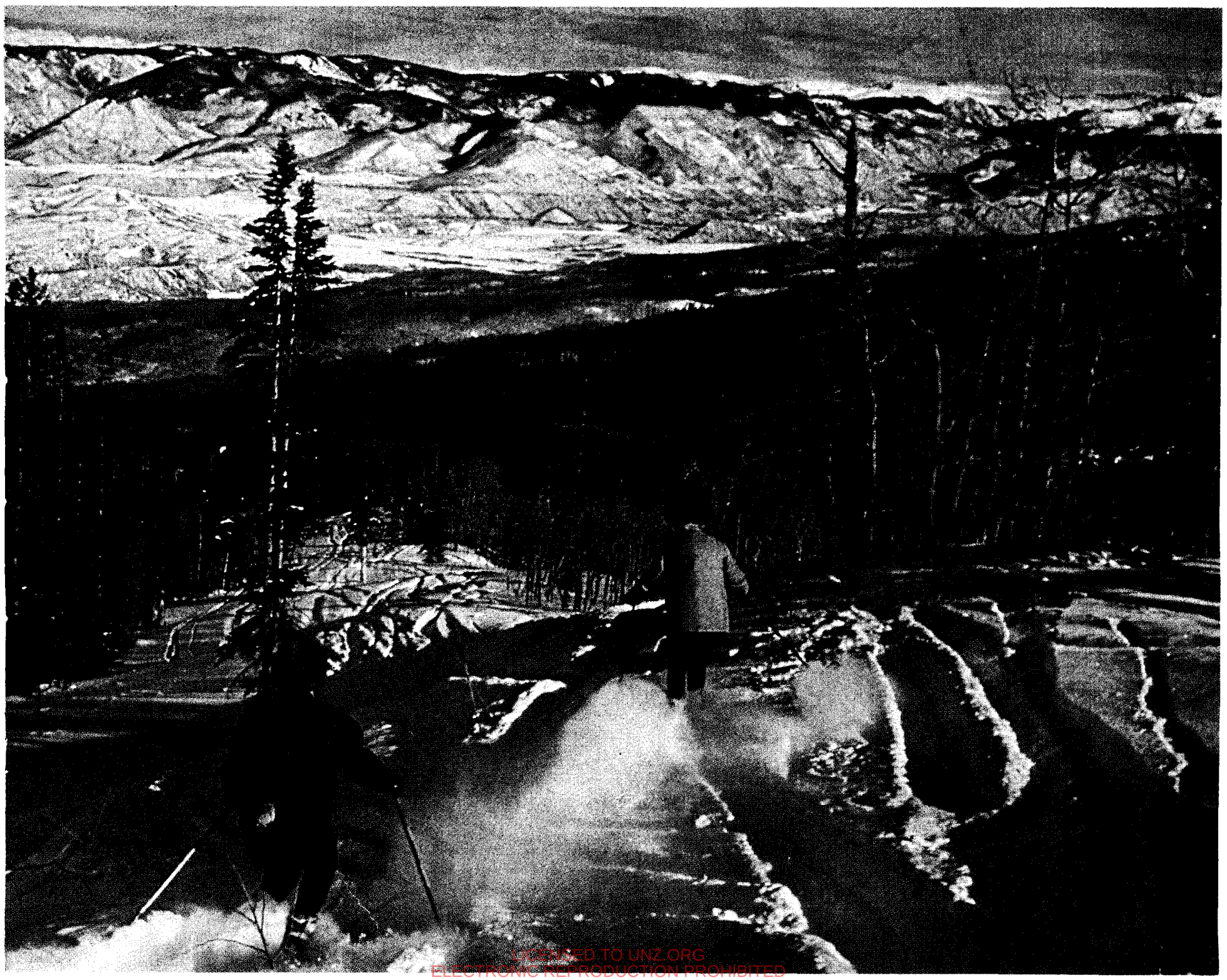
Something like that happened the day it snowed. I was skiing with Pepi Stiegler, a quiet, boyish 29-year-old Austrian who seems too mild to be an Olympic champion (a silver medal in the giant slalom in 1960, a gold in slalom and a bronze in giant slalom in 1964). Stiegler, who runs the Jackson ski school, thoughtfully picked my style apart and put it together again. There are racers who can do it but can't say it, and there are instructors who can say it but can't see it. Stiegler saw shrewdly and gave instructions in clear, softly accented English. Soon, skiing with borrowed skill, I was carving through deep, broken snow that would have derailed me a day earlier. Stiegler left to lighten other lives, but the spell held, and for the rest of the day I played the mountain like a stud dealer who has forgotten how to lose.

For this personal reason—and no other kind applies to skiing—Jackson was the best of a good trip. Half of Jackson is a lot.

We went on to Sun Valley, Idaho. The sun was brilliant, and the snow was good. But the mountains were overmanicured and a little dull, and the resort, laid out in the '30's by the Union Pacific Railroad, seemed a Beverly Hills fairyland that has stood too long in the weather. We sat in the sun at the halfway house and watched the skiers, and that was the day we quit.

We were skied out, and perhaps in that mood we would have found fault with Xanadu. It may have been memories of Sonja Henie skating at Sun Valley in all those old movies that curdled the blood. Or the fact that the resort's main lodge has, of all unskierly things, a string orchestra to which men in business suits and their wives in cocktail dresses bravely whirl.

The reader is advised to ignore all of this and take note of the fact that the skiing members of the Kennedy family spent their New Year's holiday at Sun Valley this year. Photographers couldn't find a Kennedy of any age who was not smiling. Unless the Kennedys have lost touch with fashion, Sonja Henie must be coming back in. Batman made it, and he couldn't even skate. □



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In a spare bedroom of his Havana house in 1949, with his old and faithful "Black Dog" on guard, Papa Hemingway enjoys The New York Times.

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PAPA HEMINGWAY

In both his life and his literature, he was a man of unshakable style. This is the tough, funny, finally tragic story of his last 14 years.

By A. E. Hotchner

In the spring of 1948 I was dispatched to Cuba to make an ass out of myself by asking Ernest Hemingway to write an article on "The Future of Literature." I was on the staff of the magazine *Cosmopolitan*, and the editor was planning an issue on The Future of Everything: Frank Lloyd Wright on Architecture, Henry Ford II on Automobiles, Picasso on Art, and, as I said, Hemingway on Literature.

Of course, no writer knows the future of literature beyond what he'll write the next morning, and many can't see even that far ahead, but here was I checking into the Nacional Hotel for the express purpose of cornering Mr. Hemingway, introducing myself, and asking him to gaze into a literary crystal ball for good old *Cosmo*.

"Ass" isn't strong enough. From the time I read *The Sun Also Rises*, as a student at Soldan High School in St. Louis, I suffered from an affliction common to my generation: Hemingway Awe. In my schoolboy fantasies I had identified with Nick Adams (he was approximately my age and was the protagonist of many Hemingway short stories) as he made his way through a murky world of punch-drunk fighters, killers, suicidal Indians, dope addicts and whores, and the rigors of war on the Italian front. During the Second World War, as an Air Force officer in France, I had been further awed by War Correspondent Hemingway's military exploits. He had affiliated himself in a nonjournalistic manner with Col. Buck Lanham's 22nd Infantry Regiment, and moved through Normandy, the grim action in Luxembourg, and the terror of Hürtgen Forest, where the 22nd suffered 2,060 casualties out of 3,200 men.

I had tried to evade this *Cosmopolitan* assignment, but had been ordered to try to get this asinine article *or else*. The *or else* had quite a bite to it, since I was in my mid-20's, only six months on the job, which was the first I had been able to find after dissipating my Air Force severance pay with a year in Paris. I had Hemingway's address in the little town of San Francisco de Paula, which is about 20 minutes outside Havana, but the more I considered going out there and knocking at his door and disturbing him face to face, which is what the editor had instructed me to do, the more my blood congealed. After two days of sitting by the Nacional pool in a state of pure cowardice, I finally decided; the hell with it, there were other editorial jobs, I would not go banging on his door; and even if I'd had his unlisted telephone number, which I didn't, I couldn't have managed to phone him.

So I took the coward's way out and wrote him a note saying that I had been sent down on this ridiculous mission but did not want to disturb him, and if he could simply send me a few words of refusal it would be enormously helpful to The Future of Hotchner.

Early the next morning the phone rang. "This Hotchner?"

"Yes."

"Doctor Hemingway here. Got your note. Can't let you abort your mission or you'll lose face with the Hearst organization, which is about like getting bounced from a leper colony. You want to have a drink around five? There's a bar called La Florida. Just tell the taxi."

At that time the Florida (that was its proper name, but everyone called it Floridita) was a well-lighted, old-fashioned bar-restaurant with ceiling fans and three musicians who wandered around or sat at a table near the bar. On the wall there were several framed photographs of the Hemingways drinking La Florida's most publicized product—the Hemingway daiquiri, or Papa Doble. It was compounded of two and a half jiggers of Bacardi White Label Rum, the juice of two limes and half a grapefruit, and six drops of maraschino, all placed in an electric mixer over shaved ice, whirled vigorously and served foaming in large goblets. I sat on a stool at the bar, in the corner under the framed photos, and ordered a Papa Doble.

Hemingway arrived a little late. He was wearing khaki pants held up by a wide old leather belt with a huge buckle inscribed GOTT MIT UNS, a white linen sport shirt that hung loose, and brown leather loafers without socks. His hair was dark with gray highlights, flecked white at the temples, and he had a heavy moustache that ran past the corners of his mouth, but no beard. He was massive. Not in height, for he was only an inch over six feet, nor in weight, but in impact. Most of his 200 pounds was concentrated above his waist: He had square, heavy shoulders, long, hugely muscled arms (the left one jaggedly scarred and a bit misshapen at the elbow), a deep chest, a belly-rise but no hips or thighs. He was intense, electrokinetic, but in control, a racehorse reined in. He stopped to talk to one of the musicians in Spanish, and something about him hit me—*enjoyment:* God, I thought, how he's *enjoying* himself! I had never seen anyone with such an aura of fun and well-being.

"Hotchner," he said, shaking hands, "welcome to the Cub Room." His hands were thick and square, the fingers rather short, the nails squared off. The bartender placed two frozen daiquiris in front of us; they were in glasses twice the size of

From 1948 until Hemingway's death in 1961, A. E. Hotchner and Ernest Hemingway were close and trusting friends. They toured Europe, fished in Cuba, hunted in America (below: Idaho, 1958). And along the way "Papa" talked about all the remarkable things and people in his life: lion-taming, war, Scotch-drinking, writing, death, luck, horses, wives (he had four), Marlene Dietrich, Legs Diamond's girl. Now Hotchner, who dramatized 10 Hemingway works for TV, has re-created that "invigorating, entertaining, exasperating, uplifting, exhausting" friendship. This is the first of three parts.

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my previous drink. "Here we have the ultimate achievement of the daiquiri-maker's art," Hemingway said. "Made a run of sixteen here one night."

"This size?"

"House record," the barman said.

Hemingway sampled his drink by taking a large mouthful, holding it a long moment, then swallowing it in several installments. He nodded approval. "Hotchner . . . that's a very suspicious name. Where you from?"

"St. Louis."

"What part, Chouteau Avenue? Did your grandfather fight Nut Sigel?"

"Do you know St. Louis?"

"First three wives from St. Louis." He shook his head sadly. "I know St. Louis. Only good person I know who didn't leave there was Martha Gellhorn's ma." The bartender placed on the bar in front of us a platter heaped with unshelled shrimp. "Couple of years ago," Hemingway said, picking up one of the shrimp, "I founded the Royal Order of Shrimp Eaters. Want to join?"

"Sure. What do I do?"

"Members of the order eat the heads and tails." He bit off a head and crunched it happily.

I bit off a head and crunched it, but not happily.

"It grows on you," he said, picking up another. Two more vases of daiquiris arrived. The bartender handed Hemingway a letter; he looked at the return address and put it into his pocket. "Basque friend of mine is a prolific letter writer and each letter ends the same way: Send money." The trio began to play and sing a spirited number.

"Pals of mine," Hemingway said. "They're singing a song I wrote for them. Wish Mary was here. She sings it best. One night we were in here, bar crowded, everyone having a good time, when in came three eager young gents to have a drink at the bar, and they have FBI written all over them. So I send word to these boys and at the stroke of midnight they break into *Happy Birthday* in English, everyone joining in, and when we get to: 'Happy birthday, dear FBI,' those three J. Edgars nearly caved in. They cleared out fast."

'The fact is I do not know a damn about the future of anything.'

We chain-drank daiquiris and discussed Havana as a place to live and work. "Character like me," Hemingway said, "the whole world to choose from, they naturally want to know why here. Usually don't try to explain. Too complicated. The clear, cool mornings when you can work good with just Black Dog awake and the fighting cocks sending out their first bulletins. Where else can you train cocks and fight them and bet those you believe in and be legal? Some people put the arm on fighting cocks as cruel. But what the hell else does a fighting cock like to do?

"You want to go to town, you just slip on a pair of loafers; always a good town to get away from yourself; these Cuban girls, you look into their black eyes, they have hot sunlight in them. If you don't want to get away from yourself, you can shut out everything by not going to town and jamming the phone.

"A half hour away from the *finca*"—Ernest's *Finca Vigía*, or Lookout Farm—"you've got your boat set up so you're in the dark-blue water of the Gulf Stream with four lines out fifteen minutes after you board her. Or maybe you feel like shooting live pigeons at the shooting club. Matches for big money if that's the way you want it. That's the way we had it when Tommy Shevlin, Pichon Aguilera, Winston Guest and Thorwald Sanchez were around to make teams, and you can't ask for better shoots than when the Dodgers are training and we have match-ups with Hugh Casey, Billy Herman, Augie Galan, Curt Davis and some of the others who are all crack shots."

The daiquiris kept coming as we discussed Robert Flaherty's documentary films, which Hemingway greatly admired, Ted Williams, the Book-of-the-Month Club, Lena Horne, Proust, television, swordfish recipes, aphrodisiacs, and Indians, until eight o'clock, not threatening the Hemingway daiquiri record but setting an all-time Hotchner high of seven. Hemingway took a drink with him for the road, sitting in the front seat of the station wagon next to his chauffeur, Juan; and I somehow managed to retain in the rum-mist of my head that he was going to pick me up the following morning to go out on his boat. I also managed to make some notes on our conversation, the beginning of a practice that I followed during the entire time I knew him. Later on I augmented these journals with conversations recorded on pocket tape transistors that we carried when we traveled.

There were two Pilars in Hemingway's life: one, the lusty partisan of *For Whom the Bell Tolls;* the other, a 40-foot cabin cruiser with a flying bridge and the capacity to fish four rods. The sea-going *Pilar* was docked in Havana, and its mate since 1938 had been a lean, Indian-skinned man named Gregorio Fuentes. During the war the *Pilar* had been converted to anti-sub duty and had operated under Naval Intelligence, disguised as a fishing boat but carrying bazookas, machine guns and high explosives. She hadn't seen any action, but had radioed good information about U-boat locations, and was credited with locating several subs which were bombed and presumed sunk.

The morning after my first meeting with Ernest I was introduced to the *Pilar* and Gregorio and deep-sea fishing. Under Ernest's instruction, I even boated my first marlin. As we returned from the boat to the Nacional, Ernest made his first and only reference to the note I had sent him on The Future of Literature. I was going back to New York the following morning, and we were shaking hands on the sidewalk in front of the hotel. "The fact is I do not know a damn about the future of anything," he said.

I was startled by the abrupt reference. "Oh, sure, just forget . . ."

"What are they paying?"

"Fifteen thousand."

"Well, that's enough to perk up the Future of Literature in itself. Tell you what—send me tear sheets or manuscripts of what any of your other masterminds have written so I get the pitch. Also a contract. If it legally checks out that pieces contracted for by a *bona fide* nonresident and written outside the States are tax-free so long as the nonresident stays out of country six consecutive months, then will write a good straight piece about what I think and will try to straighten up and think as good as I can."

Over the years, I usually visited Ernest in Cuba at least once a year, often more, and daiquiris at

During an Idaho picnic in 1941, Hemingway uses whiskey as a skin bracer. He grew the moustache early and added a beard later, partly because shaving hurt his skin.

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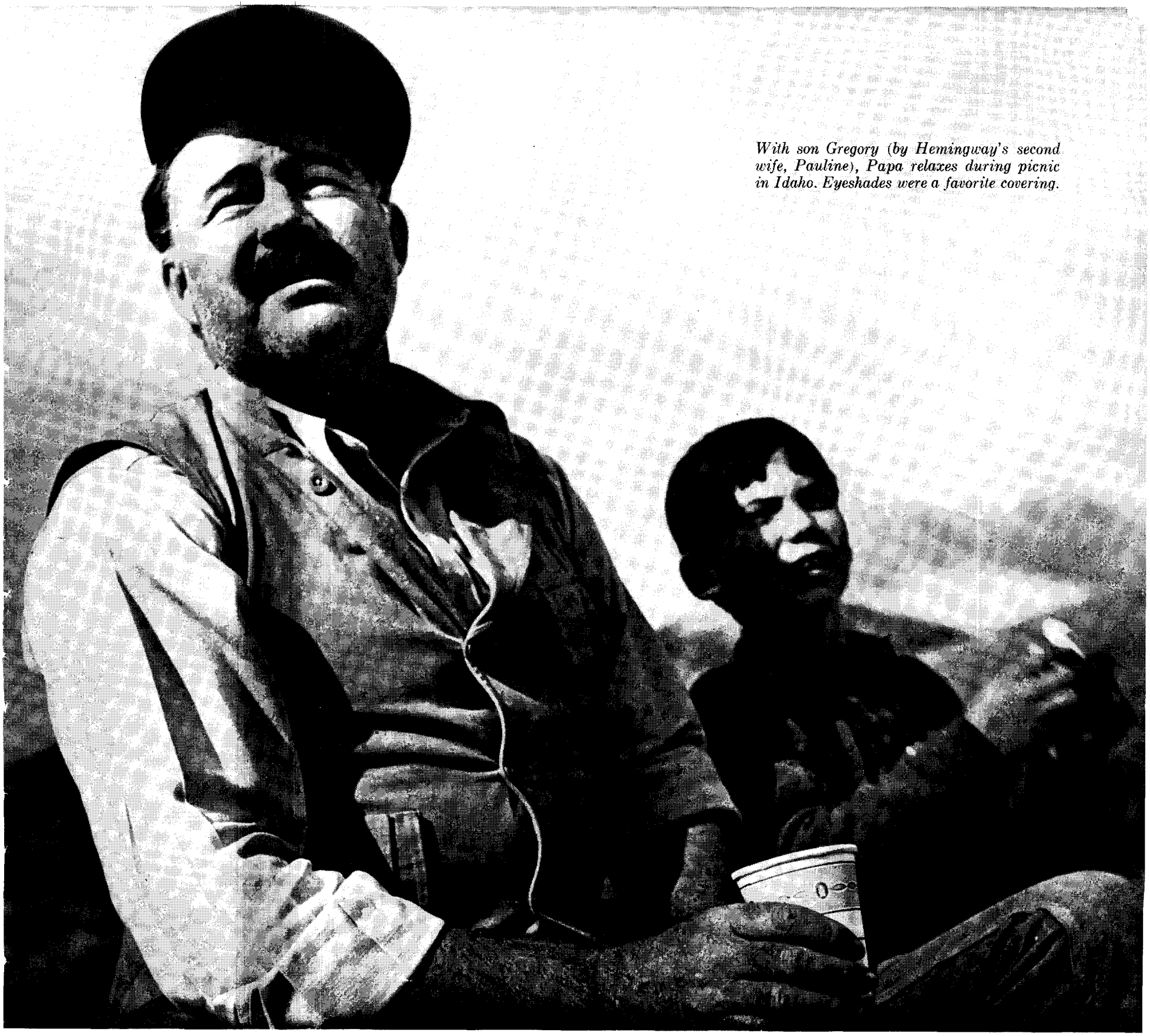

With son Gregory (by Hemingway's second wife, Pauline), Papa relaxes during picnic in Idaho. Eyeshades were a favorite covering.

the Floridita, pigeon shoots, excursions on the *Pilar*, and days at the *finca* became familiar. There was often a "business" reason behind these Havana trips and other trips to meet Ernest elsewhere in the world, but his approach to business matters was widely circuitous. He invariably allotted a minimum of two days to "cooling out"—I from the trip, he from working or from some mysterious pressure he never clearly identified. We would cool out by indulging in the local distractions—if in Cuba, fishing, shooting pigeons, attending jai alai matches, matching Ernest's stable of fighting cocks and so on.

The little town of San Francisco de Paula was a poverty-stricken shambles. But the Hemingway property was fence-enclosed and consisted of 13 acres of flower and vegetable gardens, a cow pasture with a half-dozen cows, fruit trees, a defunct tennis court, a large swimming pool, and a low, once-white limestone villa which was a bit crumbled but dignified. The walls of the dining room and the 50-foot living room of the main house were populated with splendidly horned animal heads. The furniture was old, comfortable and undistinguished. Inside the front door was an enormous magazine rack that held an unceasing deluge of American and foreign-language periodicals. In Ernest's room there was a large desk covered with stacks of letters, newspapers and magazine clippings, a small sack of carnivores' teeth, a wood-carved zebra, warthog, rhino and lion in single file, and a wide assortment of mementos and good-luck charms. He never worked at the desk. Instead, he used a stand-up work place he had fashioned out of the top of a bookcase near his bed. His portable typewriter was snugged in there, and papers were spread along the top of the bookcase on either side of it. He used a reading board for longhand writing. His bathroom was large and badly in need of paint, but painting was impossible because the walls were covered with inked records, written in Ernest's careful hand, of dated blood-pressure counts, weights, prescription numbers and other medical and pharmaceutical intelligence.

Life at the *finca* during those days varied from quiet to boisterous, depending on the time of week, and there were a number of dinner regulars—Spanish political exiles, a freighter captain, a Key West gambler. "Mondays to Thursdays I try to maintain quiet," Mary said. "But the weekends are always on the verge of uproar, and sometimes over the verge. Papa doesn't like to go to other people's houses because he says he can't trust the food and drink. The last time he accepted a dinner invitation was about a year ago. They served sweet champagne, which he had to drink to be polite, and it took ten days for him to get it out of his system."

Six months after my first visit to Havana, the article on The Future of Literature had not been

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written. Ernest invited my wife and me to the *finca*, entertained us with a three-day cool-out, and then proposed that he write *Cosmopolitan* two short stories. It would be better for him and the magazine, he said, if he did fiction, which was his forte, instead of a think piece, which was not. But, he said, one article did not equal two stories in value. Subsequently the payment was raised to $25,000.

Late in July, Ernest telephoned to report that the project had taken another turn and suggested that my wife and I visit him in September. It turned out that he had started one of the stories that spring, while he had been hospitalized in Italy with an eye infection; he said he had started it to pay for his imminent funeral expenses. As he improved, however, the story grew until now it gave every indication of becoming a novel. Ernest was calling it *Across the River and Into the Trees*. "All of my books started as short stories," he said. "I never sat down to write a novel."

We were on the *Pilar* when he gave me the first chapters to read, sitting beside me, reading over my shoulder. In years ahead I was to learn that all works-in-progress would be shown to me in this manner; I eventually learned to detach myself from the author at my shoulder. Now, however, Ernest completely distracted me with his reactions to the manuscript—laughing at places, commenting at others, as if it were someone else's book. I finally got permission to read it alone later.

"Did Papa tell you," Mary asked, "that he's back at the cotsies again?"

"I thought you swore off," I said, surprised. On my last visit Ernest had had three long, deep scratches on his forearm from working with two

'It's Indian talk. I'm part Indian. Bears like me. Always have.'

five-year-old lions—"cotsies" was his word for cats of all kinds—at a visiting circus. I had said I thought lion-baiting was a rather dangerous pursuit for a writer who wanted to continue practicing his trade. "Miss Mary agrees," he had said. "Promised her I wouldn't work cotsies anymore for a while. I am her security and it is wicked, I guess, to lay it on the line just for fun. But know no other place as good to lay it as on the line."

"Momentary relapse," Ernest explained now. "This was a big cat, five years old. Worked him when the trainer quit on account of the cat was getting bad, and I think I did OK. Takes your mind off things."

"Papa, I really think it's foolish to go in with cats when you're not training them and yourself every day," I said.

"You're right. For me to work cotsies is foolish, of course. I only do it to show off in front of some woman or for straight fun. The fun is to see how they react to discipline without provocation. But you can't work more than two at once because it is dangerous to let them get behind you. Same thing applies to some people I know."

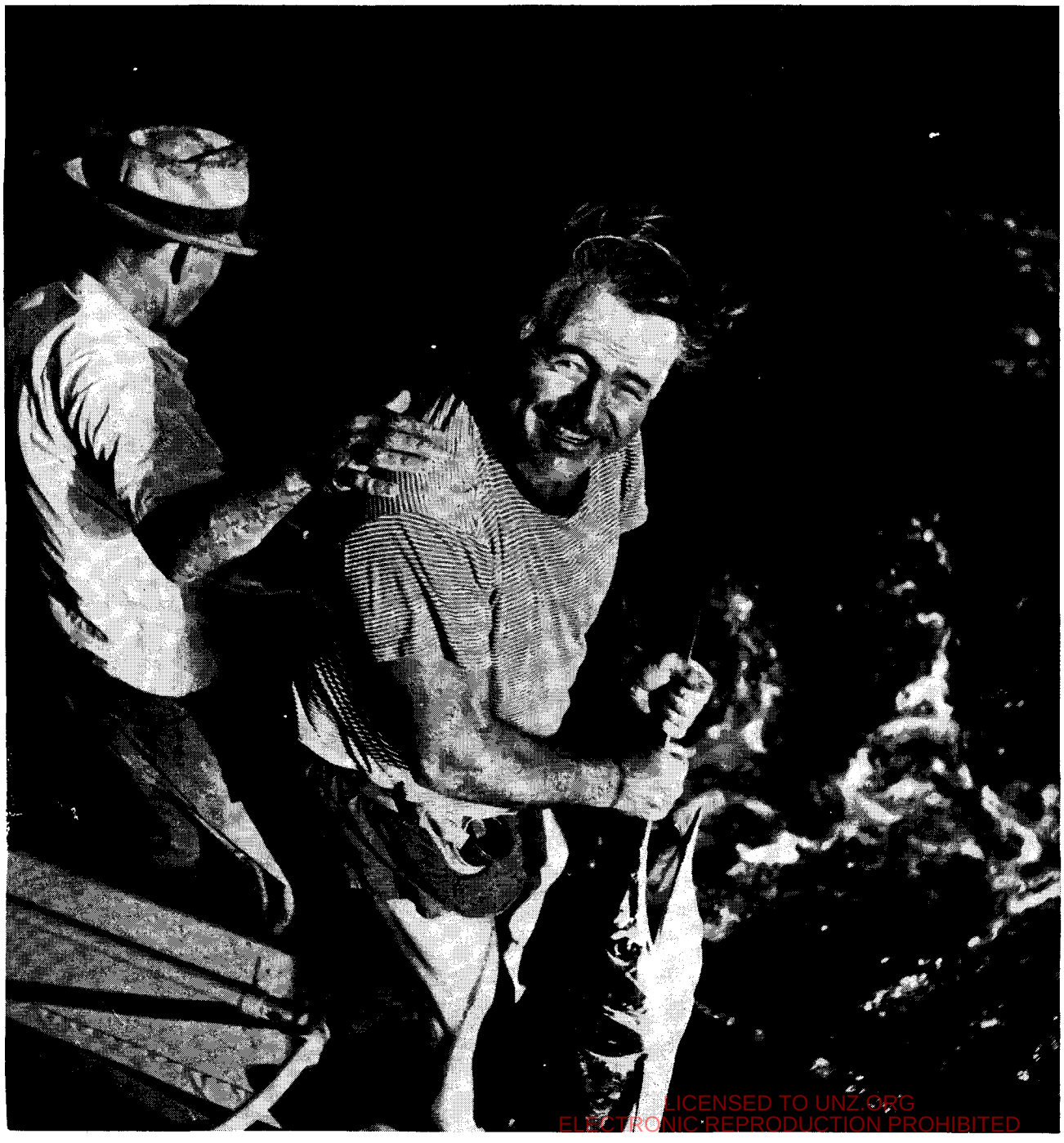
Great black cumulus clouds were forming in the sky, the sea was getting choppy, and my wife Geraldine was four months pregnant, so we decided to head to the Kawama Club for lunch. By the time Gregorio anchored the boat, several hundred yards from shore, the water was very turbulent. But the club had no docking facilities, so we had to swim ashore. Mary could borrow clothes from Geraldine, but Ernest looked me up and down with narrowed eyes and shook his head. "Hotchner, an exchange of pawnts is hopeless. I'll carry mine." I thought he meant he would put a pair in a watertight bag and tow it in—but that was the easy way.

The women dived off and started to swim. Ernest had taken a pair of shorts and a shirt, rolled them up tightly, with a bottle of good claret inside because he didn't trust the Kawama wine, and secured the roll with his GOTT MIT UNS leather belt. He descended the boat's ladder and lowered himself carefully into the water. He had the roll in his left hand, which he held straight up over his head to keep it dry, and began to swim powerfully against the tossing sea, keeping the upper part of his torso out of the water, using only his right arm and kick for locomotion. I swam alongside him and even with two arms found it hard going.

I arrived on the beach a few moments ahead of Ernest, and as I stood and watched him negotiating the last few yards, his left arm relentlessly aloft, holding the dry pants-roll like a tubular pennant on the top of a muscled mast, he was an immortal sea god, not from Oak Park, Ill., at all, but Poseidon, emerging from his aquatic kingdom. He came out of the sea dripping, smiling happily at his dry pants, not even short of breath.

After that, Ernest telephoned frequently about the progress of the book. I did not know it then, but this use of the telephone was highly unusual for him. He later explained that there were only a few people he felt comfortable with on the telephone. Ordinarily Ernest advanced upon a telephone with dark suspicion, virtually stalking it from behind. He would invariably come away from a telephone conversation physically exhausted, sweated, and driven to stiff drink. But he liked to phone Toots Shor from Paris or Málaga or Venice and throw a few lefts at him before placing a bet, through Toots's auspices, on an impending fight or a World Series. Ernest also liked to phone Marlene Dietrich because, as he said, they had loved each other for a long time and they always told each other everything that happened and they never lied to each other except when very necessary, and then only on a temporary basis.

"You know how we met, the Kraut and me?" Ernest asked me once when I came across a photograph of a very young-looking Dietrich, inscribed to Ernest with love. "Back in my broke days I was crossing cabin on the *Ile*, but a pal of mine who was traveling first loaned me his reserve tux and smuggled me in for meals. One night we're having dinner in the salon, my pal and I, when there appears at the top of the staircase this unbelievable spectacle in white. The Kraut, of course. A long, tight white-beaded gown over *that* body. In the area of what is known as the Dramatic Pause, she can give lessons to anybody. So she gives it that Dramatic Pause on the staircase, then slowly slithers down the stairs and across the floor to where Jock Whitney, I think it was, was having a fawncy dinner party. Of course, nobody in that dining room has touched food to lips since her entrance. The Kraut gets to the table and all the men hop up and her chair is held at the ready, but she's counting. Twelve. Of course, she apologizes and backs off and says she's sorry but she is very



With Gregorio, his mate, on the Pilar. The photographer said "Smile." Hemingway did—swearing all the while.

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Ernest and Mary Hemingway at their finca *with one of their many cats. The painting is by his friend Miró.*

superstitious about being thirteen at anything and with that she turns to go, but I have naturally risen to the occasion and grandly offer to save the party by being the fourteenth. That was how we met. Pretty romantic, eh? Maybe I ought to sell it to Darryl F. Panic."

Later on, when I got to know Marlene, she told me, "I never ask Ernest for advice, but he is always there to talk to, to get letters from, and in conversation and letters I find things I can use for whatever problems I may have. He says remarkable things that seem to automatically adjust to problems of all sizes. That's the wonderful thing about him—he kneels himself into his friends' problems. He is like a huge rock, off somewhere, a constant and steady thing, that certain someone whom everybody should have and nobody has."

"The thing about the Kraut and me," Ernest said after I told him what Marlene had said about him, "is that we have been in love since 1934, when we first met on the *Ile de France* but we've never been to bed. Amazing but true. Victims of unsynchronized passion. Those times when I was out of love, the Kraut was deep in some romantic tribulation, and on those occasions when Dietrich was on the surface and swimming about with those marvelously seeking eyes of hers, I was submerged. There was another crossing on the *Ile*, years after that first one, when something could have happened, the only time, but I had too recently made love to that worthless N——, and the Kraut was still somewhat in love with that equally worthless S——. We were like two young cavalry officers who had lost all their money gambling and were determined to go straight."

Ernest came up to New York at the end of October, 1949, with the manuscript of *Across the River and into the Trees*. Ernest was always uneasy in New York and liked being there less than in any other city he frequented. Mary loved it, and I suspect that he came as often as he did as a favor to her. He did not like theater, opera or ballet, and although he liked to listen to music, he rarely attended a concert. He would go to a prize fight that paired really good boys, and sometimes he made a special trip for a first-rate championship fight. Otherwise not. He avidly followed professional football on television, but he did not go to the games. He loved baseball and would go to any game; and occasionally he came to New York just to see a World Series.

The only bars Ernest liked were Toots Shor's, the Old Seidelburg, and Tim Costello's. I asked him about the story I had heard of the time that he got into a dispute with John O'Hara about their respective hardness of head, the dispute having been put to an abrupt end by Ernest's taking a shillelagh which Costello kept behind the bar, raising it up with an end in each hand, and cracking it neatly in two over his own head. I asked Ernest whether the story was apocryphal. He laughed. "Good story not to deny," he said.

One of the few things about New York that Ernest unreservedly enjoyed was the visits of the Ringling Brothers Circus. He felt that circus animals were not like other animals, that they were more intelligent and, because of their constant working alliance with man, had much more highly developed personalities.

The first time I went to the circus with him, he was so eager to see the animals he went to Madison Square Garden an hour before the doors were scheduled to open. We went below and made a tour of the cages. Ernest became fascinated with the gorilla; although the keeper was nervous as hell and warned him not to stand too close, Ernest wanted to make friends with the animal. He stood close to the cage and talked to the gorilla in a staccato cadence and kept talking, and finally the gorilla, who appeared to be listening, was so moved he picked up his plate of carrots and dumped it on top of his head; then he started to whimper; sure signs, the keeper said, of his affection.

By now all the keepers had assembled, anxious that Ernest try a few words with their charges, but he said that the only wild animal with whom he had any true talking rapport was the bear, whereupon the bear keeper cleared a path for him.

Ernest stopped in front of the polar-bear cage and closely watched its occupant swing back and forth across the small area. "He's very nasty, Mr. Hemingway," the bear keeper said. "I think you're better off talking to this brown bear, who has a good sense of humor."

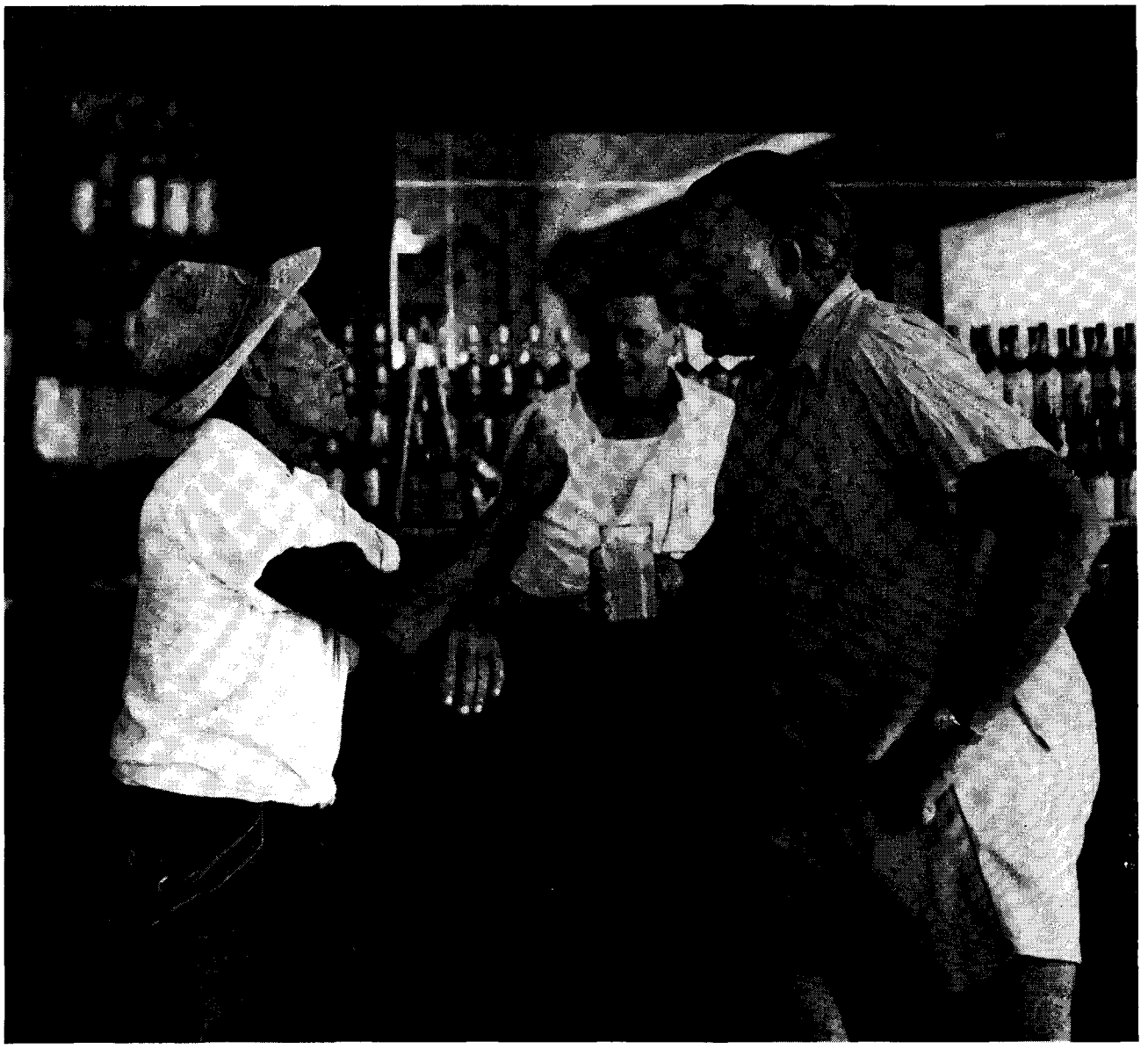
"I should get through to him," Ernest said, staying with the polar bear, "but I haven't talked bear talk for some time and I may be rusty." The keeper smiled. Ernest edged in close to the bars. He began to speak to the bear in a soft, musical voice totally unlike his gorilla language, and the bear stopped pacing. Ernest kept on talking, and the words, or I should say sounds, were unlike any I had ever heard. The bear backed up a little and grunted, and then it sat on its haunches and, looking straight at Ernest, it began to make a series of noises through its nose, which made it sound like an elderly gentleman with severe catarrh.

"I'll be damned!" the keeper said.

Ernest smiled at the bear and walked away, and the bear stared after him, bewildered. "It's Indian talk," Ernest said. "I'm part Indian. Bears like me. Always have."

On the day Ernest checked into his hotel, the Sherry-Netherland, I was dispatched to get the manuscript of *Across the River*.

Ernest's suite was well attended. Around the table were Marlene Dietrich, Mary Hemingway, Jigee Viertel, Charles Scribner Sr. and George Brown. Off to one side, with a stenographer's pad



Hemingway drew on the regulars at this Cuban bar for THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. *This is his friend "El Sordo."*

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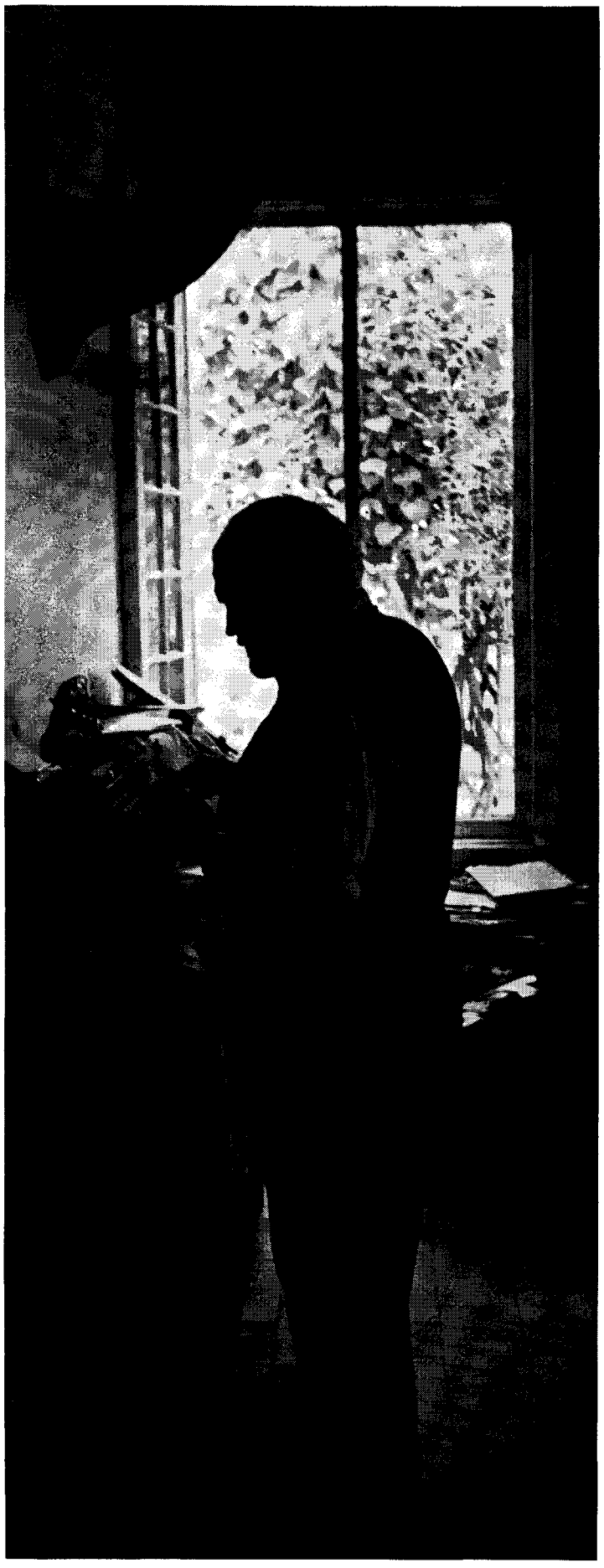

Hemingway at work in his favorite way: Standing in his bedroom, typewriter on the bookcase, his papers alongside.

He studied the racing form. 'This,' he said, 'is the true art of fiction.'

in her lap, sat Lillian Ross of *The New Yorker*. Jigee Viertel, formerly Budd Schulberg's wife, at that time married to Peter Viertel, had known the Hemingways for some time and was booked to cross on the *Ile de France* with them. George Brown was one of Ernest's oldest and best friends; the genesis of their friendship was his gymnasium, once the hangout of the boxing crowd. Lillian Ross, in her corner, was taking rapid shorthand notes for a profile of Ernest she was doing for *The New Yorker*. ("It was a shorter hand than any of us knew," Ernest was to say a few months later.)

Ernest introduced me to his guests and suggested that later on we all go to "21" for dinner. He said that "21" first qualified as his alma mater back in the '20's at a time when he was living in a little room at the Brevoort. He had not eaten solidly for a week when Jack Kriendler, co-owner of "21," eased him into a posh party on the second floor of the speakeasy. During the course of the evening Ernest was introduced to an Italian girl who, he said, was the most beautiful girl—face and body—he had ever seen, before or since, any country, any time. "She had that pure Renaissance beauty, black hair straight, eyes round at the bottoms, Botticelli skin, breasts of Venus Rising. After the joint closed and everyone started to leave, she and I took our drinks into the kitchen. Jack said it was OK, since there were two or three hours of cleaning up to be done downstairs. So we talked and drank and suddenly we were making love there in the kitchen and never has a promise been better fulfilled. By now it was five in the morning, and she said we'd better be leaving, but we got only as far as the stairway—you know that landing as you come up the stairs of Twenty-One? That's as far as we got and then we were making love again, on the landing, and it was like being at sea in the most tempestuous storm that ever boiled up; you think you'll go under with the rises and falls, but ride it out, knowing you are close to solving the mystery of the deep.

"She would not let me take her home, but when I awoke the next day in my Brevoort squirrel cage, my first thought was to find her again. As I put on my jacket, I noticed green sticking out of the pocket—three hundred-dollar bills. I hurried back to Twenty-One, but as I came in, Jack pulled me to one side. 'Listen, Ernie,' he said, 'you better lay low for a while. I should have warned you—that was Legs Diamond's girl, and he's due back in town at five o'clock.'"

We made reservations at "21" and then Ernest led me into the bedroom, where he took out the manuscript. "Christ, I wish you were coming along," he said. "This is going to be a jolly autumn. One of my Venice girls has written she is coming to Paris. It will be necessary to manuever and if you were there with the proofs, we could always go into conference. And when we weren't in conference with the proofs, we could be in conference at Auteuil. Hell, the more I think of it, the more depressed I get that we'll be off on this absolutely jolly autumn and there you'll be behind a desk on Eighth Avenue, and a *Hearst* desk at that."

"Well, Papa," I said, "like Mr. James Durante says, 'It's the conditions that prevail.'"

"Conditions are what you make them, boy. Now here's what we do." He removed a sheaf of pages from the end of the manuscript. "Now you take this to your editor and tell him that it's all there except for the last few chapters, which I'm taking with me because they need more polishing."

When I handed the manuscript to Herbert Mayes, *Cosmopolitan*'s editor, and told him that, he practically leaped out of his chair. "The last few chapters! My God, you know how unreliable he is! The way he drinks! There we'll be, going to press with the third installment, and we won't have the ending! You'll have to go with him! Keep after him! Don't let him out of your sight! We *must* have these chapters by the first of January!"

When I went back to the Sherry-Netherland later that evening, Ernest was sitting in an armchair, wearing a white tennis visor and reading a book. As I walked into the room, without looking up he said, "When are you leaving?"

In Paris, Ernest and Mary stayed in their favorite room on the Vendôme side of the Ritz. Jigee Viertel had a room two down from them, but I, out of a sense of bizarre nostalgia, stayed at the Hotel Opal, a small, cheerless establishment on the Rue Tronchet, where I had been briefly quartered during the war; its intense discomfort had not registered at the time. Ernest was delighted to discover that the fall steeplechase meet at Auteuil—the emerald racetrack in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne—was to start the following day, and he suggested that we do something he had always wanted to do—attend every day of an entire meet. "You get a wonderful rhythm," he said, "like playing ball every day, and you get to know the track so they can't fool you. There's a beauty restaurant at the top, hung right over the track, where you can eat good and watch them as though you were riding in the race. They bring you the *côte jaune* with the changing odds three times for each race, and you can bet right there, no rushing up and down to the bet cages with your unsettled food jiggling. It's too easy, but wonderful for scouting a race." We each contributed a sum of money to form what Ernest called The Hemhotch Syndicate, with the understanding that we would maintain the syndicate's capital at its inception level. To commemorate this liaison and to conform to the European custom of carrying calling cards in one's billfold, we had the following card struck off in a neat type:

Mr. Ernest Hemingway & Mr. A. E. Hotchner, Esquires
announce the formation of a partnership,
Hemhotch, Ltd.
dedicated to the Pursuit of the
Steeplechase, the Bulls, the Wild Duck,
and the Female Fandango.

I do not expect ever to duplicate the pleasure of those Paris steeplechase days. The Degas horses and jockeys against a Renoir landscape; Ernest's silver flask, engraved "From Mary with Love" and containing splendidly aged Calvados; the boisterous excitement of booting home a winner; the quiet intimacy of Ernest's nostalgia. "You know, Hotch, one of the things I liked best in life was to wake early in the morning with the birds singing and the windows open and the sound of horses jumping." We were sitting on the top steps of the grandstand, the weather damp, Ernest wrapped in his big trench coat, a knitted tan skullcap on his head, his new beard close-cropped. "When I was young here," he said, "I was the only outsider who was allowed into the private training grounds at Achères and Chantilly. They let me clock the workouts—and it gave me a big jump on my bets. That's how I came to know about Epinard. A trainer named J. Patrick told me that Gene Leigh had a colt that might be the horse of the century. Those were Patrick's words, 'the horse of the century.' He said, 'Ernie, he's the son of Badajoz-Epine Blanche, by Rockminster, and nothing like him has been seen in France since the days of Gladiateur and La Grande Ecurie. So take my advice—beg, borrow or steal all the cash you can get your hands on and get it down on this two-year-old for the first start. After that there'll never be odds again. But that first start, before they know that name, get down on him.'

"It was my 'complete poverty' period—I didn't even have milk money for Bumby [his son], but I followed Patrick's advice. I hit everyone for cash. I even borrowed a thousand francs from my barber. I accosted strangers. There wasn't a sou in

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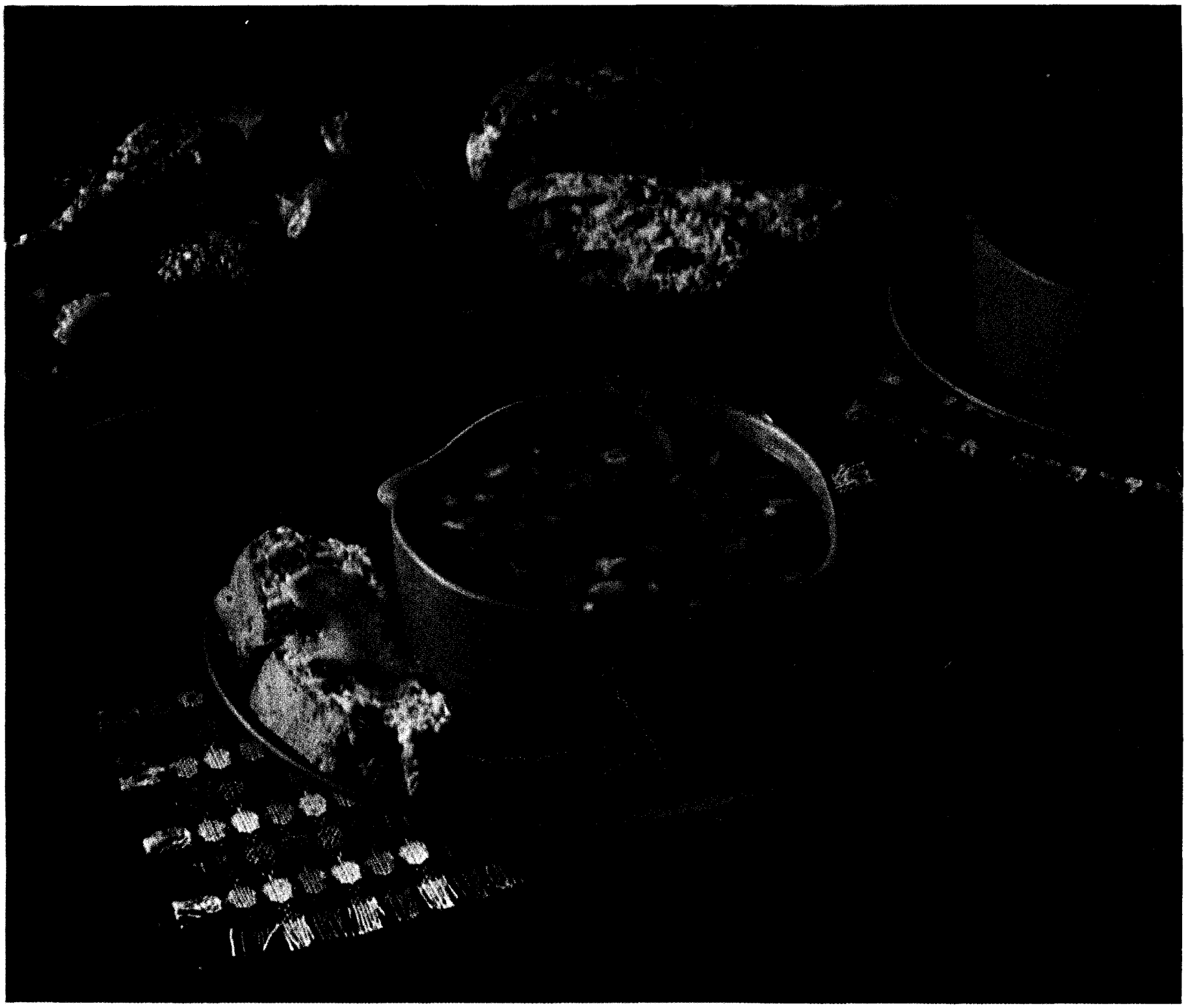
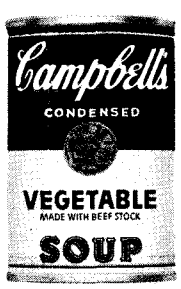


Something's happened to supper

There's a lunchtime feel to the evening meal... and soup plays a hearty role. Today's informal ways have come to supper. The evening meal is apt to be easy-going. Easy to get. Easy to eat. But good. Campbell's Vegetable Soup was made for this kind of eating. Heats in four minutes. Adds vegetables and beef broth to the bill of fare. Suppertime? Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.



They always eat better when you remember the soup

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Paris that hadn't been nailed down that I didn't solicit; so I was really 'on' Epinard when he started in the Prix Yacoulef at Deauville for his debut. His price was fifty-nine to ten. He won in a breeze, and I was able to support myself for six or eight months on the winnings. Patrick introduced me to many insiders of the top French race set of that time. Frank O'Neill, Frank Keogh, Jim Winkfield, Sam Bush and the truly great steeplechase rider, Georges Parfremont."

"How can you remember their names after all these years?" I asked. "Have you seen them since?"

"No. I have always made things stick that I wanted to stick. I've never kept notes or a journal. I just push the recall button and there it is. If it isn't there, it wasn't worth keeping."

Ernest stood up and watched the people crowding to the bet windows. "Listen to their heels on the wet pavement," he said. "It's all so beautiful in this misty light. Mr. Degas could have painted it and gotten the light so that it would be truer on his canvas than what we now see. That is what the artist must do. On canvas or on printed page he must capture the thing so truly that its magnification will endure. That is the difference between journalism and literature. There is very little literature. Much less than we think."

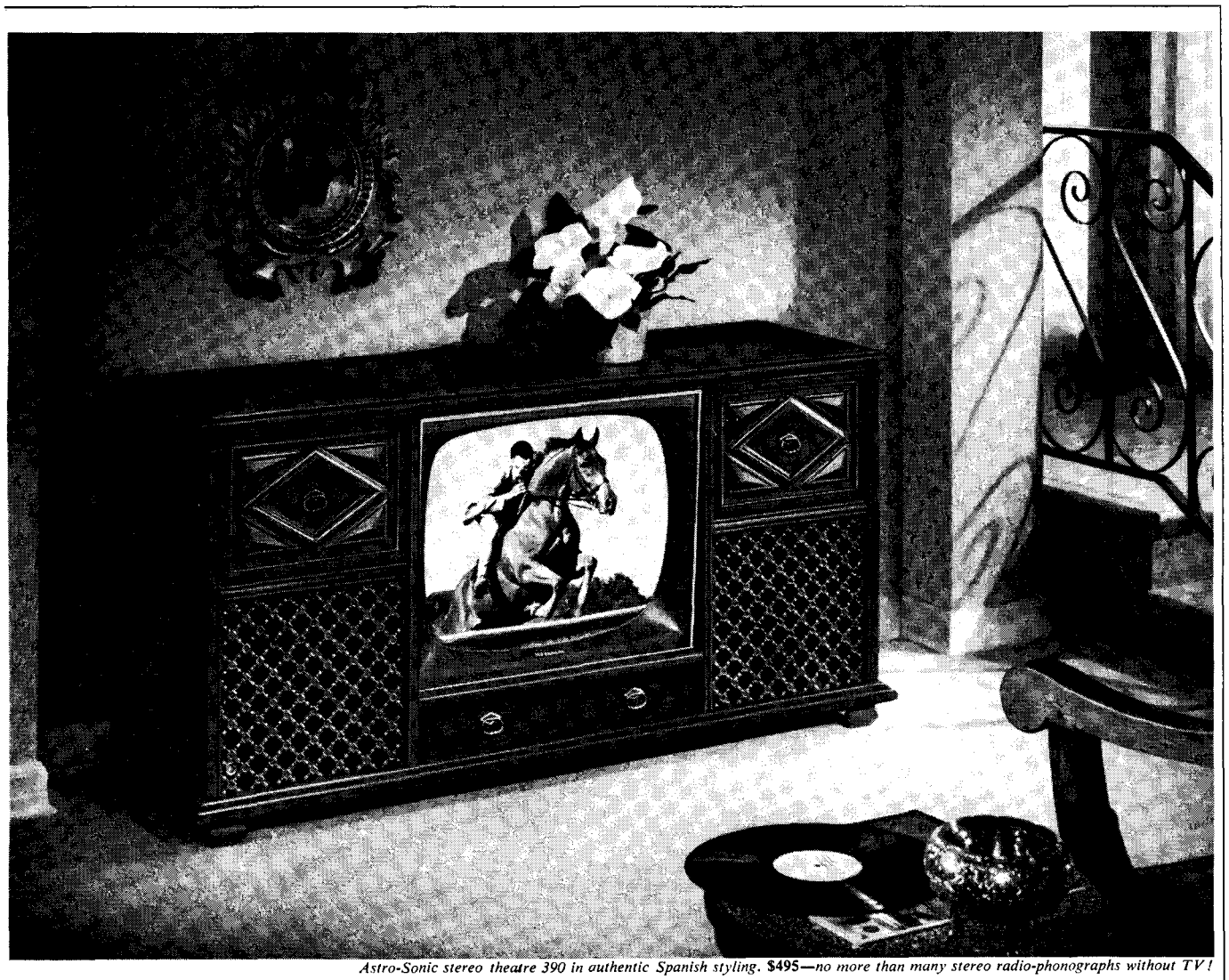
He took the racing form out of his pocket and studied it a moment. "This is the true art of fiction," he said. "Well, we haven't done very well today. I wish I still had my nose. I remember one day with Evan Shipman, who was a professional handicapper as well as a writer, and Harold Stearns, who was 'Peter Pickum' for the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune* at the time—Harold and Evan were relying on form and drew a blank on the day's card. I hit six winners out of eight. Harold was rather testy about my wins and asked me for the secret of my success. 'It was easy,' I told him. 'I went down to the paddock between races, and I smelled them.' The truth is, where horses are concerned the nose will triumph over science and reason every time. But I can't trust it any more. I can trace the decline of my infallible-nose period to the day John Dos Passos and I came out to this track to make our winter stake. We were both working on books and we needed enough cash to get us through the winter. I had touted Dos onto my paddock-sniffing as a sure thing and we had pooled everything we had. One of the horses in the seventh race smelled especially good to me, so we put our whole stake on him. He fell at the first jump. We didn't have a sou in our pockets and had to walk all the way back to the Left Bank from here."

A handsome young man in a trench coat had been standing in the aisle, looking at Ernest; he came over rather hesitantly. "Mr. Hemingway," he asked in French, "do you remember me?" Ernest studied him for a moment, a puzzled look on his face. "I'm Richard." Ernest's face exploded in recognition. "Rickey!" He threw his arms around the boy and hugged him. "Rickey!" He took another look at the boy. "No wonder," Ernest said. "First time I ever saw you out of uniform—or should I say out of somebody else's uniform."

Ernest explained that Rickey had been in his irregular troops, a member of the celebrated band which Ernest had assembled in 1944. Although Ernest was supposed to be functioning solely as a war correspondent for *Collier's* magazine, he had in fact put himself on full combat status, and he and his band of French and American irregulars were credited with being the first Allied unit to enter Paris. Ernest asked Rickey about the various members of his pick-up unit, and when Rickey told him that one of his favorite boys was in serious trouble, Ernest wrote down his address so that he could go to his aid.

After Rickey left we went into the bar, where Ernest ordered Scotch with half a lime squeezed into it, and I ordered a split of champagne. "Hell of a boy, that Rickey," he said. "He did some things . . ." He took from his pocket the pencil stub that he had been using to mark his racing form, and he began to write on the back of a paper napkin. The last race ended and the bar filled and got noisy, but Ernest wrote on in deep concentration, balling up one napkin after another and tossing them under the table. There were only a few of us left in the bar when he finally put the pencil back into his pocket. He had written a 16-line poem, *Across the Board*, which interwove his remembrance of Rickey with the sounds of the track.

On days when there was no racing at Auteuil we went on excursions around the city. One cold December afternoon



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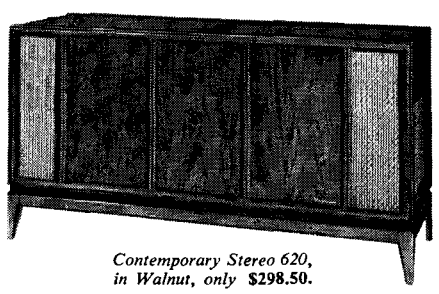

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we made our way up the Montmartre hill to the Place du Tertre. At one corner of the square was Au Clairon des Chausseurs, the old restaurant where Ernest had sometimes eaten during his early Paris days.

We were the only ones in the restaurant, and the ancient, moustached *patron*, M. François Demettre, shouted Ernest's name joyfully and embraced him. After a wonderful lunch we settled down to the comforts of the glowing stove and an equally glowing Châteauneuf-du-Pape.

"Pauline and I had a flat very near here," Ernest said. Pauline was his second wife. "Good old Pauline. Her crack about Mike Ward— Mike was one of the toughest guys I ever knew, rather deaf, and so devoted to me that Pauline said about him, 'If Ernest killed his own mother Mike would say, "Well, it was his own mother, wasn't it?"'

"I'll never forget the time I set up operations in a box at the finish line of the six-day bike races, to work on the proofs of *A Farewell to Arms*. There was good inexpensive champagne and when I got hungry they sent over Crabe Mexicaine from Prunier. I had rewritten the ending thirty-nine times in manuscript and now I worked it over thirty times in proof, trying to get it right. I finally got it right. While I am in my box working one night, in comes Mike, his left hand swollen like the Pride of Your Garden, if you were growing squash. Mike sat down and explained that he had been at Henry's Bar the night before—that was a famous Paris bar where the walls were papered with bad checks—and Mike was standing at the bar when he heard two guys next to him mention my name, although he couldn't make out what they were saying. So Mike says he goes up to one of them and says, 'Are you a friend of Ernie's?' The guy says no, so Mike creams him. 'I figure he's got no right talkin' about you if he ain't your friend,' Mike says. 'But maybe I did wrong, huh, Ernie?'"

On our way down the narrow streets leading away from the restaurant, trying to sideslip the cutting wind, we passed a bookstore and Ernest stopped to inspect the contents of the window, which prominently featured copies of a recently published book by a young writer. On the window was a sign that read: ALL SIGNS POINT TO A BRILLIANT FUTURE FOR THIS AUTHOR.

"You ever read this bird?" Ernest asked.

"No," I replied.

"Well, I have," he said. He took out a pencil and wrote across the bottom of the sign: "All signs wrong."

Ernest wanted me to see the neighborhood where he had lived when he first came to Paris; we started on Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, where he had lived over a sawmill, and slowly worked our way past familiar restaurants, bars and stores, to the Jardin du Luxembourg and its museum, where, Ernest said, he fell in love with certain paintings that taught him how to write. "Am also fond of the Jardin," Ernest said, "because it kept us from starvation. On days when the dinner pot was absolutely devoid of content, I would put Bumby, then about a year old, into the baby carriage and wheel him over here to the Jardin. There was always a *gendarme* on duty, but I knew that around four o'clock he would go to a bar across from the park to have a glass of wine. That's when I would appear with Mr. Bumby—and a pocketful of corn for the pigeons. I would sit on a bench, in my guise of buggy-pushing pigeon-lover, casing the flock for clarity of eye and plumpness. The Luxembourg was well known for the classiness of its pigeons. Once my selection was made, it was a simple matter to entice my victim with the corn, snatch him, wring his neck, and flip his carcass under Mr. Bumby's blanket. We got a little tired of pigeon that winter, but they filled many a void. What a kid that Bumby was—played it straight—and never once put the finger on me."

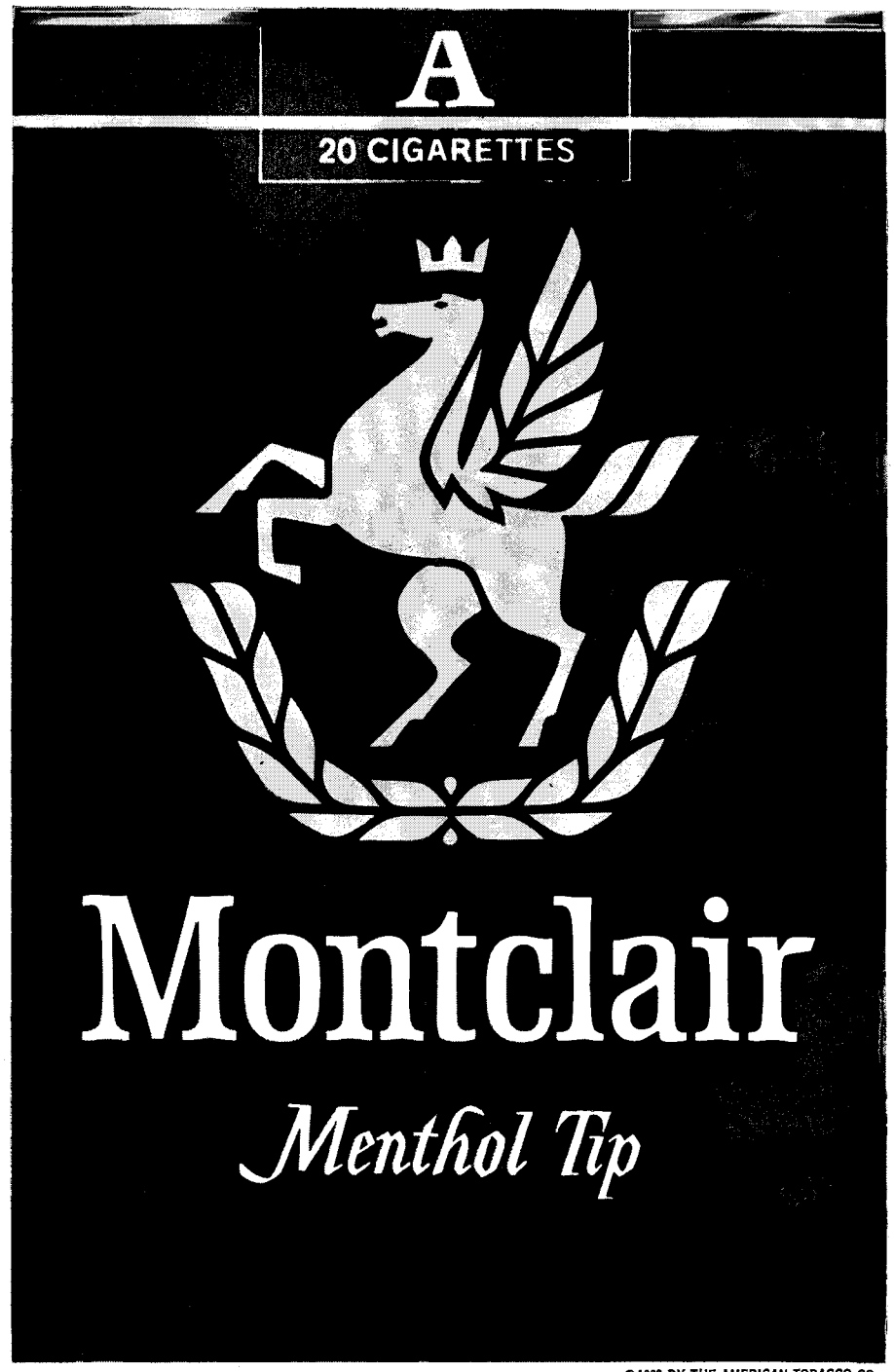
Cables had been arriving from Herbert Mayes, demanding to know when I'd be back with the missing chapters, so on our way to Harry's New York Bar we stopped at a cable office and I sent a message that the chapters were still in work but not to worry.

Ernest had been one of Harry's earliest customers, and although Ernest did not particularly like the bar any more, because it was "over quaint," he still liked his old friend Harry and went to pay his respects. Pennants from American colleges decorated all walls except the one in back of the bar, which was covered with paper money, and a prominent sign exhorted: HELP STAMP OUT SPORTS CARS. "All they need," Ernest said, under his breath, "is Noel Coward leading a community sing." He ordered Scotch.

"Back in the old days this was one of the few good, solid bars and there was an ex-pug used to come in with a pet lion. He'd stand at the bar here and the lion would stand here beside him. He was a very nice lion with good manners—no growls or roars—but, as lions will, he occasionally used the floor. This, of course, had a rather adverse effect on the trade and, as politely as he could, Harry asked the ex-pug not to bring the lion around any more. But the next day the pug was back with lion, lion dropped another load, drinkers dispersed, Harry again made request. The third day, same thing. Realizing it was do or die for poor Harry's business, this time when lion let go, I went over, picked up the pug, who had been a welterweight, carried him outside and threw him in the street. Then I came back and grabbed the lion's mane and hustled him out of here. Out on the sidewalk the lion gave me a look, but he went quietly.

"In a crazy way, that's what started me on *A Farewell to Arms*—figured if I was getting that aggressive with lions, time had come to put my juice into a book instead. All the other writers who were sort of in my mob, and living in Paris then, had already written books about the war, and like the last girl on the block who hasn't been married, I felt my time to write a war book had come."

The entrance to Le Trou Dans le Mur is on the Boulevard des Capucines across from the Café de la Paix, but true to its name, you can pass by it a half-dozen times without seeing it. Ernest wanted me to see how he had positioned himself at the back of this mirrored *bôite*—more celebrated in the '20's than now—whenever vendettas were threatening him. "The day after *The Sun Also Rises* was published," Ernest said, "I got word that Harold Loeb, who was the Robert Cohn of the book, had announced that he would kill me on sight. I sent him a



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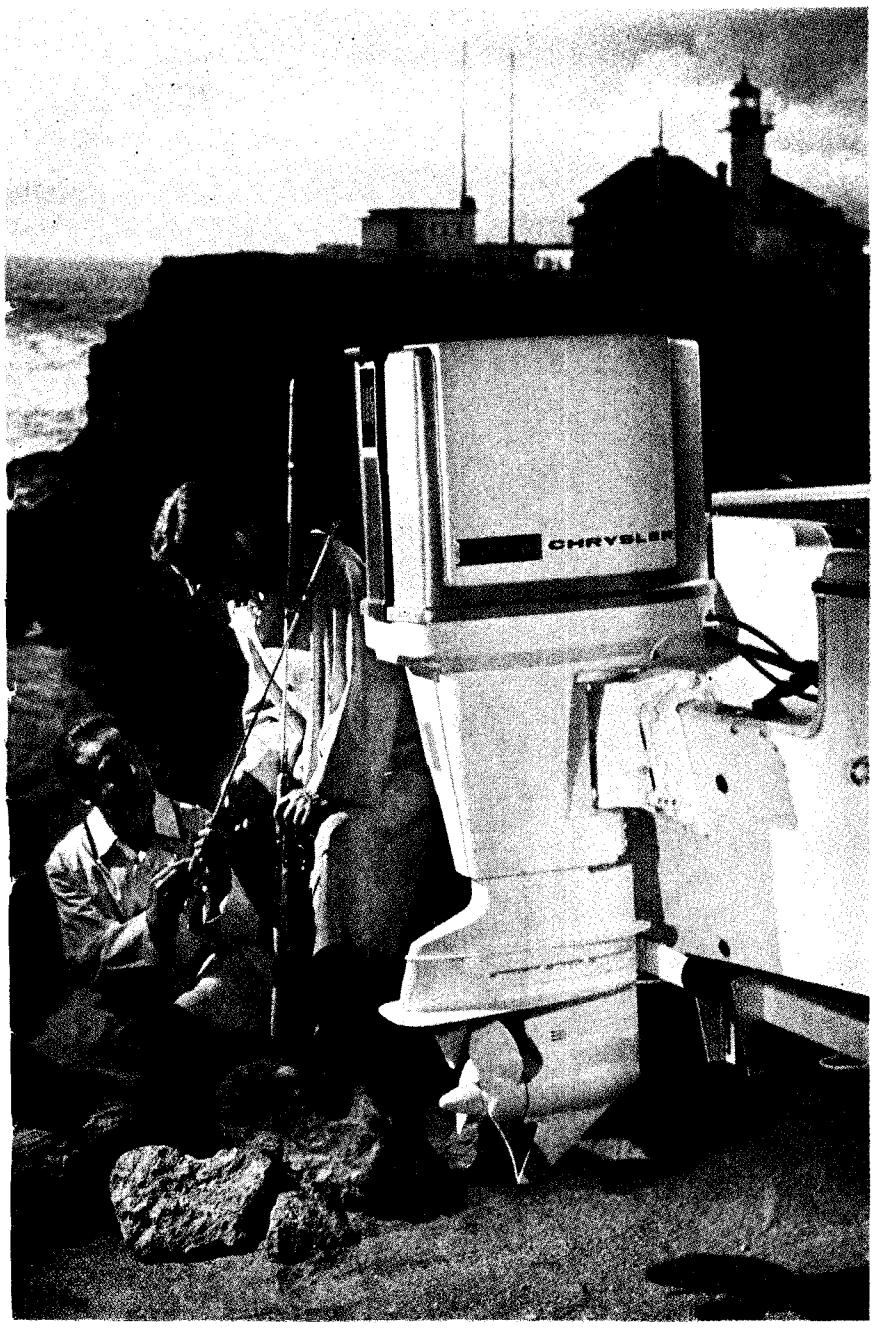

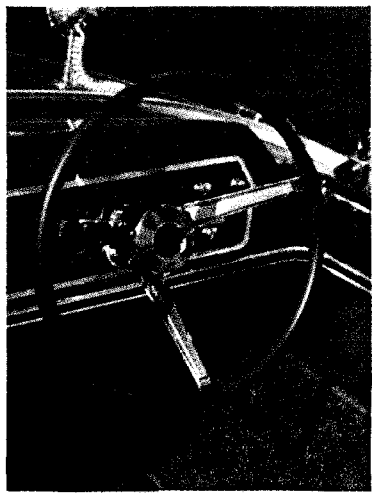

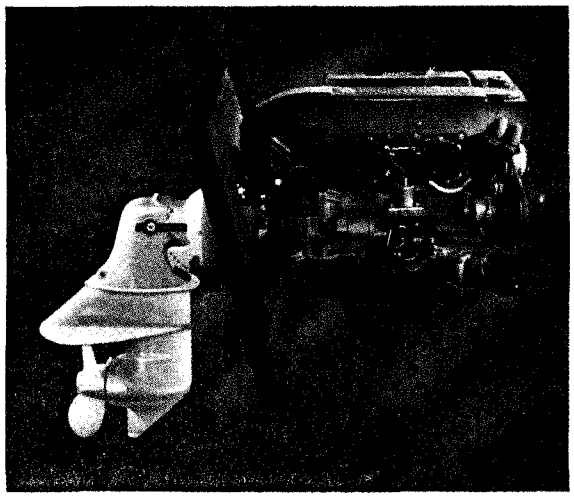

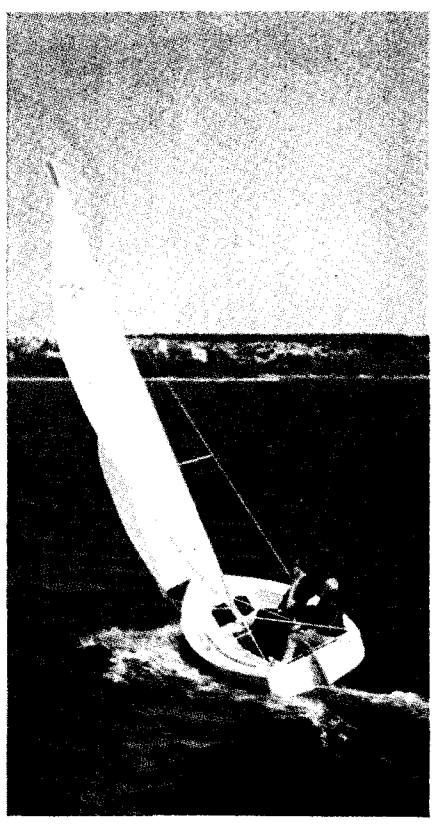

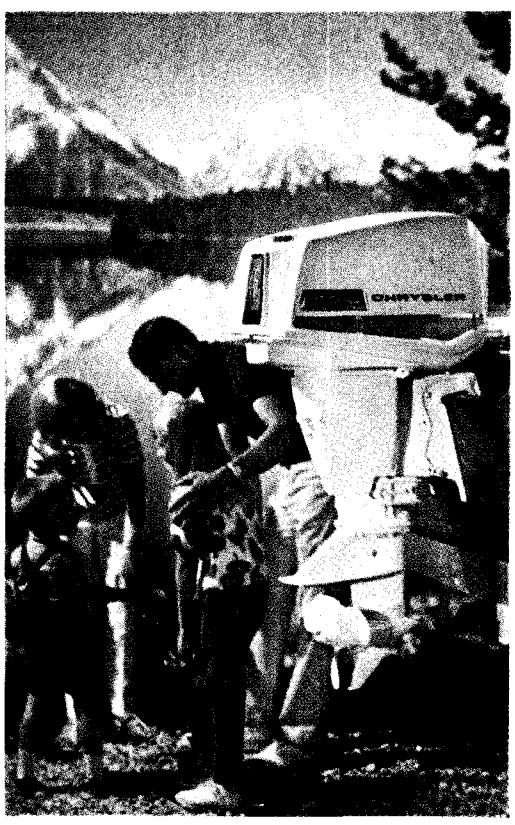

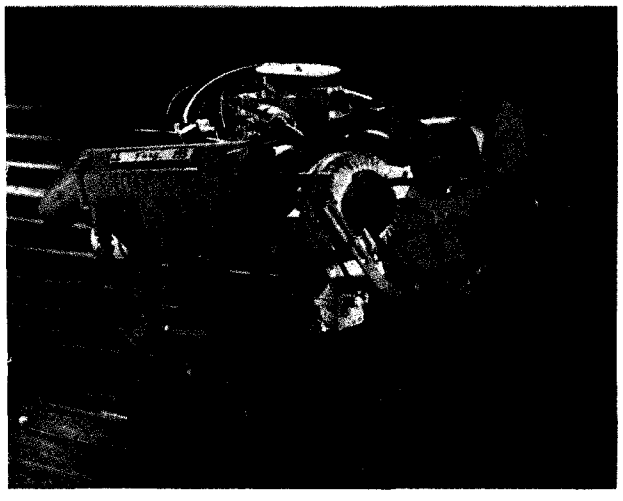

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telegram to the effect that I would be here in The Hole in the Wall for three consecutive evenings so he'd have no trouble finding me. As you can see, I chose this joint because it is all mirrors, all four walls, and if you sit in this booth at the back you can see whoever comes in the door and all their moves. I waited out the three days but Harold didn't show. About a week later, I was eating dinner at Lipp's in Saint-Germain, which is also heavily mirrored, when I spotted Harold coming in. I went over and put out my hand and Harold started to shake hands before he remembered we were mortal enemies. He yanked his hand away and put it behind his back. I invited him to have a drink, but he refused. 'Never,' is actually what he said. 'OK,' I said, 'then drink alone.' He left the restaurant and that was the end of that vendetta.

"Brett died in New Mexico. Call her Lady Duff Twysden, if you like, but I can only think of her as Brett. Tuberculosis. She was forty-three. Her pallbearers had all been her lovers. On leaving the church, where she had had a proper service, one of the grieving pallbearers slipped on the church steps and the casket dropped and split open."

"Besides Loeb and Lady Duff Twysden, were any of the other characters in the book based on people you knew who had gone to Pamplona with you?"

"Sure. The whole mob. Based on. Not exact. Pat Swazey was the closest—he was Mike Campbell in the book. Bill Smith, who was an awfully good guy I used to fish with, was pretty much Bill Gorton. Jake Barnes . . . well, hell, Jake . . . when I was in the Italian army I had been nicked in the scrotum by a piece of shrapnel and had spent some time in the genito-urinary ward and saw all those poor bastards who had had everything blown off. Most of them from anti-personnel mines that were rigged to hit between the legs, on the irrefutable Hun theory that nothing takes a soldier out faster."

"But you know, Papa, despite poor Jake and his tragic fate, I felt a certain survival strength in those people, not at all the utter hopelessness of a 'lost generation.'"

"That was Gertrude Stein's pronouncement, not mine!" he snapped. "Gertrude repeating what some garage keeper in the Midi had told her about his apprentice mechanics: *une génération perdue.* Well, Gertrude . . . a pronouncement was a pronouncement was a pronouncement. I only used it in the front of *Sun Also Rises* so I could counter it with what I thought. That passage from Ecclesiastes, that sound lost? 'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever . . .' Solid endorsement for Mother Earth, right? 'The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose . . .' Solid endorsement for sun. Also endorses wind. Then the rivers—playing it safe across the board: 'All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' Never could say 'thither.' Look, Gertrude was a complainer. So she labeled that generation with her complaint. But it was bull—— There was no movement, no tight band of pot-smoking nihilists wandering around looking for Mommy to lead them out of the dada wilderness. What there was, was a lot of people around the same age who had been through the war and now were writing or composing or whatever, and other people who had not been through the war and either wished they had been or wished they were writing or boasted about not being in the war. Nobody I knew at that time thought of himself as wearing the silks of the Lost Generation, or had even heard the label. We were a pretty solid mob. The characters in *Sun Also Rises* were tragic, but the real hero was the earth and you get the sense of its triumph in abiding forever."

On another day that the nags were resting at Auteuil, we walked across the Pont-Royale to have lunch at the Closerie des Lilas, which was another of Ernest's fondly remembered haunts. On the way there Ernest pointed out a tall building where he had once lived with Pauline on the top floor.

"Pauline had fixed up a fancy workroom for me with a Mexican desk, where I had been avoiding the start of *Farewell* by writing a long account of life in Michigan. I guess it would have been a novel about Nick Adams—but one day after I read through all that I had written over a two-month period, I wrote across the cover page, 'Too misty to be real'; then I destroyed it all.

"Besides trouble with that book, was also having hell of a tough time with Pauline. Don't know if it was auto-suggestion from *Sun Also Rises* or maybe reaction to having just divorced Hadley, but I was in a hell of a jam—I couldn't make love. Had had very good bed with Pauline during all the time we were having our affair, and after Hadley left me, but after our marriage, suddenly I could no more make love than Jake Barnes. Pauline was very patient and understanding and we tried everything, but nothing worked. I became terribly discouraged. I had been to see several doctors. I even put myself in the hands of a mystic who fastened electrodes to my head and feet—hardly the seat of my trouble—and had me drink a glass of calves' liver blood every day. It was all hopeless. Then one day Pauline said, 'Listen, Ernest, why don't you go pray?' Pauline was a very religious Catholic and I wasn't a religious anything, but she had been so damn good that I thought it was the least I could do for her. There was a small church two blocks from us and I went there and said a short prayer. Then I went back to our room. Pauline was in bed, waiting. I undressed and got in bed and we made love like we invented it. We never had any trouble again. That's when I became a Catholic."

Ernest stopped to listen respectfully to an old man who was playing a rasping violin with fingers barely movable in the cold; Ernest thanked him and put a 1,000-franc note in his cap. We then resumed walking.

"I knew I had it made with *Farewell* when I finished the first draft. Everyone who read it treated it as a special thing right from the beginning. You know you're in if you hit a ratio of ten to one—that is, if you get your writing to have a truth and a reality ten times stronger than the original reality you are drawing on."

Our wanderings had taken us onto the Rue Bonaparte and now, as he talked, Ernest occasionally paused at

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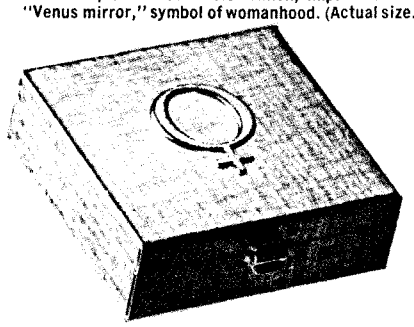

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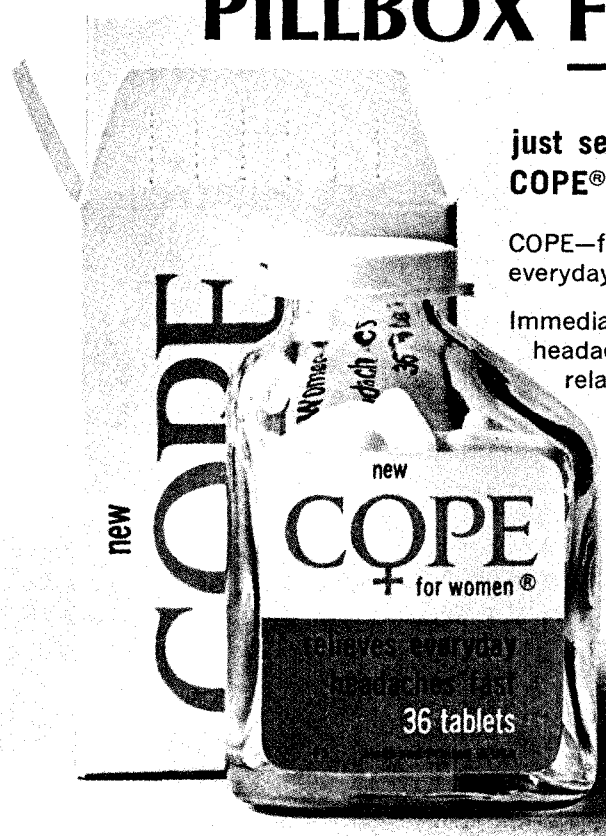

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the windows of the antique stores. "When they published Gertrude Stein's *Autobiography of Alice Toklas*," he said abruptly, "Picasso and I were very disappointed."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it was so full of lies."

At the Closerie des Lilas, we settled in the dim, quiet bar. One of the barmen remembered Ernest, but everyone else was new. "Joyce came here with me a few times," Ernest said. "I knew him from 1921 till his death. In Paris he was always surrounded by professional friends and sycophants. We'd have discussions which would get very heated and sooner or later Joyce would get in some really rough insults; he was a nice man but nasty, especially if anyone started to talk about writing, nasty as hell, and when he really had everything in an uproar, he would suddenly depart and expect me to handle the characters in his wake who were demanding satisfaction. Joyce was very proud and very rude—especially to jerks." Ernest took a drink of his Pernod. "He really enjoyed drinking, and those nights when I'd bring him home after a protracted drinking bout, his wife, Nora, would open the door and say, 'Well, here comes James Joyce the author, drunk again with Ernest Hemingway.'"

He sat quietly, sipping his drink and thinking about Joyce, and then he said, "He was mortally afraid of lightning."

"Papa, I wanted to ask you . . . I know it's hard to answer for someone else . . ." I was embarrassed and wished I hadn't started this. "Well, I lived here for a while after the war, but that was just having fun and spending my severance pay. Now, though—these weeks—the more I see of Paris with you, the more I feel I should give up job and country and seriously live here and find out if I can be a writer—that's a pretty silly pronouncement, but I think you know what I mean. It's just that I'm young now and I remember the equation you once mentioned—'Hesitation increases in relation to risk in equal proportion to age.'"

Ernest looked down into his drink; then he studied our reflections in the speckled mirror behind the bar and talked to my mirror-self. "Well, it's tough advice to give. Nobody knows what's in him until he tries to pull it out. If there's nothing or very little, the shock can kill a man. Those first years here when I made my run, as you say you now want to make yours, and I quit my foreign-correspondent job with the Toronto *Star* to put myself on the line, I suffered a lot. I had finally shucked off the journalism I had been complaining about and I was finally doing all the good writing I had promised myself. But every day the rejected manuscripts would come back through the slot in the door of that bare room where I lived over the Montmarte sawmill. They'd fall through the slot onto the wood floor, and clipped to them was that most savage of all reprimands—the printed rejection slip. The rejection slip is very hard to take on an empty stomach and there were times when I'd sit at that old wooden table and read one of those cold slips that had been attached to a story I had loved and worked on very hard and believed in, and I couldn't help crying."

"I never think of you crying," I said.

"I cry, boy," Ernest said. "When the hurt is bad enough, I cry." He stirred his drink meditatively. "So, Hotch, just as you wouldn't give a friend advice on whether or not to play the wheel, you can't on this, except to quote the odds, which are a damn sight worse than roulette. And yet . . ." He turned away from my mirror-self and spoke to me directly, in that special way of his that made the words come to you through a corridor of intimacy. "Yet, there's this to consider as a guide, since it's a thing I truly know: If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast."

Later, when I got back to my hotel room, I carefully wrote those words on the fly leaf of my Michelin, and years after, when Mary Hemingway was searching for a title for Ernest's posthumously published Paris memoirs, I remembered those words, "a moveable feast," and gave them to her for his book. They also appear in *Across the River*, when the colonel refers to happiness as a moveable feast, but, of course, in Ernest's lexicon, Paris and happiness were synonymous.

On the last week of the Auteuil meet, I was awakened one day by a phone call at six in the morning.

"This is Hemingstein the Tout. Are you awake? I have just had word from Georges that there is a good horse in today's race, and I think we better meet earlier than usual and give it our special attention." Ernest was referring to Georges, the Ritz's *chef du bar*, who was a very cautious track scholar. The horse was Bataclan II; he had previously performed under wraps but was now going to be given his head for the first time; the odds were 27 to one. Ernest had decided that we should shoot the entire contents of our treasury and whatever other funds we could raise on the nose of this jumper. There was only one bad omen. Ernest's lucky piece, a champagne cork he said had helped him through the war, could not be found. He asked me to get him a new one.

By the time I checked in at the Ritz Bar I had managed to scrounge some additional capital from a former girl friend, a young lyric soprano I knew, the proprietor of a *bistro* where I was an established eater, and the business manager of *Newsweek*. I found Ernest deep in consultation with Georges. Bloody Marys to one side, the table top was a morass of charts, forms, scribbles and whatnot. "We have more contributors," he said, "than a numbers drop in the Theresa Hotel on a Saturday afternoon. Every waiter in the joint has something down, plus Georges, plus Bertin, Miss Mary, Jigee, the *concierge* at the Rue Cambon entrance, Claude the groom, and Maurice the men's-room attendant. If Bataclan doesn't perform as expected, we better check into another hotel tonight."

At this point Ernest was interrupted by the arrival of a short plump man in clerical robes who called out, "Don Ernesto!"

"Black Priest!" Ernest exclaimed, and he arose and embraced him Spanish-fashion. Black Priest was Father Don Andres, a Basque who had enrolled as a machine gunner in the Republican army during the Spanish Civil War. Of course, when the war ended, he was kicked out of Spain. He had gone to Cuba, but the Church there took a dim view of his past behavior and assigned him the poorest parish. He was a regular diner at the *finca*. Black Priest was now on a month's sabbatical and had arrived in Paris on his way to a little town in the north of France where he was about to invest his modest life's savings in a new ceramic factory. He sat at the table and drank a Bloody Mary and watched in wonderment as Ernest wound up our pretrack conference with a final audit of the funds.

"Don Ernesto," Black Priest said solemnly in Spanish, "I have been listening to the nature of your operation, and I would like to come to the track with you and invest my ceramic money in your racehorse instead."

"I'm sorry," Ernest answered in Spanish, "but I could not accept the responsibility for such risk."

"Is the crust enriched, too, mother?"

Yes, every tiny crumb of that bread is enriched. What does enriched mean? The word "enriched" on a loaf of bread means the baker has added B-vitamins and iron. Enrichment helps you grow stronger and healthier. It helps boys and girls digest their foods. It helps carry the oxygen they breathe...from their fingertips to their toes. It helps them to have clear vision. It helps turn food into energy. And enrichment means you'll never have those once-upon-a-time illnesses caused by lack of B-vitamins and iron. No, bread hasn't always been enriched. Enrichment began 25 years ago, when mother was a little girl. Aren't we lucky that bread is so good for us—and that it tastes so good?

This advertisement appears in the public interest sponsored by
The Bakers of America and suppliers to the baking industry

Enrichment means extra nutrition without extra calories.

Enriched BREAD ENRICHES YOUR DIET with VITAMINS & IRON

© 1966, American Bakers Association

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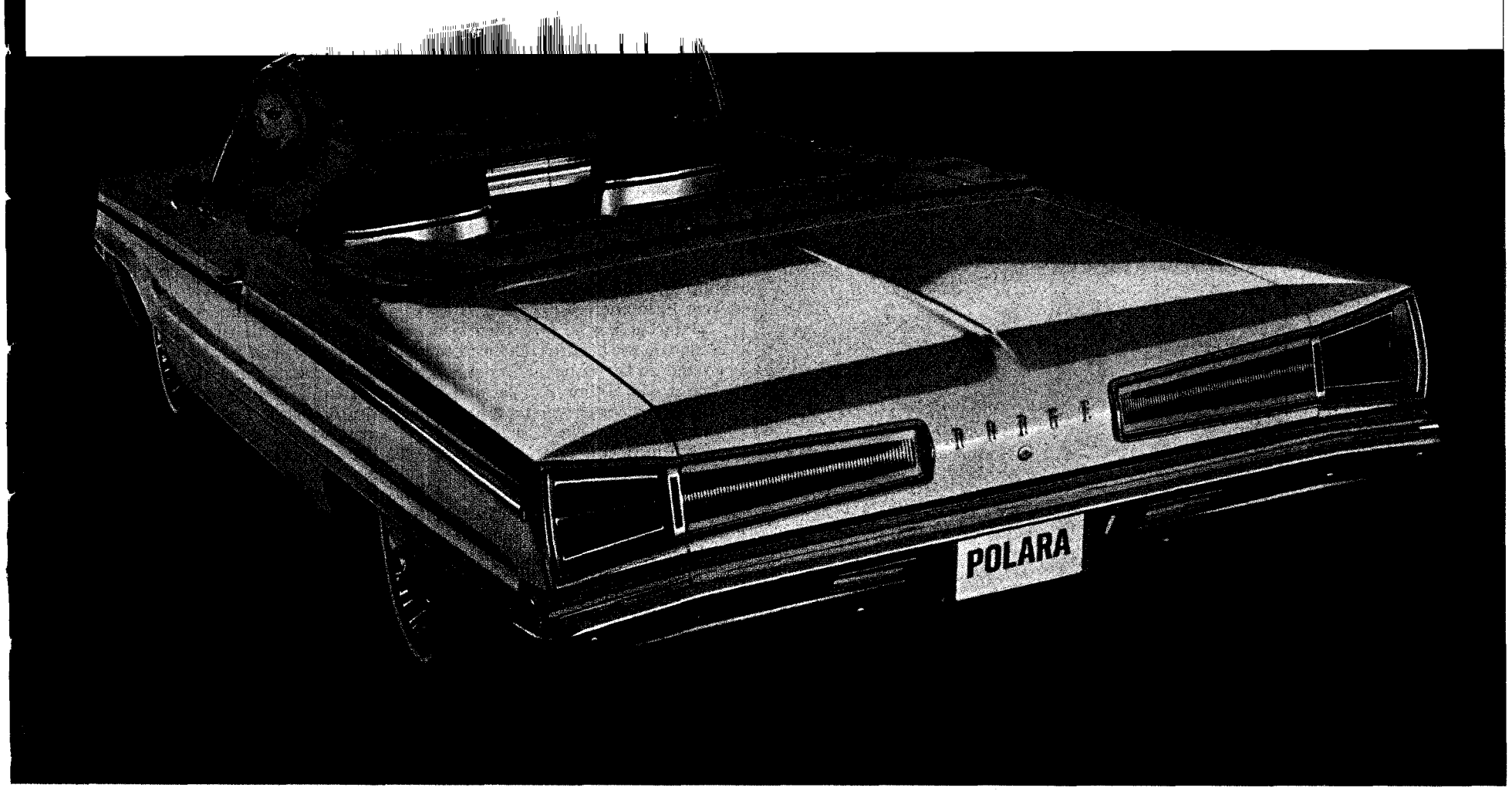

If you think a convertible has to be small and stuffy to be sporty and spirited, Dodge has a happy size-surprise for you. Polara 500. This beauty was made to match the excitement of anything on the road, and with all the extras you like. Like Polara 500's roomy, all-vinyl interior and soft bucket seats that raise eyebrows every time you lower the top. Like Polara 500's standout styling that draws sightseers everywhere. Like Polara 500's standard 383 cu. in. V8 kicking up a storm while you ride in the sunshine. Like the man said—you don't have to go small to go sporty, and Polara 500 won't spoil your budget. This soft top season, get with exciting, plush Dodge Polara 500. You'll really have it soft, in a big way. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

Dodge Polara

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION

Lower the boom on undersized soft tops.

Set your sights on exciting Polara 500.

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Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only $10.00 a month, you can sponsor her, or thousands of other desperate youngsters.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938 American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed for children in: Korea, Formosa, India, Japan, Hong Kong, and Brazil.

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

Richmond, Va. 23204

27 Years Service

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____ or,

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year)

I enclose my first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information SEP 366

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Government Approved, Registered (VFA-080) with Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible.

A rather heated discussion followed, Black Priest insisting, Ernest refusing, until a compromise was reached that Black Priest was to bet only half his ceramic money on Bataclan II.

As we moved to the door, Ernest said, "I better take my lucky piece now." "It fell on my head," I said, "where the Champs Elysées comes into the Concorde." Ernest examined the chestnut, rubbed it on his nose, and nodded. "Never lose your faith in mysticism, boy," he said.

When we were in the grandstand and Bataclan came onto the track, Ernest said, "The ones we have to worry about are Klipper and Killibi. That Killibi has a good smell. But, as you know, the thing that really spooks me is that goddam last jump." Two cockney-speaking touts approached and offered him a guaranteed mount, but he demurred. The final odds on Bataclan were 19 to one.

Bataclan started first, then faded to second on the backstretch; he lost more ground on the water jump, and on the turn it was Killibi, Klipper and Bataclan in that order. Going into the last jump, Bataclan was 20 lengths off the pace. I moaned. "Keep your glasses on them," Ernest commanded.

As Killibi took the low hedge, pressed by Klipper, his jockey reached for the whip and in so doing loosened his grip. Killibi's front legs dropped slightly and scraped the hedge, breaking his stride, and he hit the turf hard and stumbled and pitched forward with his boy jumping clear. Klipper was already through the jump at the fall; his jockey tried to clear the fallen Killibi but he couldn't make it, and Klipper went right down on top of Killibi, the jock hitting the turf hard and not moving.

Bataclan's jockey had plenty of time to see what had happened and he took Bataclan to the opposite side of the hedge for his jump and came in five lengths to the good.

Nobody in our party made any effort to subdue his feelings. We started a jubilant exodus to the bar, but along the way Black Priest suddenly stopped and refused to budge. He just stood there, looking determined. "Not yet," he kept saying. "Not yet." When the stands around us had emptied, he gave a quick look around and then moved his foot off a Bataclan win ticket it had been covering. "No doubt about it," Ernest said, "God is everywhere."

I never did know how much we won, because we split it and spent it too fast, but my share was about $2,000.

As Ernest was stacking the money, the two touts who had approached us earlier went by. "Ah," one of them said, tipping his hat, "one can see that Monsieur is of the *métier*."

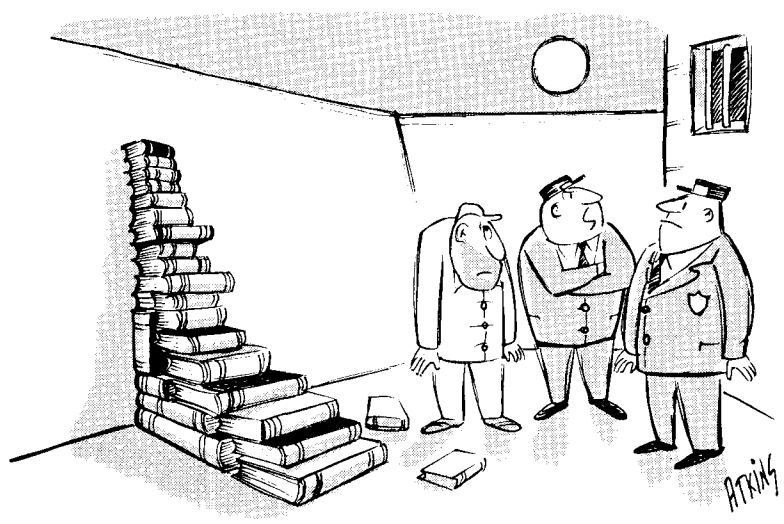
From Paris we journeyed through Auxerre, Saulieu, Valence, Avignon, Cannes, the Alps and on to Venice, and then I had to return to New York with the last three chapters of *Across the River*. They were hand-written and Ernest's only copies, and I was to have them typed by Mme. Gros, his Paris typist, before returning to New York. I took the Simplon-Orient Express from Venice to Paris.

It was not until I had checked into my hotel and called Mme. Gros that I realized I did not have the envelope that contained Ernest's manuscript. I trace my ability to speak fluent French from that moment, for there followed a nightmare of rigmarole with Paris railroad officials, all of whom were determined that I comply with The System, which was to wait and patiently check Lost and Found. The manuscript had not yet appeared there—and the records showed that my railroad car had already been cleaned and dispatched to the terminal yard.

Finally, at two in the morning, I found myself in a vast, grimy railroad yard, being led by an elderly gimpy-legged torch-bearing watchman, searching for the car I had occupied that day. There were hundreds of cars along miles of terminal tracks, in no order. At four, we found my car, but now came the worst of it, for the odds were that the missing envelope would not be there. I had already gone over all the different ways I would break the news to Ernest, and all of them sounded awful. I began a minute search of the compartment but found nothing. I repeated the search, again fruitlessly, and was prepared to give up when the watchman spotted it. On the walls of the compartment were framed photographs of tourist scenes in France, and the envelope had lodged in the frame of a photograph of Avignon.

I never told Ernest. Once or twice I started to, but I never quite made it. If I had, I don't think our relationship would have been quite the same again.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Do you suppose we should curtail his library privileges?"

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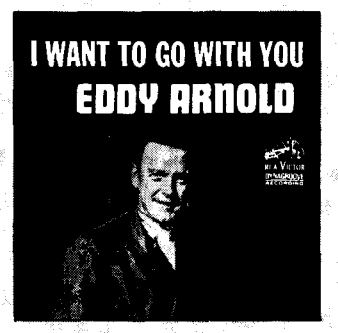
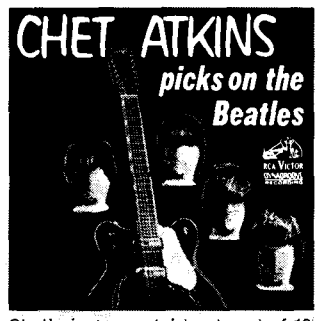
Eddy Arnold says:

"Welcome to the wide world of country music"

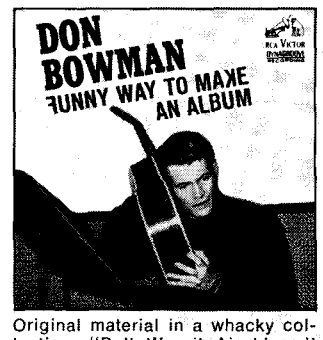
"Country music has become tremendously popular in recent years—and it's making new friends every day. Some of the reasons can be heard in these fine recordings on RCA Victor. I hope you like them."



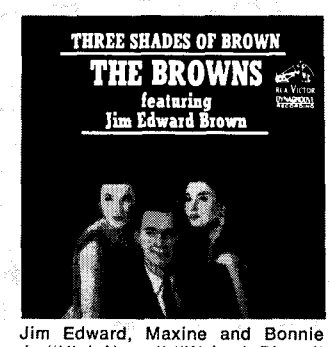
A dozen love songs in that special Arnold style. Includes "I Want to Go with You," "After Losing You."



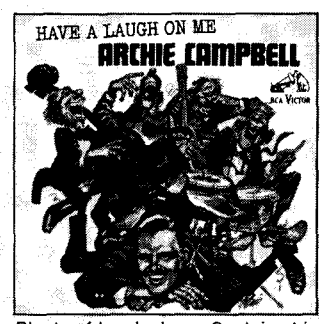
Chet's instrumental treatment of 12 Beatle "biggies." "Yesterday," "Hard Day's Night," others.



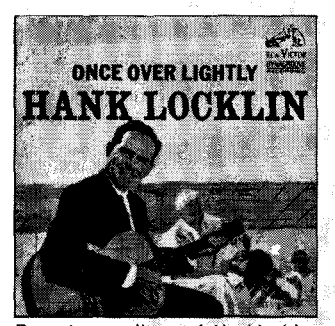
Original material in a whacky collection. "Boll Weevil Air Lines," "Freda on the Freeway," 10 others.



Jim Edward, Maxine and Bonnie do "High Noon," "Wabash Blues," "You're Easy to Remember."



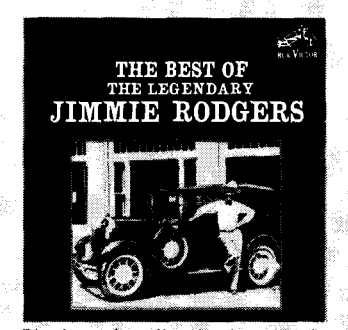
Plenty of laughs here. Contains his two "spoonerism" hits, "Rindercella" and "Beeping Sleauty."



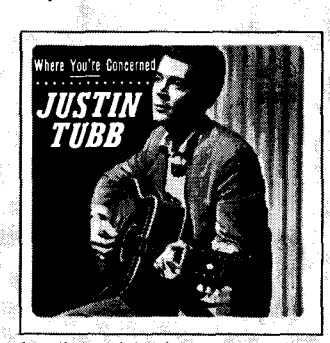
Recent recordings of Hank's biggest hits. 24 in all! "I Walk the Line," "Please Help Me, I'm Falling."

A dozen top tunes by one of today's top talents. Includes "One Way Ticket to the Blues," 11 more.

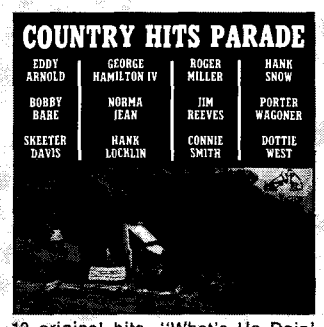
Jim's fans will go for this in a big way. "Home," "Welcome to My World," "Mexican Joe," 9 more.



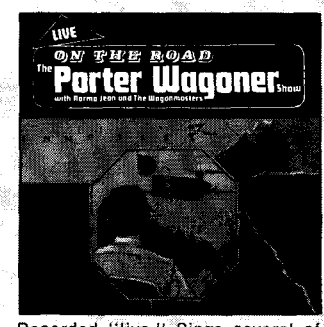
The legendary Jimmie sings "Mule Skinner Blues," "Roll Along Kentucky Moon," 10 others.



An album of Justin's own excellent material. "Love Is No Excuse," "Lonesome 7-7203," 10 more.



12 original hits. "What's He Doin' in My World" (Arnold), "Welcome to My World" (Reeves), 10 others.



Recorded "live." Sings several of his current hits with Norma Jean and The Wagonmasters. 16 big songs.

Terrific material by award-winning vocalist. Includes "No Sign of Living" and "It Just Takes Practice."

BOBBY BARE—TALK ME SOME SENSE—Folk-Country sound with strong message lyrics. "It Ain't Me, Babe," "Talk Me Some Sense," 10 more.

CARL BELEW—AM I THAT EASY TO FORGET—12 songs by this country favorite. "Silent Partner," "Am I That Easy to Forget?," 10 more.

THE BLUE BOYS—WE REMEMBER JIM—A musical tribute to Jim Reeves played by the group that "backed" him on many of his big hit records.

FLOYD CRAMER—ONLY THE BIG ONES—Includes "Yesterday," "Hang On, Sloopy," "The 'In' Crowd," 9 more great recent hits in Floyd's fine style.

THE BEST OF SKEETER DAVIS—Contains her greatest past hits. "The End of the World," "Am I That Easy to Forget?," "I Will," 9 more.

THE BEST OF DON GIBSON—His greatest hits in one new album. "Oh Lonesome Me," "Blue, Blue Day," "I Can't Stop Lovin' You," 9 others.

GEORGE HAMILTON IV—COAST-COUNTRY—Sings West Coast country music hits. 12 big ones, including "Long Black Limousine," "Slightly Used."

THE BEST OF HOMER AND JETHRO—12 of their most famous parodies. "Let Me Go, Blubber," "Mister Sandman," "Jam-Bowl-Liar," "Sixteen Tons."

WAYLON JENNINGS—FOLK-COUNTRY—His first album and it will be a smash. Includes his hit "Stop the World (And Let Me Off)," 11 more.

BEST OF THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS—12 of their most famous songs. Includes "Cool Water," "San Antonio Rose," "Tumbling Tumbleweeds."

CONNIE SMITH—MISS SMITH GOES TO NASHVILLE—"Most promising female vocalist." "If I Talk to Him," "I'll Never Get Over Loving You."

THE BEST OF HANK SNOW—Most popular country songs include such hits as "I'm Movin' On," "A Fool Such As I," "I Don't Hurt Anymore," others.

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By Hilma Wolitzer

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

Today, a woman went mad in the supermarket

Even now, saying it aloud or, later, repeating that sentence to my husband, I will see that it is meant to amuse, to attract interest, to get attention. Of course, I am too sophisticated in things psychological (isn't everyone today?) to think that one goes mad at a moment's notice. There are insipid beginnings to a nervous breakdown. There is lonely crying in the bathroom, balanced on the edge of the tub, and in the kitchen, weeping into the dishwater, tears breaking the surface of the suds. There is forgetting, or wishing to forget, the names of the children, the way to the local bank, the reason for getting up in the morning. There is loss of vanity—toenails growing long and dirty into prehensile claws, hair uncombed, eyebrows unplucked. Yet, somehow there seems to me something very right about going mad in a supermarket: painted oranges, threatening to burst at the navel; formations of cans, armored with labels and prices and weights; cuts of meat, aggressively bloody; and crafty peaches and apples, showing only their glowing perfect faces, hiding the rot and soft spots on their undersides.

Nevertheless, this woman did not go trundling her cart through the ordered chaos. She stood transfixed, as if caught in some great thought. She was blocking the aisle.

"Excuse me," I said tentatively, hesitant and self-protective as only a woman expecting her first child can be. "Pardon me, could I just get through?"

She turned slowly, and the two small children clinging to her skirt held on and tightened the cloth across her hips. Perhaps for the glory of the retelling, I might say that she was a great beauty, that her beauty was marred (or enhanced) only by her wild expression. In truth, she was pretty in a common sort of way, with conventional hair and eyes and nose. Only what she said then stopped me from clearing my throat and asking again if she would move and let me through.

She gripped the handle of her empty cart and said, "There is no end to it." It was said so simply and undramatically, but with great

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$129.88*

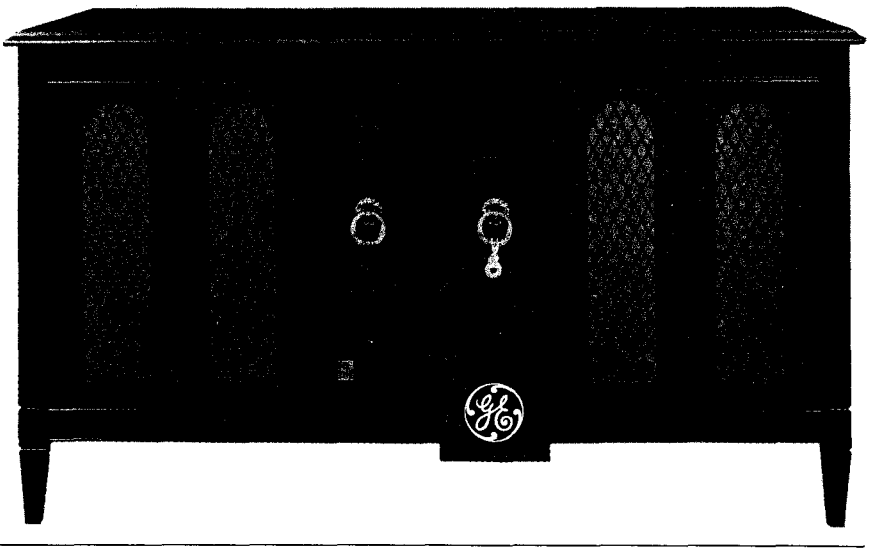
General Electric's 19"** portable Adventurer III comes with a convenient roll-around stand. Brilliant picture. Silver Touch Tuning. Built-in antenna.

*Manufacturer's suggested list. Price optional with dealer, subject to Fair Trade where applicable.

**Diagonal measurement.

†Man-Made is a trademark for diamonds manufactured by the General Electric Company.

$228.88* The General Electric Manchester. A solid-state stereo console, 4-speed changer. AM/FM/FM-Stereo tuner. Eight-speaker system (two 10-inch bass woofers, six 3-inch tweeters with aluminum voice coils). Man-Made† diamond stylus. And these are just two of the values at your G-E dealer's Red Tag Special, but the stock is limited. Some are just one or two of a kind. So don't procrastinate.



honest conviction, that for a moment I thought she was referring to the aisle of the supermarket. Perhaps it was blocked ahead of us, and she could not move up farther. But then she said, "I have tried and I have tried, and there is no end to it. Ask Harold. Ask anybody, ask my mother."

"Do you feel all right?" I asked. "Can I help you?"

Her knuckles were white and hard as she clung to the cart. She did not answer.

I looked around me self-consciously, and then I leaned toward her and said, "Would you like to go home?"

"You know," she said severely, "that I can't go *there*."

Then a woman rattled her cart toward us from the other end of the aisle. "Excuse me," she called out cheerfully. "Coming through!"

"Could you go the other way?" I asked her.

"Why should I go the other way?" she demanded.

"Because this aisle is blocked," I answered, grimacing and rolling my eyes. She looked at me suspiciously and walked briskly back in the other direction. A chain of voices began in the back of the store. I heard the last one call, "Mr. A.! Mr. A.!"

Then for a few minutes we were alone, the woman and her children and myself. We stood in the supermarket as if primed for a television commercial in which the magical product would come winging from the shelves, where brand X would forever stay, unwanted and untried. The manager, Mr. A., came eagerly toward us. He is a kindly fellow with dull eyes, who perhaps could seem even kinder in a small, intimate grocery store. He will sprint off on a given signal and bring back the bread crumbs or the baking soda or the canned crab meat that you cannot seem to find anywhere. He rubbed his hands nervously.

"How can I bear it?" the woman cried in grief.

Mr. A. looked at her questioningly. "Can I get you some water?" he asked.

She did not answer him, but covered her mouth with her hand, so that all her anguish was concentrated in her eyes. I began to tremble, and I worried that my concern for her would somehow affect the child I was carrying. Didn't I worry two aisles back, if, when the time came, I would choose the right baby food, that my milk would flow, that I would be a wise mother? All this time, the two small children did not release their grip on their mother's skirt.

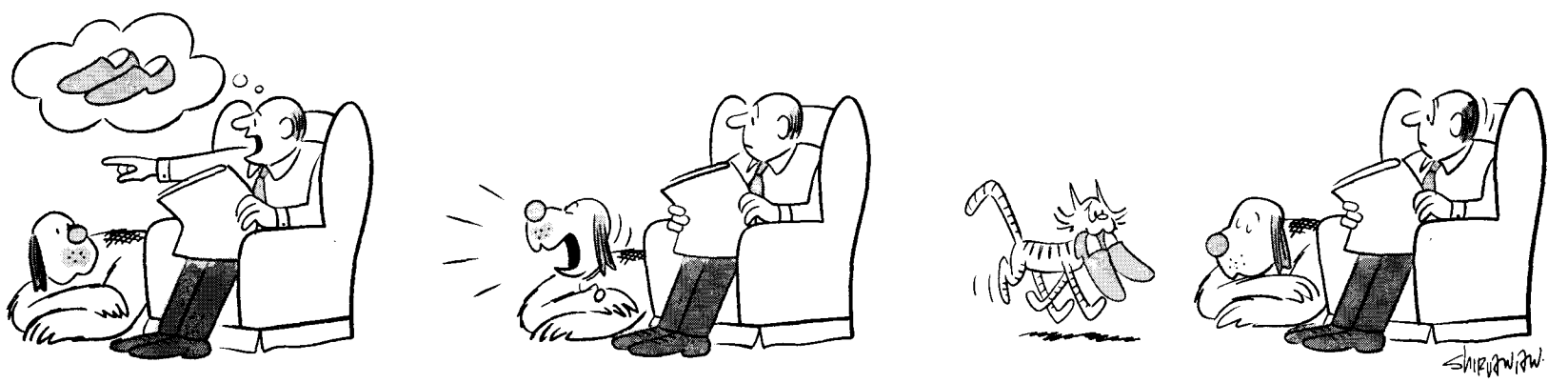
"She's very ill," I told Mr. A.

"Shall I call the police?" he asked. The woman began to weep big flowing tears, and I thought then that all the priests and plumbers and policemen of the world could not stay them.

"No, no," I said quickly, looking at the children. Bending at the knees, I leaned toward the taller child. "What's your name?" I asked him. I was close enough to smell his milky breath and to see that his nose was running onto a crusty sore right under it. He turned his face away from mine and did not answer. Feeling bolder, I took the handbag that was looped over the woman's wrist, and she did not resist me. She did not seem to notice.

"There must be something, if only I could remember," she said vaguely. The pocketbook creaked open, as if from long disuse, or like the mouth of a nervous child at the dentist's. Mr. A. peered over my shoulder. There was a sweet, hair-tonic smell. The pocketbook was empty. We peered into it, unbelieving. It was the saddest thing I had ever seen, that empty pocketbook.

"Jeez," Mr. A. whispered. But then he brightened. "Say," he said, "say, if her pocketbook's empty, then she doesn't have any car keys. She must have walked here. If she walked here, then she can't live too far."



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Schuster's Home Furnishings
Standard Furniture Co.
North Little Rock.....Avants Furniture Co.
Economy Furniture & Appl.
Goodyear Service Store
Park Hill Piano & Organ
Royce's N. L. R. Tire Store
Sylvan Hills Hardware
Rogers.....Rogers Radio & Electric

KANSAS
Arkansas City.....B-W TV Appliance
Atchison.....Levin Handke
Augusta.....W. W. Car & Home Supply
Chanute.....Home Appliance
Clay Center.....Wilhelm Electric Co.
Coffeyville.....J & M Appliance
Dodge City.....Fergersons Appliance
Garden City.....Perkins & Gaines
Hays.....Schwaller Lumber
Hutchinson....Cruppers Furniture & Appl.
Independence.....Jude Johnson Appliance
Junction City...Sjoholms Furniture & Appl.
Kansas City.....Glanville Furniture
Helm's, Inc.
Jack Boring Appliance
Macys
Sav-On
Lawrence.....General Appliance
Leavenworth.....Dolsberry Appliance
Mission.....Wilson Drake
Overland Park.....French Market
Jack Boring Appliance
Paola.....Fickel Appliance
Potwin.....Resnik Appliance
Topeka.....Jack Boring Appliance
R & T Mercantile Company
Wichita.....Del's TV & Appliance
Dollar Saver TV & Appl.
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LOUISIANA
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Builder's Center, Inc.
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Bogalusa.....Goodyear Service Store
DeQuincy.....Franks Bros. Furniture
DeRidder.....L & O Auto Store
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Sherman-Smith, Inc.
Gretna.....Goodyear Service Store
Maison Blanche Co.
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Hammond.....Goodyear Service Store
Jennings.....Watson Electric Co.
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D. H. Holmes, Ltd.
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Thoman's, Inc.
Woolco Dept. Store
Slidell.....Levy's
Van's Furniture
Sulphur.....Gossett Appliance Co.
Vinton.....Vinton Electric Service
Westwego.....Goodyear Service Store

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi.....Goodyear Service Store
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Goodyear Service Store
Jackson.....Clinton Boulevard Hardware
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Kerr's Furniture & Appl.
Maloney Supply
Miller's Appliance
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McComb.....Goodyear Service Store

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Farmington.....Western Tire Co., Inc.
Gallup.....Goodyear Service Store
Mathews Furniture Co.
Grants.....Bond-Gunderson Co.
Hobbs.....AAA TV
Las Cruces.....Big Jack's Appliance Ctr.
Lovington.....Dicken's Appliance & TV
Portales.....Valley TV
Raton.....Modern Electric Co.
Roswell.....Goodyear Service Store
Wimp's
Santa Fe..... Appliance & Kitchen Ctr.
Tucumcari.....Tucumcari Electric Shop

OKLAHOMA
Ada.....Goodyear Service
Morelock's Furniture & Appl.
Altus.....Street TV & Appliance
Alva.....Colony Interiors
Ardmore.....Goodyear Service Store
Nance Home Furnishings
Bartlesville.....Bartlesville Electric Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Broken Arrow.....Goodyear Service Store
Chandler.....Burton Radio & TV
Claremore.....Goodyear Service Store
Cushing.....Robison Home Furnishings
Cyril.....Bud's B & M Store
Davis.....Duck's
Duncan.....Edwards Home Furnishings
Edmond.....Clifton Appliance
Goodyear Service Store
Elk City.....Kamphaus Appliance
El Reno.....Goodyear Service Store
Enid.....Klingenberg & Co.
C. E. Loomis Furniture Co.
Mutual Discount, Inc.
Fairview.....Alfred Jensen's
Frederick.....Goodyear Service Store
Guthrie.....Goodyear Service Store
Henryetta.....Goodyear Service Store
Henryetta Furniture Co.
Hobart.....Modern Appliance
Hominy.....Auto Parts Co.
Hugo.....Goodyear Service Store
Jay.....Adair Appliance
Kingfisher.....Josiah Gooden & Son
Laverne.....Wallenberg Hardware
Lawton.....Goodyear Service Store
Southwestern Furniture & Appl.
Lindsay.....Geffre's Appliance
Marietta.....Harper Furniture & Appl.
Maud.....Bodkin Furniture
Maysville.....Cecil Gray Appliance
McAlester....Dick Turner Furniture & Appl.
Goodyear Service Store
Moore.....Sooner Home Furnishings
Muskogee.....Connie Ogden Furniture
Goodyear Service Store
Norman.....Goodyear Service Store
Gordon's Specialty Co.
Nowata.....Melton's Appliance
Oklahoma City.....Akin Appliance
Founder's Fair Appliance Dept.
Frank Lynch Company
Goodyear Service Store
Graham's Appl. & Furniture
Major Oklahoma Corporation
Norman Walker Appliance
Phipps Appliance Ctr.
Pauls Valley.....Yeatts Home Furnishings
Pawhuska.....Donnell Household Mart
Perry.....Western Auto Association Store
Ponca City.....Goodyear Service Store
Page McGrew Company
Purcell.....Bruch Furniture & Appl.
Quinton.....Brazil's Mercantile Co.
Sand Springs.....Goodyear Service Store
Sapulpa.....Goodyear Service Store
La Fevers Appliance
Seminole.....Goodyear Service Store
Shawnee.....Brown Furniture Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Stillwater.....Goodyear Service Store
Remy & Shepherd Home Furniture
Stroud.....Sylkora's Appliance
Sulphur.....Hick's Service
Tahlequah.....Houston Appliance
Tonkawa.....Harris Tire & Appl.
Tulsa.....Alhambra Appliance
Andy Anderson Supply
Goodyear Service Store
Horn Brothers Furniture Co.
Kitchen Klinic, Inc.
Lauhon's, Inc.
Wagoner.....Harrison Goodyear Store
Watonga.....Steward's Appliance
Wewoka.....Janssen Furniture Co.
Wilburton.....Donoley's TV & Appl.
Woodward.....Quincy Johnston, Inc.
Wynnewood.....Duck's
Yukon.....Western Auto Assoc. Store

TEXAS
Abilene.....D & W Furniture & Appl.
Goodyear Service Store
Alvin.....JMB Tire & Appl.
Stanton's
Amarillo....The Good Housekeeping Shop
Wolfin Appliance, Inc.
Angleton.....Harry's Radio & TV
Red & White Tire & Appl.
Arlington.....Goodyear Service Store
Ware Furniture & Appl.
Austin.....G. M. Bettis, Inc.
Clyde Hill TV & Appl.
Fulford's
Gage Furniture Co.
Goodyear Service Stores
Azle.....Azle Furniture Co.
Bay City.....Goodyear Service Store
Baytown.....Goodyear Service Store
Wilkie's
Beaumont.....Conn's Appliances
Finger's
Goodyear Service Store
The McLaury Co.
Beeville.....Burrows Hardware Co.
Bellaire.....Goodyear Service Store
Bonham.....Goodyear Service Store
Borger.....Unique Furnishings
Bowie.....Heard Hardware
Breckenridge.....Mehaffey Hardware
Brenham.....Goodyear Service Store
Brownfield.....Gene Gunn Oil Co.
Brownsville.....Aldridge-Washmon Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Bryan.....Bill Dye Tire & Appl.
Goodyear Service Store
Burkburnett.....Monaghan's Furniture
Burnet.....Scoggins Furniture Co.
Caddo Mills.....Payne Furniture & Appl.
Carrollton.....Perry TV & Appl.
Celina.....Morgan-Scott Appl. & Furniture
Charlotte.....Bridges Furniture Co.
Childress.....Goodyear Service Store
Clarksville.....Green's Furniture
Cleburne.....Hunter's Jewelry & Appl.
Cleveland.....Snell-Coe Furniture
Comfort.....Walter Brinkman & Son
Conroe.....Goodyear Service Store
Corpus Christi.....Goodyear Service Store
The Omaha Company
Woolco Department Store
Corsicana.....Goodyear Service Store
Crosby.....E. B. Swanson Supply
Crystal City.....Durbon's Home Appl. Co.
Dallas.....Bonner Appliance Company
Goodyear Service Stores
Lone Star Appliance Co.
Marsh Lane TV
O & S TV & Appl.
Sanger-Harris Co.
Snell-Coe Furniture
Del Rio.....Del Rio Electric Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Denison.....Goodyear Service Store
Denton.....Goodyear Service Store
Mitchell's TV & Appl.
Dimmitt.....Family Mart, Inc.
Dumas.....Furniture Mart
Edinburg.....Goodyear Service Store
Fitzpatric & Osment
El Campo.....Mickelson Appliance Co.
Electra.....Humphrey's Appliance
El Paso.....A-1 TV & Appliance
Economy Furniture
Goodyear Service Stores
Leo's Appliance Co.
Ennis.....Goodyear Service Store
Euless.....Euless Furniture Co.
Farmersville.....May Furniture
Fort Worth.....Al's Furniture & Appl.
Goodyear Service Stores
Guynn's Furniture & Appl.
Monnig's
O'Neal Furniture Co.
Tex & Chuck
Western Auto Store
Fredericksburg.....Goodyear Service Store
Freeport.....Goodyear Service Store
Galena Park.....Jones Radio & Appl.
Galveston.....Goodyear Service Store
Schreiber & Miller Furniture Co.
Garland.....Goodyear Service Store
Shugart's Tire & Appl.
Gatesville.....Powell Supply Co.
Georgetown.....Guarantee Electric Co.
Giddings.....Gruetzner's
Glen Rose.....Hunter's Jewelry & Appl.
Gonzales.....Goodyear Service Store
Grand Prairie.....Goodyear Service Store
Greenville.....Joe Reed Appliance Co.
Groves.....Goodyear Service Store
Halletsville.....Modern Appl. & Furniture
Hamlin.....Joe Hudspeth Appliance
Harlingen.....Goodyear Service Store
Hearne.....Tucker's TV & Appl.
Hondo.....DeMontel Appliance Co.
Houston.....Amdur Furniture Co.
Birdsall Appliance Co.
City Appliance Ctr.
Clayton Tire Co.
Dave's Food & Appl. Ctr.
David's Hardware Co.
Getz Appliance Ctr.
Goodyear Service Stores
Hilsher's Home Supply
Hulme Appliance Co.
Laufman's Home Center
Merchant's Appl. & Furniture
Oaks TV
Standley-Archer, Inc.
Wesley Edmondson Co.
Womack Appliances
Huntsville.....Goodyear Service Store
Hurst.....Goodyear Service Store
Ingram.....T. J. Moore Lumber Co.
Iowa Park.....Parkway Furniture
Irving.....Goodyear Service Store
Sanger-Harris Co.
Italy.....McConnell Furniture
Jasper.....Henderson Appliance
Johnson City.....W. R. Crider Co.
Junction.....T. J. Moore Lumber Co.
Kaufman..... Pool Furniture
Kermit.....Jackson Tire Co.
Kerrville.....Fletcher's
Goodyear Service Store
Kilgore.....Marshall Supply Co.
Killeen.....McCoy Appliance Co.
La Grange.....Charlie Tobias Co.
La Marque.....Mainland Tire & Appl. Co.
Schreiber & Miller Furniture Co.
Laredo.....ABC Music Store
Koenig Electric Co.
Levelland.....Household Supply Co.
Liberty.....Stephenson Electronic Service
Littlefield.....TV Corner
Lockhart.....Goodyear Service Store
Longview.....Texas Furniture Co.
Lubbock.....Baker Household Appliance
Dunlap's Dept. Store
Jenkin's TV & Appl.
Roper TV & Appliance
W. D. Wilking & Co.
Lufkin.....Pearson Furniture Co.
Mabank.....Hyde Home Appliance
Marble Falls.....Great Texas Lumber Co.
McAllen.....Calvert's
Goodyear Service Store
McKinney.....C. P. Horn & Son
Mesquite.....Goodyear Service Stores
Mexia.....Goodyear Service Store
Midland.....Carter Furniture Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Seale Appl. & Furniture
Mineral Wells.....Goodyear Service Store
Mission.....Dondlinger's
Mount Pleasant.....Everybody's Furniture
Store
Navasota.....Bill Dye Tire & Appl.
Nederland.....Conn's Appliances
New Braunfels.....Hoerster Tire & Supply
Newton.....R & R Electric Co.
Odessa.....Appliance Center
Goodyear Service Store
Western Appliance Co.
Orange.....Goodyear Service Store
Morrow's, Inc.
Paris.....Goodyear Service Store
Wooldridge Appliances
Pasadena.....David's Hardware Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Herb's Appliance Co.
Pitts Furniture Co.
Smith Appliances
Pharr.....Goodyear Service Store
Hale Hardware Co.
Pittsburg.....Patterson Electric Co.
Plainview.....Bud's Furniture
Goodyear Service Store
Port Arthur.....Gem Appliance Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Loeb's
Port Isabel.....Port Electric Service
Port Lavaca.....Goodyear Service Store
Raymondville.....Mackey's Tire & Appl.
Richardson.....Goodyear Service Store
Richmond.....Schulz Appliance Co.
Rockwall.....Payne Furniture & Appl.
Roma.....Gonzales Mercantile
Rosenberg.....Goodyear Service Store
Round Rock.....Walsh TV & Appl.
Royse City.....Hathaway Appliance
San Angelo.....Goodyear Service Store
San Antonio.....Goodyear Service Stores
Grieder's
Kallison's
Nonken's
Sebera's
Talley Appliance Co.
San Benito.....Goodyear Service Store
San Marcos.....Goodyear Service Store
Seagoville.....Western Auto Store
Seguin.....Goodyear Service Store
Sherman.....Lee Appliance Co.
Silsbee.....Collier Hardware
Smithville.....Milton's
Stamford.....Joe Hudspeth Appliance
Stephenville.....Goodyear Service Store
Taylor.....Holman Electric Co.
Temple.....Goodyear Service Store
Terrell.....Wilson Furniture
Texas City.....Bras-Tex Appliance
Goodyear Service Store
Tomball.....Shaw TV & Appliance
Tyler.....Goodyear Service Store
Parker-Chatham & Atwood
Van Alstyne.....Western Auto Store
Vernon.....Barnes Appliance
Victoria.....Goodyear Service Store
Vidor.....Conn's Appliances
D & B Refrigeration
Waco.....Aronson's Furniture Co.
Goodyear Service Store
Weatherford.....Goodyear Service Store
Weslaco.....Goodyear Service Store
Wharton.....Goodyear Service Store
Wichita Falls.....Goodyear Service Store
Mathews Bros.
Tanner's, Inc.

Consumer Electronic Division, Syracuse, N.Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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If you want to

Stop Smoking, Here's How!

by Whitey Ford

"Stopping smoking is about as easy as pitching a World Series shutout. You can do it, but it's not easy," says Whitey Ford, who holds more World Series records than any other pitcher.

Every game is a shutout until the first run is scored. I've pitched three complete ones in Series play. But other times, my shutouts have lasted less than an inning. If your last resolve to quit smoking only lasted about one inning, you need the help of Bantron. It works.

When I decided to quit a few years ago, I went to work simply preventing the first puff. My doctor agreed that smoking was not good for my physical fitness and encouraged me.

I stopped, all right, but it sure was hard not to start again. Then I heard about a little pill called Bantron. I was surprised to find that it helped a lot. Now, when I want a cigarette, I just take a Bantron instead.

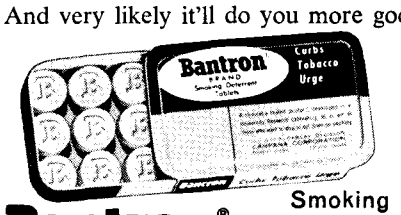
The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested Bantron on hundreds of people. The results showed that it helped 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking—to do so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

Bantron does not affect your taste for food or even for smoking. It simply acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and helps curb the desire for tobacco with a harmless non-habit forming drug called lobeline. The result is that you feel no pangs of withdrawal and no desire to smoke.

Bantron is so safe when taken as directed that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the United States government.

Try it yourself. I'm sure Bantron can help you either stop or cut down smoking pleasantly, quickly and easily.

You'll find that to stop smoking gives you almost as much satisfaction as you'd get from a shutout in the World Series. And very likely it'll do you more good.



Bantron® BRAND Smoking Deterrent Tablets

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

SUPERMARKET

I looked at him coldly. "Maybe she left them in the car," I said. "Or maybe she cleaned out her purse somewhere, or left home with it empty."

This deflated him for only a moment. He looked thoughtful, then called to a stock boy who had been staring at us. Mr. A. sent him out into the parking lot and told him to look at the ignitions of all the cars.

"Pee-pee," said the smaller child suddenly, tugging at his mother's skirt.

"Oh," I said. "He has to go to the bathroom." I took his fist and tried to detach it from his mother's skirt. He held fast with the tenacity of a tick in a dog's coat.

"*Mama*, pee-pee," the child insisted.

"He only wants his mother to take him," I told Mr. A., and he nodded as if I was translating from a foreign language. The child stuck his thumb into his mouth and sucked greedily. Then the stock boy came back and said that there was no car with a key in it.

A small group of women had gathered at the end of the aisle, curiosity drawing them close, fear keeping them distant. "Do any of you know this woman?" I shouted to them.

They mumbled among themselves, and then a tall, rawboned woman in a Girl Scout uniform walked closer. "I don't *know* her ——" she began, and from the rear someone called, "Why don't you look in her pocketbook?"

"I don't *know* her," the tall woman repeated, "but I know who she is." She ducked her head and then glanced up guiltily. "Her name is Shirley Lewis. Mrs. Harold Lewis," she whispered, and then fell back into the crowd of women like a frightened informer.

"But where does she live?" I asked irritably.

"Oh-oh, pee-pee," sighed the little boy, and a stream of urine, tentatively begun, ran down his leg.

"Never rush into *anything*," his mother stated. And then nostalgically, "How nice it was to be children!"

"Where? Where?" I snapped at the woman in the Girl Scout uniform. I knew that I was vying with Mr. A. We were playing detective, saviour, twenty questions, God. Who would win this terrible contest and solve the mystery and set things right again? I had a good lead. All-powerful, matriarchal, replete with swollen belly.

The woman came forward again. She mumbled an address and stepped back into the group of women. Mr. A. scribbled the information in a little notebook and went to the telephone in his office. One point for Mr. A.

"Where is Harold?" I asked slyly when Mr. A. had gone. Shirley Lewis looked at me with real interest. "Ha, ha," she said, and smirked, squinting her eyes, as if I had said something vulgar but worth noting. The little boy stood, straddling his puddle, miserable with his public act. I looked into my shopping cart and saw that the frozen things had begun to sweat and thaw. I was very tired. My legs were singing with fatigue. I wanted to sit down. I wanted to go home and take a bath. The woman was tiresome, the game was tedious, the supermarket was boring.

"We sat at the table," Shirley Lewis began. "My grandmother brought in the soup. It was so heavy, her hands trembled. Uncle Al brought everybody in the car. He had a Pontiac."

Mr. A. came back. He was smiling. The game was over. "Her husband is home! He was sleeping; he didn't even know she was out."

"Ahhhhh," moaned the crowd of women, like a Greek chorus.

Soon, the husband came. He had the car, after all. The children rushed from their mother to him. Fair-weather friends, I thought. He was tall and heavy. He was wearing work clothes, and his shoes were untied. There were sleep creases down the side of one cheek. He ignored everyone else, although we looked eagerly to him as we might to the comedy relief in a melodrama. Incredibly, he scolded the small boy for wetting his pants. To his wife, he said, "What's the *matter* with you?", and he took her arm. She went with him, and then it was all over. Several women broke away from the crowd and went to the window. They watched Harold and Shirley and the children get into the car.

I looked dully into my shopping cart. It was impossible to remember the other things I had wanted to buy. Shirley Lewis's pocketbook lay gaping on top of my own. I wondered if it would be returned to her. I thought, whimsically, that we would not be hearing from her. Harold had not said thank you to anyone. I imagined, giddily, an engraved card coming in the mail: "Mr. Harold Lewis and family thank you for the kindness extended to Mrs. Lewis in her time of need."

Mr. A. was extremely gracious. He guided me to an unopened check-out counter and personally rang up the few items in my cart. "Some fun," he said, clucking his tone. "You were swell." He was the master detective congratulating the cop on the beat. His glory knew no bounds. He offered to take my package to the car.

"No, no," I said, yawning in his face. I left the pocketbook on his counter, sneakily, as one leaves a litter of kittens in a vacant lot.

"Good-bye," some of the women called to me. I had proved myself after all, and someday they would ask me to join committees and PTA's and protest groups. I went home. My matriarchal stature had changed to a pregnant waddle. When my husband came home from work, I was sitting in the bathtub and weeping.

"What—what is it?" he cried, primed for catastrophe.

"Everything," I said, gesturing at the swelling that rose above the water level. "Everything. The human condition. The world."

His face relaxed slightly, and he waited for me to go on.

I rose, the water spiraling from my belly. "A woman went mad in the supermarket today."

He managed to look both compassionate and questioning. "What did you do?"

I waved the towel as if it were a banner, a piece of evidence. "There was nothing I could do. Nothing at all. I mean, I tried, but there was simply no way that I could help her."

He took the towel and began to dry my back. "I think I know how you feel," he said, "but you can't mother the whole world."

"No," I said. "I guess I can't, can I?" I turned around and threw myself awkwardly into his arms, the only world, at that moment, that seemed safe for me and my child. □

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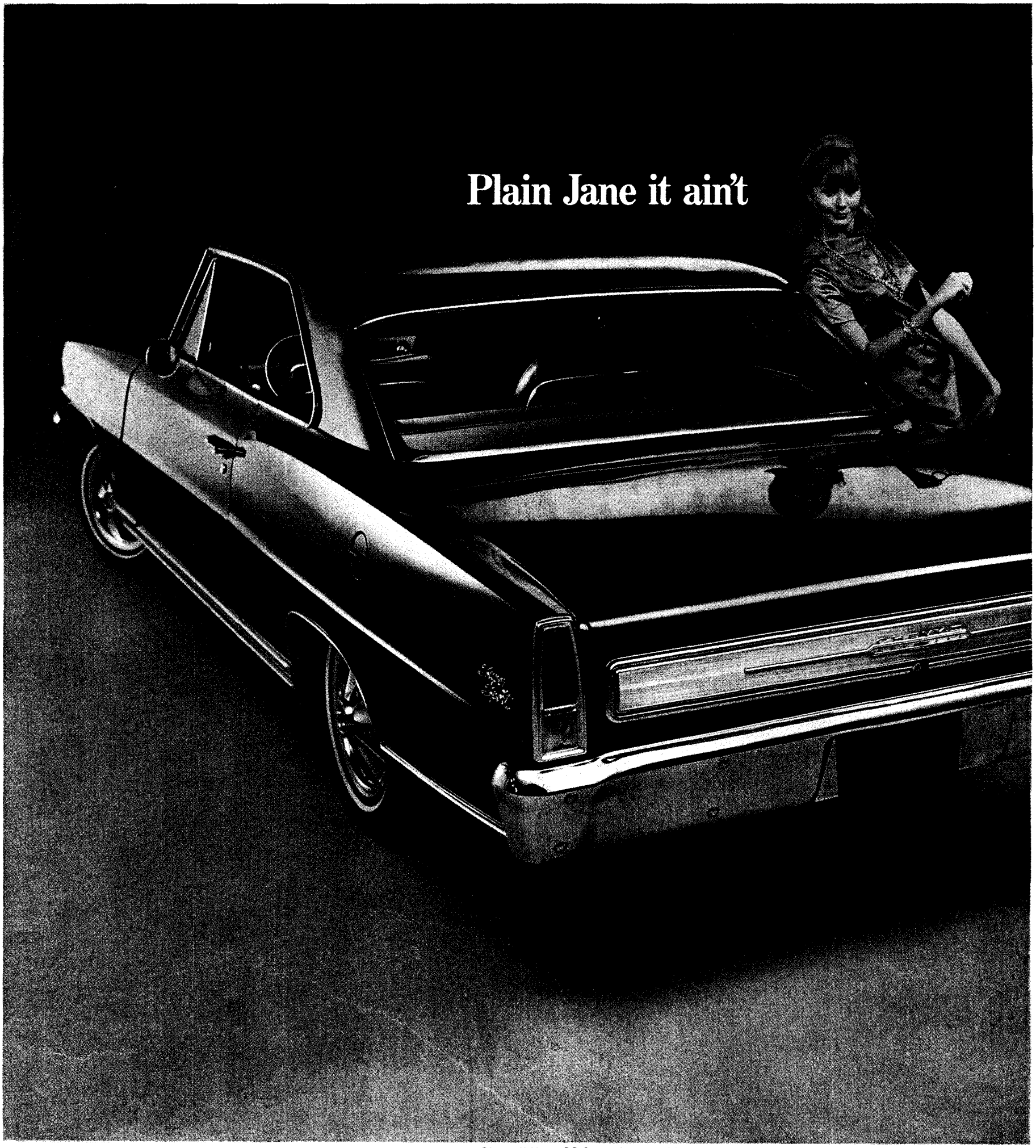

Chevy II Nova SS Sport Coupe with eight safety features now standard, including back-up lights.

Well, that's not quite true. The price is still plain as Aunt Agatha's cast iron skillet. But the rest of the Chevy II is strictly high fashion, like this Nova SS Sport Coupe's sleek roof line, its slender Strato-bucket seats. Even the super economy 100 series has such luxury touches as padded armrests and foam cushioned front seat. Wrap this around some of the many extra features available and one of the seven engines, up to 350 horsepower, and you've got quite a package. Looking for economy? You came to the right place. Looking for Jane? She ain't here.

Chevy II - Styled The Chevrolet Way

CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

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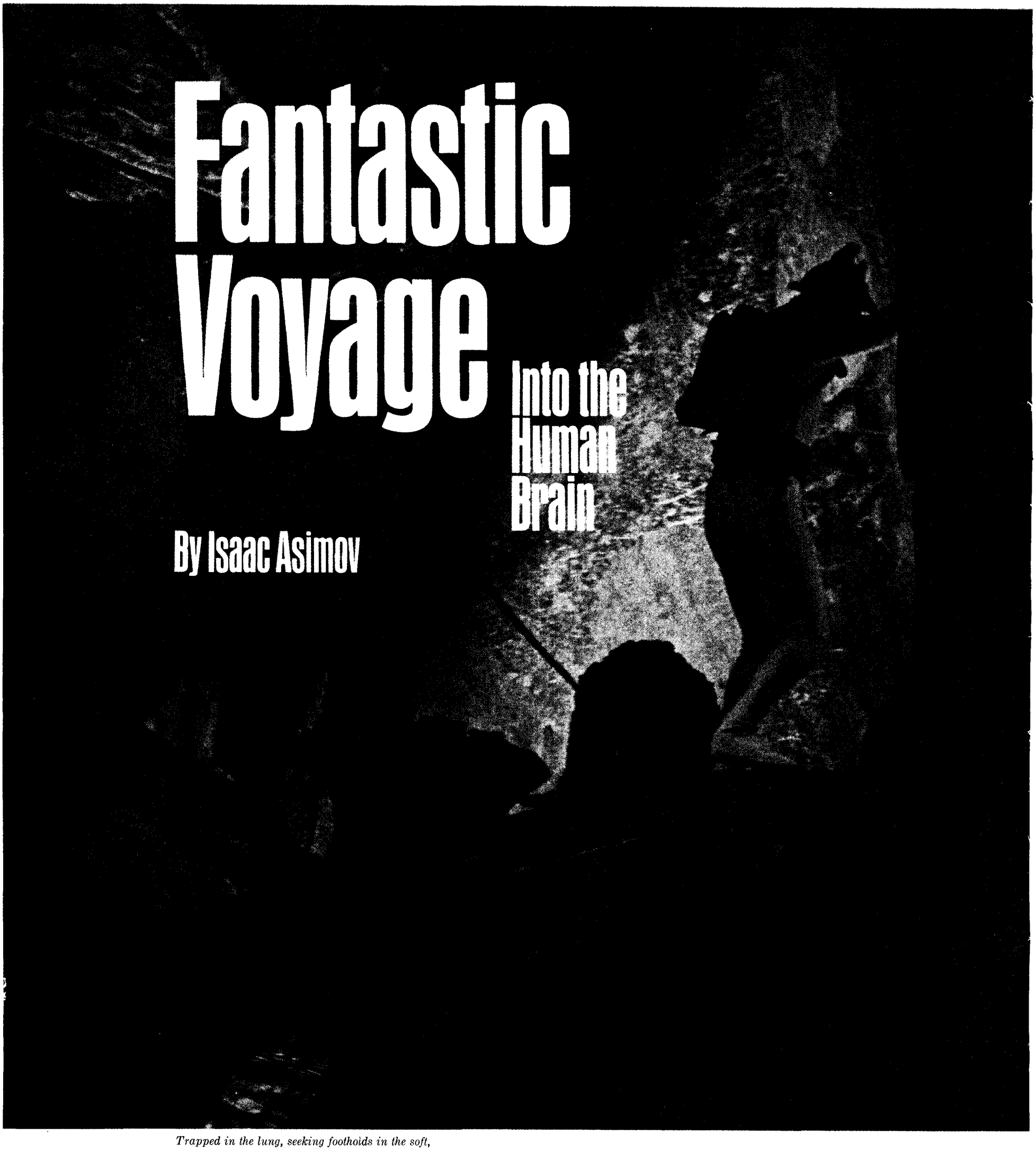
©1966 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. Based on a screenplay by Harry Kleiner from the original story by Otto Klement and J. L. Bixby.

Fantastic Voyage

Into the Human Brain

By Isaac Asimov



Trapped in the lung, seeking footholds in the soft, yielding tissue, assailed by boulders of dust and grit, Grant thought in panic: Somebody's cut the line! I won't get back!

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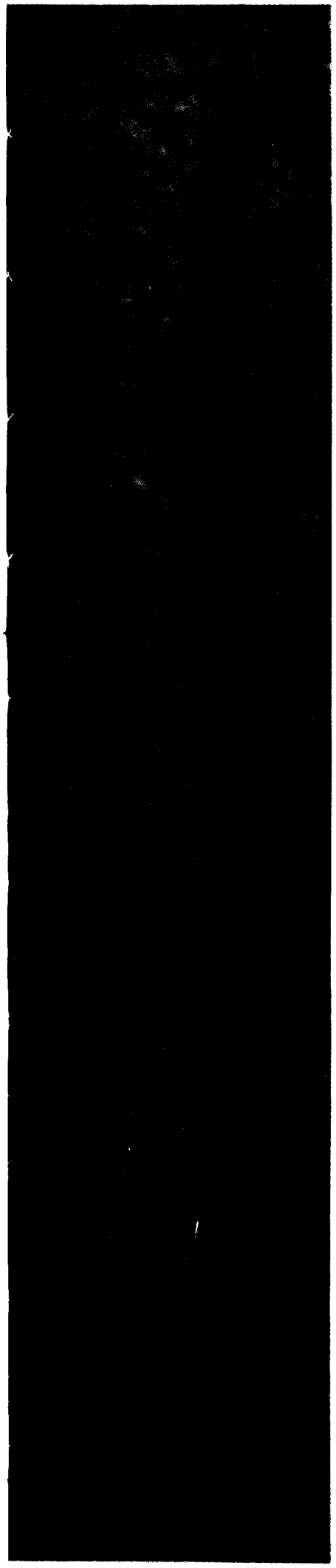


Concluding a dramatic two-part science-fiction serial:

The year is 1995. Never in history has so hazardous a mission been undertaken, to save the life of a brilliant scientist; to save, perhaps, all of mankind. Jan Benes lies close to death, a blood clot on his brain. Conventional surgery is impossible; the clot must be destroyed by laser beams from *inside* the stricken man's brain. A submarine, with five specialists on board, is miniaturized to the size of a single bacterium and injected into his bloodstream. The crew must complete their mission in sixty minutes—not one minute more. But they have been diverted from their plotted course by an arterial whirlpool, and now must attempt a perilous plunge through the victim's very heart. The heartbeat must be stopped to permit their passage, and now, poised just outside the heart, the crew waits tensely for the ventricles to cease their thunderous booming, for the tricuspid valve to complete its final spasm. "Shove on through, full speed," the pilot shouts to the navigator, "the instant the valve opens!"

The final heartbeat began. The electron beam on the oscilloscope in the operating room started moving upward.

"Now!" cried the technician at the heart indicator.

The two electrodes came down on Professor Benes' chest. A needle on one of the dials of the heart-console swung instantly and a buzzer sounded urgently.

The message went up to the control tower: "Heartbeat stopped."

"Now," shouted Doctor Michaels, on board the miniaturized submarine moving into Benes' heart. "Now! Now!"

His words were lost in the heartbeat and in the rise of the engines. The *Proteus* shot forward, through the opening of the atrium and into the ventricle.

"Top speed, Owens," Michaels said to the navigator, "and bear to the left, for the semilunar valve. We have thirty seconds to get out of this deathtrap."

If it was a deathtrap, it was a somberly beautiful one. It was as though they saw in the distance a gigantic forest of gnarled, leafless trees writhing in a complex design that strengthened and held firm the most vital muscle of the human body.

Owens cried, "Only nineteen seconds to go, Doctor Michaels. I don't see any sign of the valve yet."

Charles Grant, the secret agent responsible for the security of the mission, said, "Isn't that it? That opening?"

Michaels looked up from the chart by which he was piloting the submarine. "Yes, and it's open enough for us. We're slamming through the opening, but the heartbeat will be right behind us, and when it comes there'll be a terrific surge of blood. We'll have to stay as far ahead of it as possible."

In the operating room there was a tight silence. The surgical team hovering over Benes, the great scientist who had defected from behind the Iron Curtain, was as motionless as he. Benes' cold body and stopped heart brought the aura of death into the room.

"Fifteen seconds left," said General Carter, nervously.

The heart technicians at the electroshock apparatus moved into position.

"Aiming straight into the semilunar valve."

"Six seconds left. Five. Four . . ."

"They're going through!"

A warning buzzer sounded.

"Revive heartbeat," came the word over one of the speakers, and a red button was pressed. A pacemaker—an electrical heart-stimulator—went into action. But the oscilloscope registering heartbeat remained dead. The pacemaker pulse was increased.

"It's *got* to start," said Carter, whose whole body tensed and hunched forward.

The *Proteus* entered the aperture, which looked like a pair of barely open lips curved in a giant smile.

"We're out of the ventricle," said Michaels, "and into the pulmonary artery. Continue at full speed, Owens. The heartbeat should start in three seconds. It *must* start in three."

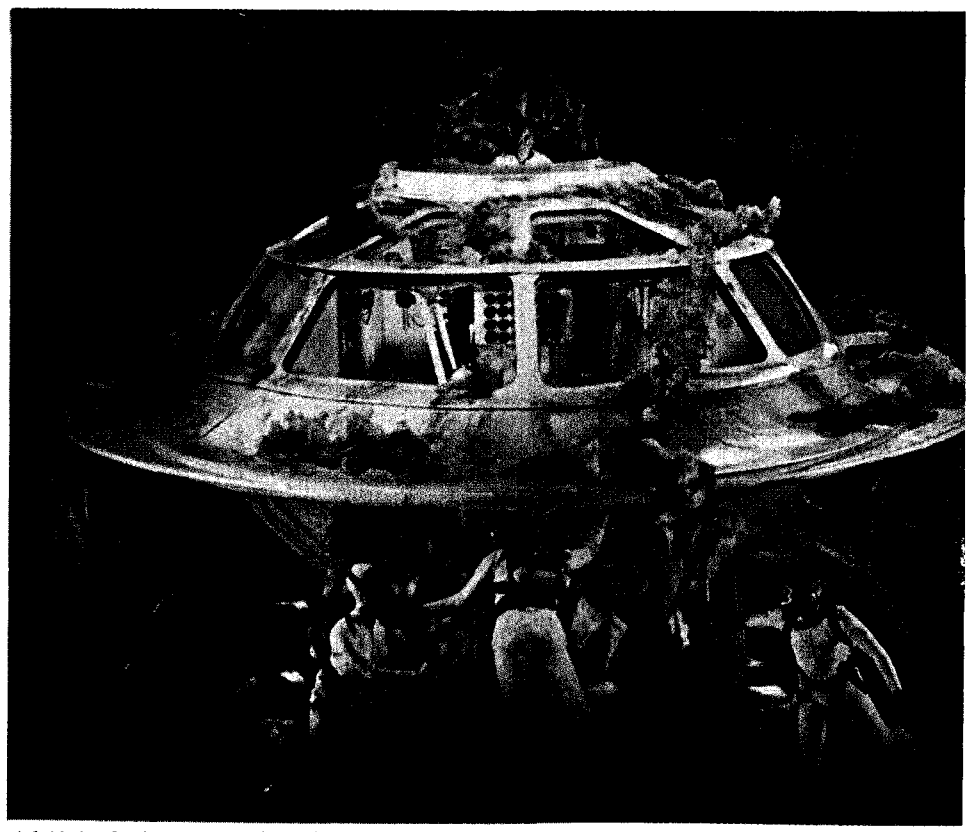
Owens looked back. The semilunar valve was receding, still closed, with its fibers straining into suckers of tense tissue.

He said, "The heartbeat isn't coming. It isn't —— Wait, wait. There it is." The leaves of the valves were relaxing; the fibrous supports were falling back. The tidal wave of blood caught up with the *Proteus*, hurtling it forward at breakneck speed.

"You won that time, General," Colonel Reid said in the control tower. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to order them through the heart."

"I didn't have the nerve *not* to. Now, if they can hold up against the arterial flow——" Carter's voice rang out through the transmitter. "Get in touch with the *Proteus* the moment their speed diminishes."

Colonel Reid said, "They're back in



Adrift in the inner ear, where the slightest sound from the outside would vibrate them to bits, the three crew members frantically tore at the reticular fibers clogging the submarine's vents.

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In 48 minutes they would begin to de-miniaturize. If they weren't out of his body by then, he—and they—would die.

the arterial system, but they're not heading for the brain, you know. The original injection was into one of the main arteries leading from the left ventricle to the brain. The pulmonary artery leads from the right ventricle—to the lungs."

"It means delay. I know that," said General Carter. "But we still have time." He indicated the Time Recorder, which read 48. Twelve precious minutes of the allotted sixty had been used up.

"All right, but we'd better switch the point of maximum concentration to the lungs."

He made the appropriate change, and the interior of the lungs was visible on the monitor screen.

Reid said, "What's the respiration rate?"

"Back to six per minute, Colonel."

"Hold it steady. You're going to have to worry about the ship. It will be in the lungs in no time."

"Message from the *Proteus*," came another voice. "'All well.'"

Grant, at the window of the submarine, found the view much like that in the jugular vein. The same blue-green-violet corpuscles dominated the scene. "I'd hate to get lost in this highway pattern," he remarked.

"We can't get lost," said Doctor Duval, the neurosurgeon who was to remove the clot from Benes' brain. "All roads lead to the lungs in this part of the body. And now we're approaching the capillaries."

The velocity of the bloodstream had fallen off tremendously, and so had that of the *Proteus*.

The sudden, raucous sound of a buzzer made them all start.

"What the devil ——" Owens cried.

He flicked at a switch desperately, but a needle on one of his gauges was dropping rapidly toward a red horizontal line. He shut off the buzzer and called out, "Grant! Something's wrong. Check the manual right over there."

Grant followed the pointing finger, moving quickly. He said, "There's a needle in the red danger zone under something marked TANK LEFT. Obviously the left tank's losing pressure."

Owens groaned and looked behind. "And how! We're bubbling air into the bloodstream. Grant, get up here quickly."

Grant scrambled toward the ladder and seated himself at the controls while Owens moved back and opened a panel, revealing a complex maze of wires and circuit breakers. He tripped a switch, opened it quickly, and let it snap shut, then moved forward to look over the auxiliary controls underneath the windows at the bow of the ship.

"There must have been some damage outside when we scraped into the pulmonary artery, or when the arterial blood surge hit us."

"Is the valve usable?" asked Michaels.

"Yes. It was jarred a little out of alignment, but I've fixed it. Only—only we don't have enough air to finish the mission."

"But then what do we do now?" asked Cora Peterson, Doctor Duval's young assistant.

"Surface. It's all we *can* do," Michaels said. "We've got to ask to be taken out of the body right now, or the ship goes out of control in ten minutes and we strangle in five more." He moved to the ladder. "I'll take over, Grant. You get to the transmitter and give them the news."

Grant said, "Wait. Do we have any reserve air?"

"That was it," Owens said. "All of it. All gone. In fact, when that air de-miniaturizes, it will be much larger in volume than Benes. It will kill him."

"No, it won't," said Michaels. "The miniaturized molecules of the air we've lost will pass right through the tissues and out into the open. Still, I'm afraid Owens is right. We can't go on."

"But *wait*," said Grant. "Why can't we surface?"

"I've just said ——" began Owens, impatiently.

"I don't mean be taken out of here. I mean, *really* surface. There. Right there. We have blood corpuscles picking up oxygen in front of our eyes. Can't we do the same? There are only two thin membranes between ourselves and an ocean of air. Let's get it."

Owens said, "What do you think we are? We're miniaturized with lungs the size of a bacterial fragment. The air on the other side of those membranes is unminiaturized. Each oxygen molecule in that air is almost large enough to see, damn it. Do you think we can take them into our lungs?"

Grant said, "Didn't you say this ship was originally meant for deep-sea research? What was it supposed to do underwater?"

"We were hoping to miniaturize underwater specimens and take them to the surface for study."

"Well, then, you must have miniaturization equipment on board. You didn't pull it out last night. did you?"

"Of course we have it. But only on a small scale," said Owens.

"How large-scale do we need it? If we lead air into the miniaturizer, we can reduce the size of the molecules and then lead them into our air tanks."

"We don't have the time for that," put in Michaels.

"Let's still try. Haven't you got a snorkel on board, Owens?"

"Yes."

"Then we can run the snorkel through the capillary and lung walls without harming Benes, can't we?"

The doctors stood rigidly silent beside Benes' body. "The longer they stay in the inner ear," the colonel said, "the more certain it will be that some joker will make a sound—sneeze—something."

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Illustrated with scenes from the forthcoming Twentieth Century-Fox production.

"At our size, I should certainly think so," said Duval.

"So we run the snorkel from lung to ship's miniaturizer and lead a tube from miniaturizer to the air-reserve chamber. Can you improvise that?"

"Yes, I think so."

"All right, then. When Benes inhales there'll be pressure enough to fill our tanks. Remember that time distortion will make our few minutes' grace seem longer than it is on the unminiaturized scale. Anyway, we've got to try."

Duval nodded. "Let's not make a one-man job out of this. Owens had better stay at the controls. I'll come out with Grant."

"Ah," said Michaels. "I was wondering what you were after. I see now. You want a chance to explore in the open."

Duval flushed, but Grant broke in quickly. "Whatever the motive, the suggestion is good. In fact, we'd better all come out. Except Owens, of course. The snorkel is aft, I suppose."

"In the storage compartment," said Owens. He was back at the controls now, staring straight ahead.

Grant moved hastily into the compartment, saw the snorkel at once, and reached for the packaged underwater gear. Then he stopped and shouted, "Cora!"

She was beside him in a moment. "What's the matter?"

Grant pointed. "Look at that!"

She turned white. "I don't understand. What could have happened?"

The laser over the working counter was swinging loose on one hook, its plastic cover off.

"Didn't you bother securing it?" demanded Grant.

Cora nodded violently. "I did! I *did* secure it!"

"Then how could it ——"

"I don't *know*. How can I answer that?"

"Well, make sure it won't knock around any further. We've got to get our oxygen before we do anything else," Grant said.

Owens had come down from the bubble. He said, "The ship's controls are locked in place. We won't be going anywhere here in the capillary anyway. . . . My God, the laser!"

Michaels said, "It must have been knocked loose in the whirlpool. Clearly an accident."

The four of them, Michaels, Duval, Cora, and Grant, were in their skin-diving suits now—form-fitting, comfortable, and an antiseptic white. Each had oxygen cylinders strapped to the back, a flashlight on the forehead, fins on the feet, and a radio transmitter and receiver at mouth and ear.

Two by two, they used the escape hatch. They could see Owens inside the ship. He nodded and moved his hand, trying to dodge and turn so as to be visible between and among the endlessly passing corpuscles. He put on the headgear of his own skin-diving suit and spoke into the transmitter. "I think I've got it arranged here. Are you ready to have me release the snorkel?"

"Go ahead," said Grant.

It came out of the special release hatch like a cobra coming out of a fakir's basket at the sound of pipes.

Grant seized it.

With four pairs of arms encircling the snorkel and four pairs of legs pumping away, it reached the capillary wall.

Duval slashed neatly with his knife between two of the cells that made up the capillary. A slit opened. Duval stepped into the slit and forced his way through, breaking stands of intercellular cement and cutting further. The wall of cells drew apart like the lips of a gaping wound.

Through the wound could be seen another set of cells. Duval slashed at them with precision. He returned and said, "It's a microscopic opening. There will be no loss of blood to speak of."

"No loss at all," said Michaels. "The leakage is the other way."

And, indeed, a bubble of air seemed to bulge inward at the opening. It bulged further and then stopped. Michaels put his hand to the bubble. The surface could be pushed inward, but Michaels' hand did not go through. "Surface tension. At any liquid surface there is a kind of skin effect. To something as large as an unminiaturized human being, the effect is too small to be noticed, but insects can walk on water surfaces because of it."

Michaels drew his knife and plunged it into the interface—the molecular boundary between the blood and the air—the way Duval had slashed at the cells. The knife forced the interface forward into a point, then broke through.

"It's like cutting thin rubber," said Michaels. He sliced downward, and an opening appeared briefly but closed almost at once, healing itself.

Grant tried the same thing, forcing his hand through the opening before it closed. His arm went through the interface, and he tore at it to make room for his other arm and his head.

For a moment the fluid closed about his neck and he felt strangled. "Hold my legs, will you?" he called. Half his body was through now. "All right. Pull me down again." He came down, and the interface closed behind him with a popping sound. He said, "Now let's see what we can do about the snorkel."

It was quite useless. The blunt end of the snorkel did not make even a dent on the tightly knit skin of water molecules on the air bubble. Knives cut that skin to shreds so that parts of the snorkel got through, but the instant the interface was left to itself, surface tension would reassert itself and the snorkel would pop out.

Grant said, "Look, I can get in; all the way in. When you push the snorkel through, I'll grab it and pull. Between pushing and pulling ——"

"You can't go in there, Grant," said Duval. "You'll be sucked in and lost."

Without air, they would perish, and to get air they must break into the lung. Their arms encircling the snorkel, their legs pumping, they reached the capillary wall. Duval unsheathed his knife.

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The general said, 'Think they'll make it?' 'No,' the colonel said, 'I don't.'

FANTASTIC VOYAGE

Michaels said, "We can use a lifeline. Right here, Grant." He indicated the coil of rope at Grant's left hip. "Duval, take this back to the ship and attach it, and we'll get Grant through."

Duval took the end of the rope rather uncertainly and swam back toward the ship. He hitched the safety line to a small ring on the ship's metal skin and waved his arm. "OK, Grant."

This time Grant penetrated the interface more quickly. First a slit, then one arm, then the other; then a strenuous push with his arms, and a kick with his finned legs, and he popped through.

He found himself between the two sticky walls of the intercellular slit. He looked down at Michaels' face, clearly visible but somewhat distorted through the curve of the interface. "Push the snorkel through, Michaels," he said.

Through the interface, he could make out a thrashing of limbs, the swing of an arm holding a knife. And then the blunt metal end of the snorkel appeared. Grant knelt and seized it. Bracing his back against one side of the crevice and his feet against the other, he pulled. The interface rose and clung to it. Grant worked his way upward ahead of it, gasping, "Push! Push! Push!"

The snorkel broke through, clear at last.

Michaels warned, "When you get to the alveolus—one of the lungs' air pockets—be careful. I don't know how you'll be affected by inhalation and exhalation, but you're liable to find yourself in a hurricane."

Grant moved upward, yanking at the snorkel as he found footholds in the soft, yielding tissue. About him were crags and boulders of all colors, sparkling iridescently; the reflected light gave them a beautiful luster.

Grant said, "This place is full of rocks."

"Dust and grit, I imagine," came Michaels' voice. "The legacy of living in civilization, of breathing unfiltered air. The lungs are a one-way passage; we can take dust in, but there's no way of pushing it out again."

Owens called, over his transmitter, "Do your best to hold the snorkel over your head. I don't want any fluid plugging it —— Now!"

Grant heaved it high.

Michaels' voice in Grant's ear said, "How are you being affected by Benes' breathing?"

Grant looked quickly at the alveolar membrane, stretched and taut under his foot. He guessed he was witnessing the slow end of an inhalation. "It's all right," he said. "No effect at all."

But now a low rasp made itself felt in Grant's ear. It grew louder, and Grant realized an exhalation was beginning. He braced himself and held on to the snorkel.

As the lungs continued their slow but accelerating collapse and the rasp of exhalation grew louder, Grant felt his legs lifting from the alveolar floor. On an ordinary scale, he knew, the air current in the alveolus was undetectably gentle, but on the miniaturized scale it was gathering into a tornado.

Grant gripped the snorkel in desperation, flinging both arms and both legs about it. The snorkel strained upward and so did he. The dust-boulders came loose and rolled slightly.

The wind slowly died as the exhalation came to its slow halt, and Grant released the snorkel with relief.

Owens said, "Hang on for a few seconds, will you, Grant?"

Grant counted to himself: twenty—thirty—forty. The inhalation was starting. The alveolar wall was stretching again, and he stumbled to his knees.

"Full!" cried Owens. "Get back in."

"Pull down on the snorkel," yelled Grant. "Quick, before another exhalation comes."

Grant pushed downward, and they pulled. When the lip of the snorkel approached the interface, it held tight there for a moment, as though it were constricted in a tightened vise, and then pulled through with a loud bang.

Now that the snorkel was safely in, Grant started to plunge into the crevice and through the interface, but the beginning of the next exhalation started tugging at him and caused him to stumble. For a moment, he found himself wedged between two dust-boulders. Wrenching free, he found that he had scraped a shin.

Where was he? He shook his lifeline, freeing it from a snag on one of the boulders, and pulled it taut. The boulder rolled beneath his feet, at the peak of the exhalation wind, and for a moment Grant found himself high in the air. He had to wait only a second or two for exhalation to cease and then he would lunge quickly for the crevice, the bloodstream, and the ship. And even as he thought this, he felt himself sucked wildly upward, the lifeline following and snaking entirely free of the crevice which, in half a second, vanished from sight.

The snorkel had been pulled out of the alveolar crevice, and Duval was snaking it back to the ship.

Cora asked anxiously, "Where's Grant? Why doesn't he come down?"

"He will. He will. It takes some negotiating, I imagine." Michaels peered upward again. "Benes is exhaling. Once that's done, he'll have no trouble."

"Shouldn't we grab hold of his lifeline and pull him in?"

Michaels threw out an arm and stopped her. "If you do that and yank just as an inhalation starts, forcing him downward, you may hurt him. He'll tell us what to do if he needs help."

And at that moment, the lifeline twitched and snaked upward, its loose end flashing past, and out through the opening. Cora screamed.

Grant went tumbling and twisting upward. His thoughts were as jumbled as his line of flight: I won't get back. *I won't get back.* Even if I stay in radio contact, I can't come in on the beam. Somebody must have cut the line!

"Michaels!" he called. "Duval!"

There was nothing at first, then a faint crackling noise in his ears, and a distorted squawk that might have been "Grant!"

He tried again, "Michaels! Do you hear me? Do you hear me?"

Again the squawking. He could make out nothing. He paused and forced himself to think. Exhalation was complete, but inhalation would be beginning. The air current would be forcing him downward. Wait for it!

He felt the wind begin and heard the rushing noise. He was falling now. Somewhere below, a speck of light, a bare pinpoint, had winked on as he watched. He kept his eye fixed on it with a wild hope. Still downward. He kicked his feet to avoid a jagged heap of dust-boulders, narrowly missed, and struck a spongy area again. He thrashed about in an attempt to move toward the pinpoint of light, and it seemed to him he might have been partly successful. He wasn't sure. He came rolling down the lower slope of the alveolar surface. He flung his lifeline around a boulder and held on.

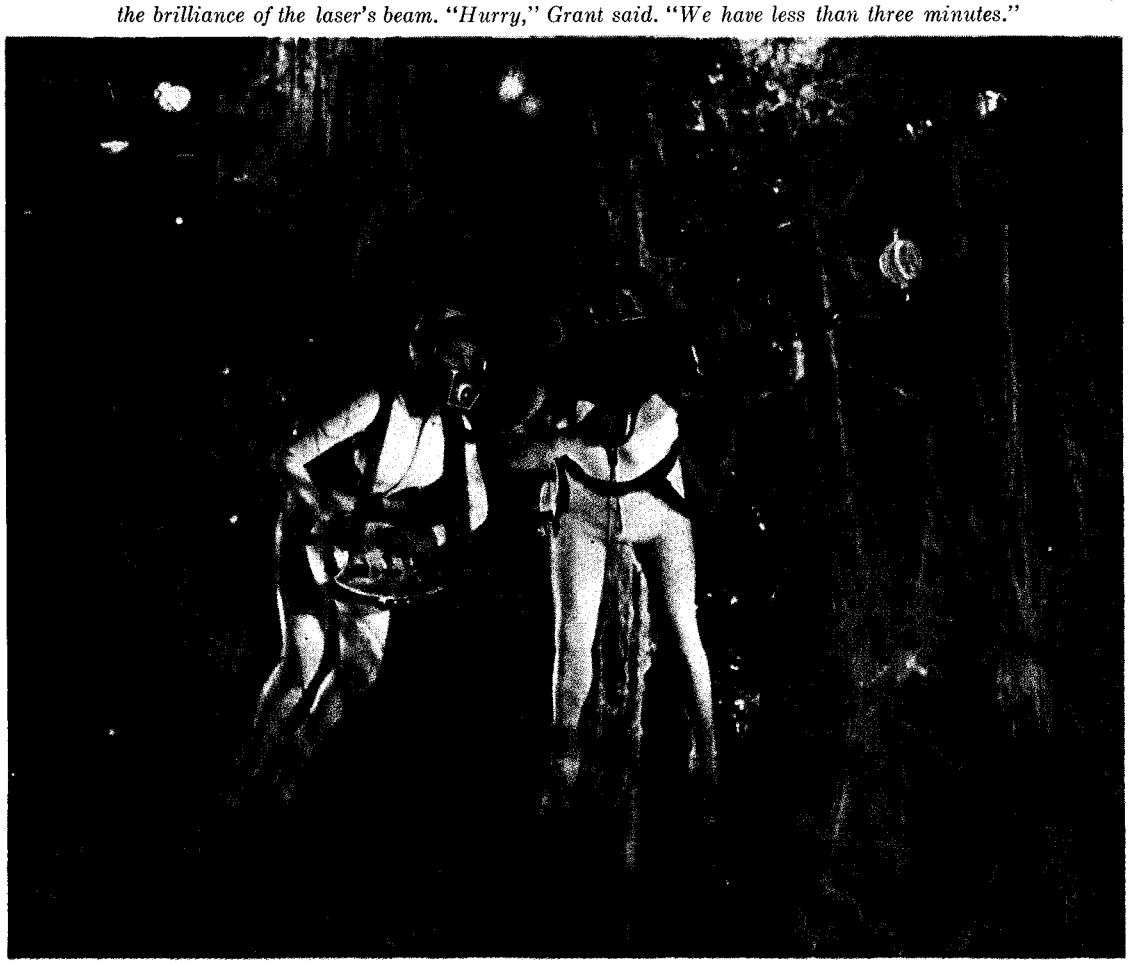
Before inhalation had come to a complete halt, he was slipping and scrambling toward the crevice, which was ablaze with light. He kicked at the interface. A knife slit through; a hand appeared and seized his ankle in a firm grip. Grant felt the pull downward just as the upward draft was beginning to roar about his ears.

Then, suddenly, he was back in the capillary. He breathed in long, shuddering gasps. Finally, he said, "Thanks! I followed the light! Never have made it otherwise."

Cora was smiling at him. "It was Doctor Duval's idea. He had the *Proteus* move up to the opening and shine its headlight directly into it. And he made the opening bigger, too."

Michaels said, "Let's get back in the ship. We've lost just about all the time we can afford to lose."

For the barest moment, a tiny light flashed into being. The clot stood out in relief against the brilliance of the laser's beam. "Hurry," Grant said. "We have less than three minutes."



The word came through: "Sir, *Proteus* reports 'Dangerous air loss. Refueling stop carried through successfully.'"

"Are they moving?" asked General Carter.

A short pause, and then, "Yes, sir. They're moving through the pleural lining."

Colonel Reid looked up at the Time Recorder, which read 37, and said. "The pleural lining is a double membrane surrounding the lungs. They must be moving in the space between; a clear road—an expressway, really—right to the neck."

"And they'll be where they started half an hour ago," said Carter. "Then what?"

"They can back into a capillary and find their way to the carotid artery again,

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which is time-consuming; or they may bypass the arterial system by taking to the lymphatics, which involves other problems. Michaels is the pilot; I suppose he'll know what to do."

Cora and Duval were in a small workroom at one side of the submarine, their heads bent closely over a workbench.

Grant went to peer over Duval's shoulder. Michaels joined him.

On a section of opal glass, illuminated from below into bright milkiness, the laser lay disassembled, each part sharp and clear against the light.

"What are the total damages now?" demanded Duval, crisply.

"Just those items, Doctor, and this broken trigger wire. That's all," Cora replied.

Thoughtfully, Duval seemed to be counting the parts. "The key to the situation, then, is this smashed transistor. What it amounts to is that there's no way now to fire the lamp, and that's the end of the laser."

Grant interrupted. "Aren't there any spare parts?"

Cora looked up. Her glance drifted guiltily away from Grant's. She said, "Not anything built into the chassis. We should have brought a second laser, but who could have —— If it hadn't come loose . . ."

Michaels said somberly, "Are you serious, Doctor? Is the laser unusable?"

A note of impatience crept into Duval's voice. "I'm always serious. Now, don't bother me." He seemed lost in thought.

Michaels shrugged. "That's it, then. We've gone through the heart, and we've filled our air chambers at the lungs, and all for nothing. We can't go on."

"Why not?" demanded Grant.

"Of course, we *can* go on as a matter of physical ability. It's just that there's no point in it, Grant. Without a laser, there's nothing we can do."

Grant said, "Doctor Duval, is there any way of performing the operation without the laser?"

Duval looked up. "There's no way "

Grant pushed between Duval and Cora and picked up the broken transistor, which lay neatly on the tip of his first finger.

"If this were fixed or replaced, could you make the laser work?"

"Yes, but there's no way of fixing it."

"Suppose you had another transistor about this size and power output and a thin enough wire. Could you piece it together?"

"I could try. But we don't have the parts."

"Yes we do. I can supply them."

Mother's No Goose

Here is a fact I cannot hide:
My children fill my heart with pride.
I marvel at them as they grow—
They can't stay youngsters long,
you know.
In time, my geniuses will be
Inevitably leaving me.
All mothers face this selfsame fate,
And frankly, I can hardly wait.

MARGARET FISHBACK

Grant seized a heavy metal screwdriver and walked back into the front compartment. He went to his wireless and, without hesitation, began to unscrew the panel.

Michaels moved behind him, grasping his elbow. "What are you doing, Grant?"

Grant shook himself free. "I'm getting at its guts."

"You mean you're going to dismantle the wireless?"

"I need a transistor and a wire."

"But we'll be out of communication with the outside."

"So?"

"When the time comes to take us out of Benes . . . Grant, listen ——"

Grant said impatiently, "No. They can follow us through our radioactivity. The wireless is just for idle talk, and we can do without it. We have to, in fact. It's either radio silence or Benes' death."

"For God's sake, man, call Carter and put it to him."

Grant thought briefly. "I'll call him. But only to tell him there'll be no further messages."

"Repeat last message," Carter shouted.

"'Cannibalizing wireless to repair laser. This is last message.'"

"What the devil happened to the laser?" Carter demanded.

Reid said, "Could be sabotage."

"*Sabotage?*"

"You anticipated the possibility from the start, General, or why did you send Grant?"

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"After what happened to Benes on the way from the airport . . ."

"I know. And I don't particularly trust Duval or the girl, either."

"They're all right," said Carter. "They've got to be. Everyone here *has* to be all right. There's no way to make security more secure."

"Grant doesn't work here. He's an outsider. And agents can play double games. You put Grant on the *Proteus* and a string of bad luck begins—or what looks like bad luck."

"Forget it. It's impossible," said Carter. "Are they still in the pleura?"

The Time Recorder said 32.

Grant had the wireless in fragments before him. Cora looked at the transistors one after the other, turning them, weighing them, seeming almost to peer within them.

"This one," she said doubtfully, "will do, I think, but that wire is much too thick."

Duval placed the wire on the illuminated opal glass and set the damaged fragment of original wire next to it, comparing them.

Grant said, "There's nothing closer. You'll have to make it do."

Duval said, "Now wait. With luck, I may be able to scrape it thin enough. Miss Peterson, get me a number-eleven scalpel."

He placed the wire from what had been Grant's radio device in two small clamps and swung a magnifying glass before it. He reached out for the scalpel which Cora placed within his grip, and slowly, delicately began to scrape.

Owens' excited voice sounded from the bubble. "Doctor Michaels, look ahead. Is that the turnoff?"

Immediately ahead was an open-ended tube. The thin walls facing them were ragged. The opening was barely wide enough for the *Proteus*.

"Good enough," Michaels called out. "Head into it."

"That must be a lymphatic," Cora said.

The fluid through which they were passing was very similar to that in the pleural cavity, sparkling yellowish in the *Proteus'* headlights, and lending a yellow cast to the cells. The nuclei were deeper in color, almost orange.

Grant said, "Poached eggs! They look exactly like poached eggs!"

"What's that up ahead?" Cora said.

Michaels looked up and froze. "Slow the ship," he cried.

The *Proteus* decelerated abruptly. Through one portion of the wall of the now widening tube, a shapeless mass protruded, milky, granular, and threatening. But as they watched, it shrank and vanished.

"Move on," said Michaels. He added to Grant, "I was afraid that white cell might be coming, but it was going, fortunately. Some of the white cells are formed in the lymph nodes, which are an important barrier against disease. They form not only white cells but also antibodies."

"And what's the danger from antibodies?"

"They're protein molecules that have the capacity to combine with various outside substances invading the body—germs, toxins, foreign proteins—and attack them."

"And us?"

"And us, I suppose, under proper circumstances."

Owens called, "It's getting messy up there, Michaels. What is that stuff that looks like seaweed?"

"Reticular fibers," said Michaels.

A clump of fibers pulled loose as the *Proteus* nudged into it, slipped and slid along the window, and vanished past the sides. It happened again and again with increasing frequency.

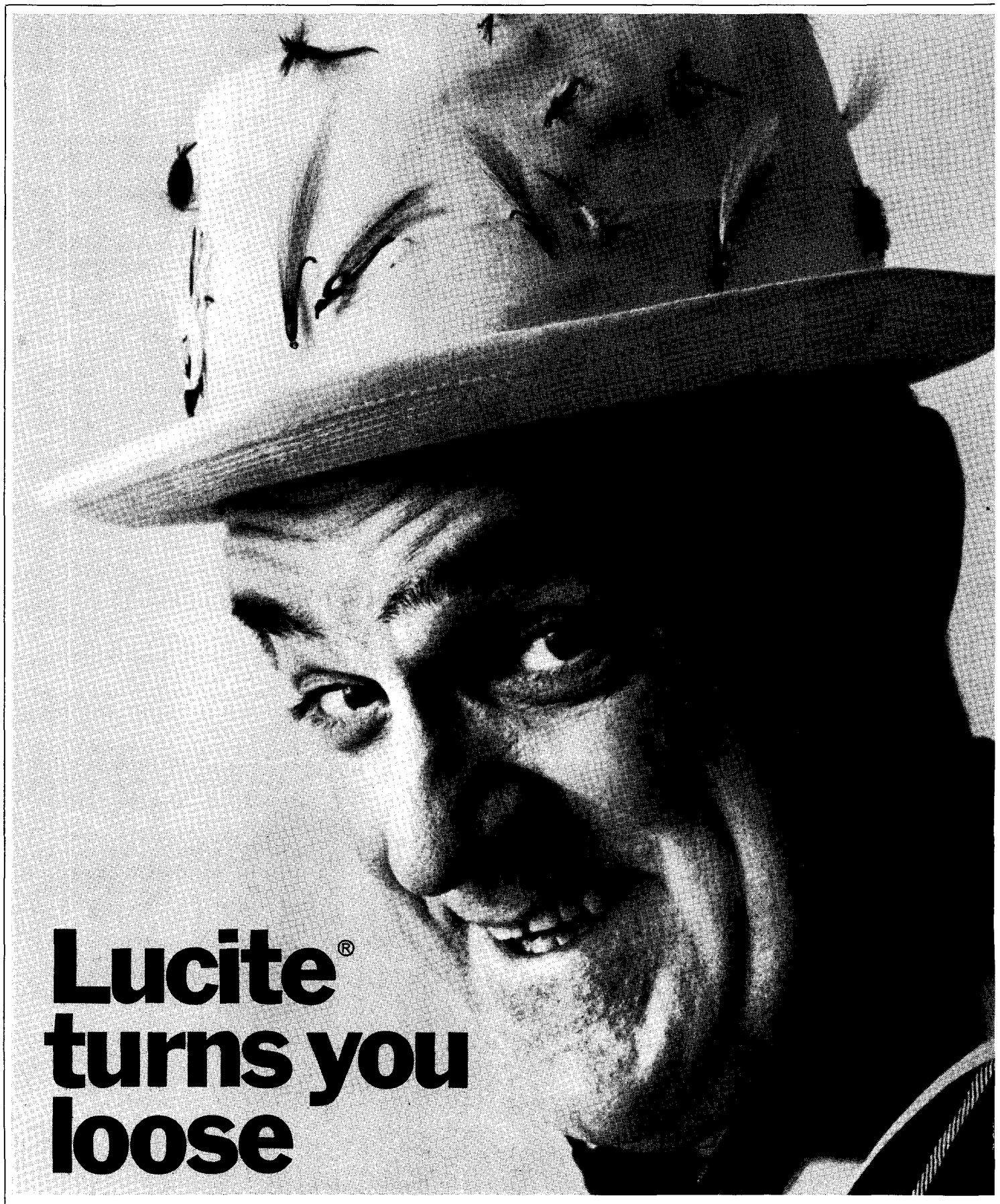
"It's all right, Owens," said Michaels, encouragingly, "the body can repair damage like this without trouble."

"I'm not worried about Benes," Owens said, "I'm worried about the ship. If this stuff clogs the vents, the engine will overheat. And it's sticking to us. Can't you tell the difference in the engine sound?"

They could indeed sense a difference in the sound of the engines, like a thickening hoarseness.

Owens shouted, "Dead ahead!"

There was a soggy collision between the ship and a bacterial rod. The bacterium bent about the curve of the window, sprang back into shape, and bounced off, leaving a smear that washed off slowly.



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There were others ahead.

"I think," said Michaels, "I *think* we're witnessing antibody reaction to bacteria."

A bacterium, moving blindly through a cloud of hovering antibodies, seemed to attract them, to pull them into itself. In moments, its wall had grown fuzzy with them. The antibodies lined up side by side, their spaghetti-strand projections entangling.

A silence fell upon the crew of the *Proteus*, which was now moving slowly past the bacterium. The antibody coating seemed to stiffen and tighten, and the bacterium within writhed. Suddenly the bacterium seemed to crumple and give way. The antibodies drew together, and what had been a rod became a featureless mass.

"They killed the bacterium. They literally squeezed it to death," said Cora, with revulsion.

"Are you sure we're safe from the antibodies?" Grant asked Michaels.

"It seems so."

Owens called out, "More fibers ahead, Michaels. We're pretty well coated with the stuff. It's cutting down our speed."

Occasionally a writhing bacterium slammed against the ship, which shuddered in response, but the fight was thinning out now, the bacteria clearly losing. The *Proteus* was bumping and nudging its way through fibers again.

Grant said, "How many more lymph nodes on the course to the brain?"

"Three more," Michaels said. "One may be avoidable. I'm not quite sure."

"We won't make it through three more like this," Owens said. "We lose too much time. Is there a shortcut?"

Michaels shook his head. "None that won't create problems worse than those we face now. Sure, we'll make it through the nodes. The fibers will wash off."

Duval thought a moment and said, "Let me get my bearings. We're in the neck now, aren't we?"

Grant thought: In the neck? He looked at the Time Recorder. It said 28. More than half the time gone, and they were right back where they had started.

Duval said, "Can't we avoid all nodes, and actually take a shortcut, too, if we turn off somewhere around here and make straight for the inner ear? From that to the clot is no distance at all."

Michaels sighed. "On the map, that looks fine. But have you thought what passing through the inner ear means?"

"Well, what?" Grant asked.

"The ear is a device for concentrating and amplifying sound waves. The slightest sound, the *slightest* sound outside, will set up intense vibrations in the inner ear. On our miniaturized scale those vibrations would be deadly."

Grant said, "The sound has to come from outside, doesn't it? If the people out there in the hospital room maintain complete silence ——"

"How will we get them to do that?" demanded Michaels. "*You* demolished the wireless, so we can't get in touch with them."

"But they can track us. They'll find us heading for the inner ear. They'll understand the need for silence. Most of them are medical men. They understand such matters."

"Do you want to take that kind of chance?"

Grant looked about. "What do the rest of you think?"

Owens said, "I'll follow any course that's set for me, but I'm not going to set it for myself."

Duval said, "I'm not sure."

Michaels said, "And I *am* sure. I'm against it."

Grant looked briefly at Cora, who sat in silence. "All right," he said. "The responsibility is mine. We're heading for the inner ear. Set the course, Michaels."

Michaels said, "Look here ——"

"The decision is made, Michaels. Set the course."

General Carter lifted his coffee cup absently. "What do you mean, they've veered off?"

"I should guess they felt they had spent too much time in the lymph node and didn't want to go through any more of them," said Reid.

"All right. Where are they going instead?"

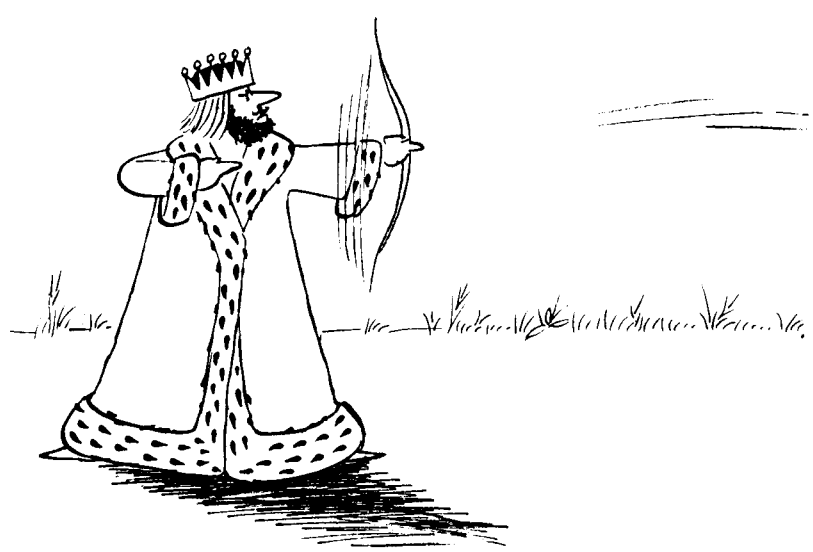
"I'm not sure yet, but they seem to be headed for the inner ear. I don't know if I approve of that."

"Why not?" Carter glanced quickly at the Time Recorder. It read 27.

"It will be difficult. The ear reacts to sound. The cochlea vibrates. If the *Proteus* is anywhere near it, it will vibrate, too, and it may vibrate itself to bits."

Carter leaned forward in his seat, staring at Reid's calm face. "Why the hell are they going there, then?"

"I suppose because they think that's the only route that will get them to



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their destination fast enough We have no way of telling since they cannibalized the wireless."

"Do the men down there in the operating room understand about the necessity for silence?" Carter asked.

"They won't be in the inner ear long."

"They'll be in it long enough. Listen, you tell those men down there —— No, too late to take a chance. Get me a piece of paper and call in someone from outside. Anyone."

An armed security man came in and saluted.

Carter had scribbled on the paper in block letters: SILENCE! ABSOLUTE SILENCE WHILE PROTEUS IS IN EAR. "Take this," he said to the security man. "Go down into the operating room and show it to each man. Make sure he looks at it. If you make any noise, I'll kill you. If you say one word, I'll disembowel you first. Do you understand?"

The *Proteus* had entered a wide region of yellow liquid. Except for a few antibodies flashing by now and then, there was nothing to be seen except the glitter of the ship's headlights.

A dim sound below the threshold of hearing rubbed over the ship. Then again. And again.

Michaels called out, "Owens. Put out the cabin lights, will you?"

The exterior became more clear.

"We're in the cochlear duct," said Michaels. "Inside the little spiral tube in the inner ear that does our actual hearing. It vibrates to sound in different patterns. See?"

It was almost like a shadow in the fluid: a huge, flat shadow whipping past them.

"It's a sound wave," said Michaels. "At least, in a manner of speaking. A wave of compression which we somehow can see."

"Does that mean someone is talking?" asked Cora.

"Oh, no, if someone were talking or making any real sound, this ship would heave like an earthquake. Even in absolute silence, though, the cochlea picks up sounds: the distant thud of the heartbeat, the rasp of blood working through the tiny veins and arteries of the ear, and so on."

Duval, back in the workroom and bent over the laser once more, said, "Why are we slowing? Owens!"

Owens said, "Something's wrong. The engine is choking off, and I don't know why."

There was the sensation of being in a falling elevator as the *Proteus* settled lower in the duct. They hit bottom with a slight jar.

Owens said anxiously, "The engine was overheating, and I had to stop it. It must be those reticular fibers. They must have blocked the intake vents."

"Can you blow them out?" asked Grant, tensely.

Owens shook his head. "Not a chance. Those are intake vents. They suck inward."

"Well, then, there's only one thing to do," said Grant. "It has to be cleaned off from the outside, and that means more skin-diving." He began to clamber into his diving outfit.

"What if the antibodies out there attack?" asked Cora.

"Not likely," said Michaels. "They're not sensitized to the human shape. And as long as no damage is done to the tissues themselves, the antibodies probably will remain passive."

Grant dropped out of the hatch. He looked ruefully at the ship. It was not the clean, smooth metal it had been. It looked furry, shaggy. Propelling himself toward the bow, he saw that Owens was quite correct. The intake valves were choked with the fibers. Grant seized a double handful and pulled. It was hard to get them loose, and many broke off at the surface of the vent filters.

Michaels' voice reached him through his small receiver. "How long will it take you? We've got a 26 reading on the Time Recorder."

"It's going to take me quite a while."

Inside the ship, Cora said, "Wouldn't it be better if some of us went out to help him?"

Michaels said, "All right. I will, too. Owens had better stay at the controls."

The three of them were soon wriggling about the ship's bow, all snatching desperately at the fibers, pulling them loose, letting them drift away in the slow current.

"No, no, no, *no!*" General Carter cried. "They've stopped again."

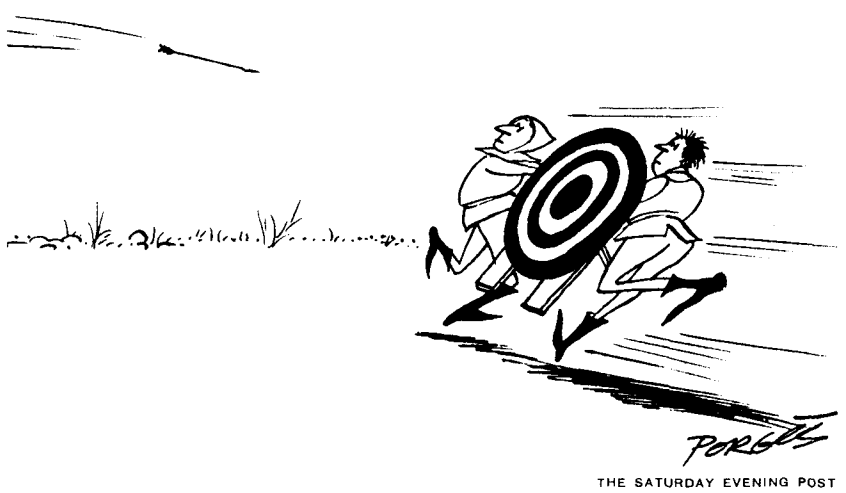
Reid said, "The longer they stay in the inner ear, the more nearly certain it will be that some joker will make a sound—sneeze—something."

Carter said suddenly, "Oh, for the love of Mike. I got the answer. Call in that messenger boy."

The security man entered again.

Carter said, "Take this down and show it to one of the nurses."

"Yes, sir."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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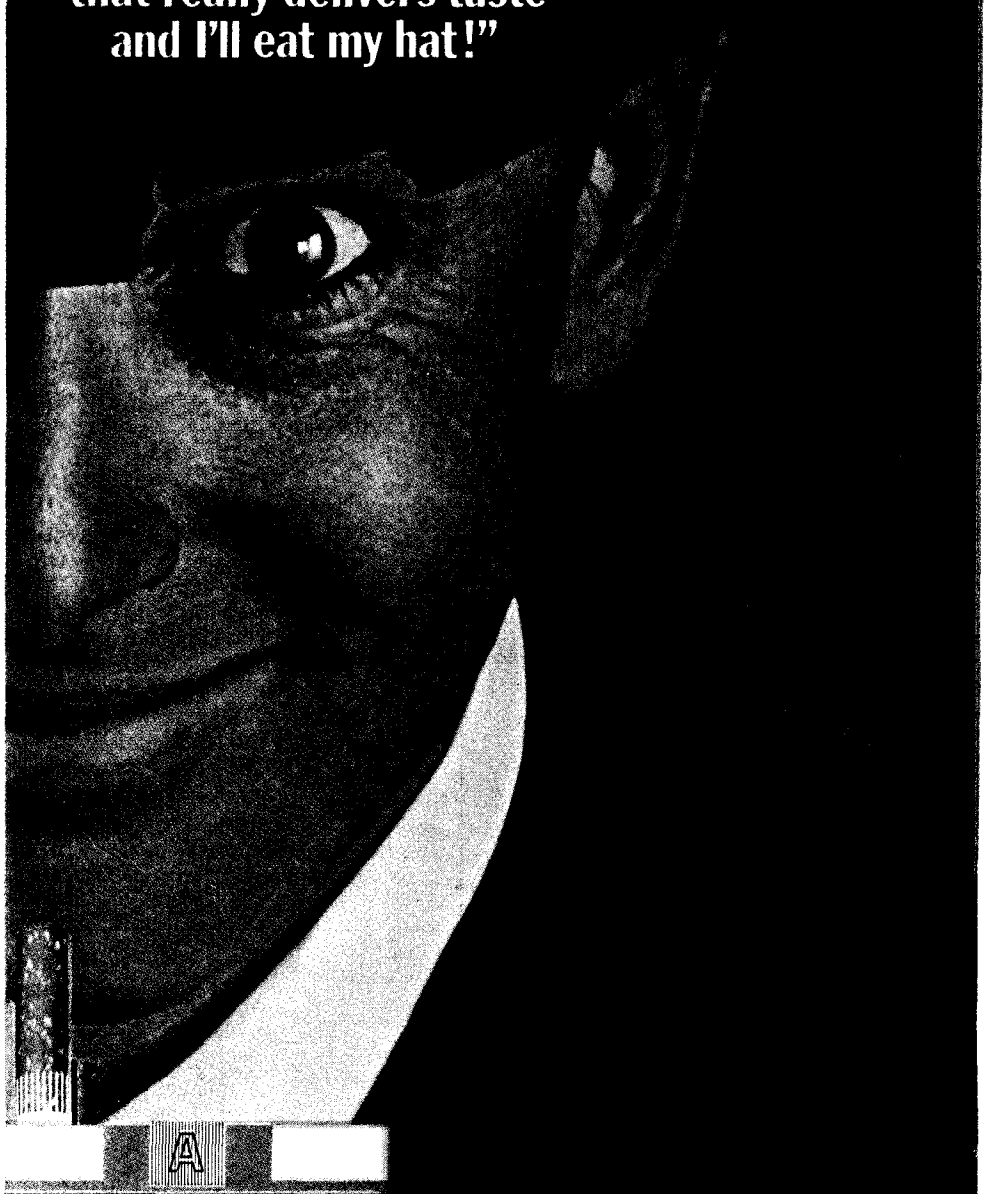

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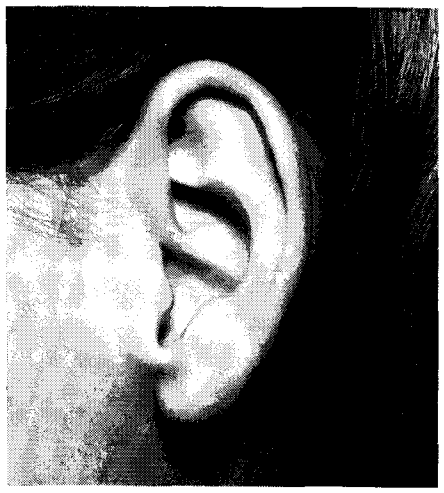

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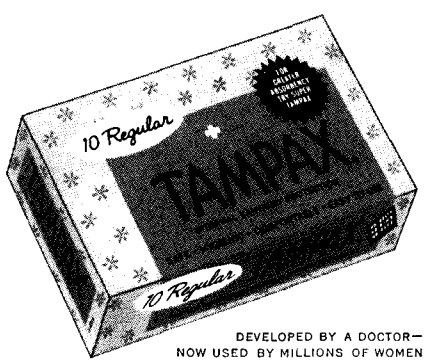

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FANTASTIC VOYAGE

The message read: COTTON AT BENES' EARS.

Carter watched through the control window as the security man entered, hesitated a moment, then moved with gingerly steps to one of the nurses.

She smiled, looked up at Carter and made a circle of her thumb and forefinger. The nurse slipped off her shoes and was at one of the tables in two steps. Carefully she opened a fresh box of absorbent cotton.

She pulled off a fistful in one hand, and seized a fistful in the other. It didn't come readily. She pulled harder; her hand went flying outward, striking a pair of scissors on the table.

The scissors skittered off the table, hitting the hard floor. The nurse's foot flew desperately after them, clamping down upon them hard, but not until after they had given out one sharp, metallic clang.

The nurse's face reddened into a look of horror; everyone else in the room turned to stare.

Owens turned on the engine and gently checked the controls. The needle on the temperature gauge, which had been well into the danger zone since they had entered the cochlear duct, was dropping.

And at that moment the universe seemed to heave. Owens seized a panel for support and held on desperately, deafened by the crash of thunder. Below, Duval, just as desperately, held on to the laser, trying to cushion it against a world gone mad. Outside, Grant felt himself flung straight up, as though caught in a tidal wave. He flipped over and over and plunged into the wall of the cochlear duct. He was shaken loose from the wall, which seemed to be caving forward.

Cora had been holding on to a projection of the *Proteus* at the moment the vibration struck. Instinctively her grip tightened, and for a moment she rode the *Proteus* as though it were a bucking bronco. Then her grip was torn away and she went skidding across the floor of the membrane on which the ship had been resting.

The ship's headlights caught the path ahead of her, and though she tried to brake her motion, it was quite useless. She might as well have tried to dig her heels into the ground in order to stop an avalanche. She was heading toward the organ of Corti, the center of hearing. Within the organ were the hair cells—15,000 of them—each a tall, graceful column, moving in stately fashion.

Someone was calling her, and she screamed as shrilly as she could, "Help! Everybody! Help!"

The first devastating shock had passed, and Owens was bringing the *Proteus* under control. The sound, whatever it was, had been sharp and brief. That alone saved them. If it had continued for even a short time. . .

Duval, cradling the laser under one arm and seated with his back against the wall, shouted, "All clear?"

"I think we pulled through," gasped Owens. "The controls respond."

"We've got to pick up the others."

Owens called, "Michaels! Grant! Miss Peterson!"

The *Proteus* was steady now and Grant, breathing heavily, was swimming strongly toward its headlight.

He called, "Cora!"

She answered shrilly, "Help! Everybody! Help!"

Grant looked about in every direction. He shouted desperately, "Cora! Where are you?"

Her voice in his ear said, "I can't tell you exactly. I'm caught among the hair cells."

"Where are they? Michaels, where are the hair cells?"

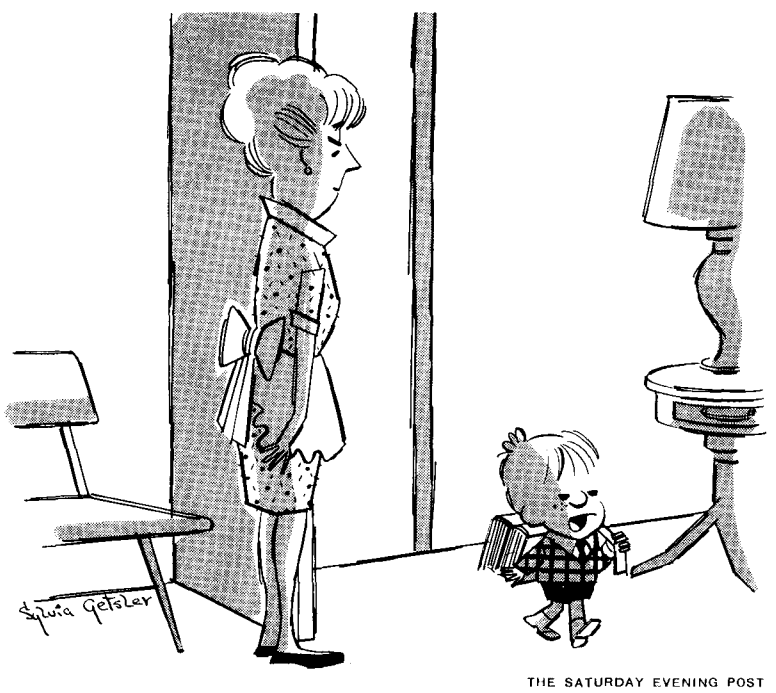
Grant could make out Michaels approaching the ship from another direction, his body a dim shadow in the lymph, his small headlight cutting a thin swath ahead of him. Michaels said, "Wait, let me get my bearings." He flipped around quickly, then shouted, "Owens, turn on ship's headlight wide-angle."

The light spread out, and Michaels said, "This way! Owens, follow me! We'll need the light."

The ship was behind them, its headlight spilling into the file of columns, still swaying gently.

Grant said, pointing, "Isn't that her? Cora!"

Cora felt a touch at her knee: the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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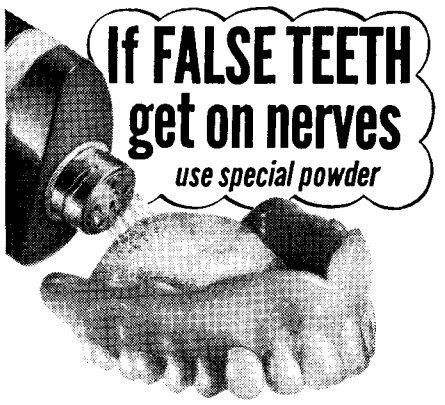

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faintest sensation, like that of a fly's wing brushing against her. She looked toward her knee but saw nothing. There was another touch near her shoulder, then still another.

Quite suddenly, she made them out, just a few—the little balls of wool, with their quivering, outthrusting filaments. The antibodies. . . . It was almost as though they were exploring her surface, *tasting* her, deciding whether she were harmless or not. There were only a few, but more were drifting toward her.

She screamed, "Come quick. They're everywhere." She could remember, all too clearly, the antibodies coating the bacterial cell, fuzzing it completely, then crushing it.

An antibody had touched her elbow and clung there. She shook her arm in revulsion and horror, so that her whole body recoiled and went slamming into the column. The antibody did not shake loose. Another joined it, the two fitting together neatly, filaments interlaced.

Grant could see them now, swarming already, settling about her like a cloud of tiny fruit flies. He said, "Michaels, get back to the sub. One person is enough to risk. I'll get her out of here somehow. If I don't, it will be up to the three of you to get whatever's left of us back into the ship. We can't be allowed to deminiaturize here—whatever happens."

Michaels hesitated, then said, "Take care," and turned, hastening back to the *Proteus*.

Grant continued to plunge toward Cora. The turbulence caused by his approach sent the antibodies spinning and dancing.

"Let's get out of here, Cora," he panted.

"Oh, Grant. Quick."

He was pulling desperately at her oxygen cylinders, where they had cut into a column and stuck. Thick strands of viscous material were still oozing outward from the broken column, and it was that, perhaps, which had triggered the arrival of the antibodies.

"Don't move, Cora. Let me . . ." Cora's ankle was caught between two fibers, and he strained them apart. "Now, come with me."

Both did a half-somersault and started moving away. Cora's body was fuzzed with clinging antibodies, but most of them were left behind. Then they began to follow: first a few, then many, then the entire swarm.

"We'll never make it," Cora gasped.

"Yes we will," said Grant. "Just put every muscle you have into it."

"But they're still attaching themselves. I'm scared, Grant."

Grant looked over his shoulder at her, then fell back slightly. Her back was half covered by a mosaic of the wool-balls.

He brushed at her back hurriedly, but the antibodies clung, flattening out at the touch of his hand and springing back into shape afterward. A few were now beginning to probe Grant's own body.

"Faster, Cora!"

"I can't!"

"Yes you can. Hang onto me, will you?"

They sped toward the waiting *Proteus*.

The red signal light was flashing above the submarine hatch when they finally reached it. Grant picked at the antibodies on Cora's back, pinching the wool-like fibers between thumb and forefinger, feeling the soft springiness give and then become a wiry core that gave no further.

The light turned green. He pulled the hatch door open, thrust Cora through it, antibodies and all, and followed after her. He pushed hard against the hatch door, while antibodies continued to pour in. Grant bent his back against the pressure of hundreds of antibodies and managed to turn the wheel that locked the door in place.

Cora said, "They're tightening, Grant."

The water in the bulkhead was sinking rapidly, but they couldn't wait for it to drain completely. Grant hammered at the inner door.

"I—I—can't brea——"Cora gasped.

The door opened. Duval's hand thrust through, seized Cora's arm, and pulled her in. Grant followed.

Cora's body was covered with antibodies, and both Grant and Duval struggled to pull them loose. A strand tore, then another, then still another. Grant said, "It's easy now. Just brush them off."

Duval said, "They're designed to work in body fluid, of course. Once they're surrounded by air, the molecular attractions change."

Cora was breathing in deep, shuddering gasps. Gently Duval removed her headpiece, but it was to Grant's arm that she clung as she suddenly burst into tears.

"We've got to get out of here," Owens said. "We have practically no time left."

In the control room, the television receivers seemed to spring back to

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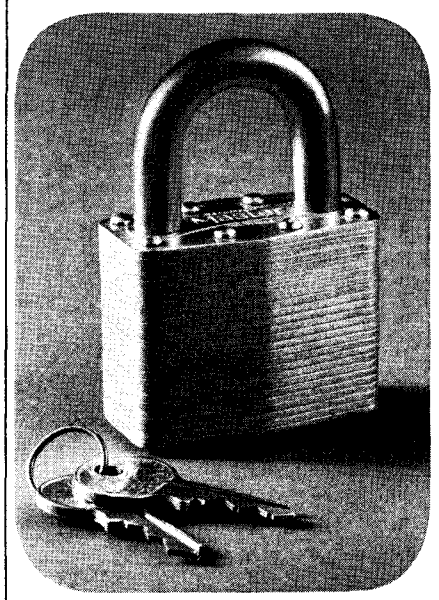

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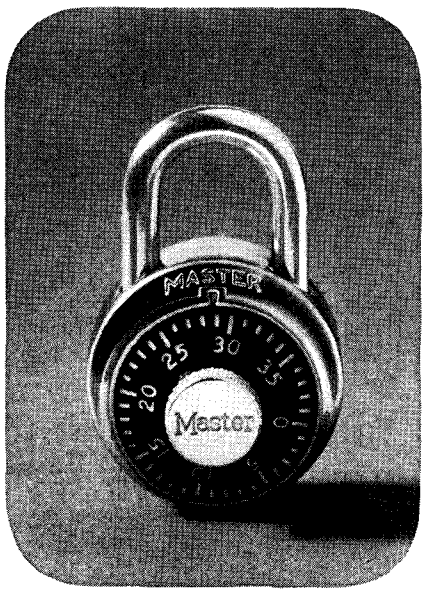

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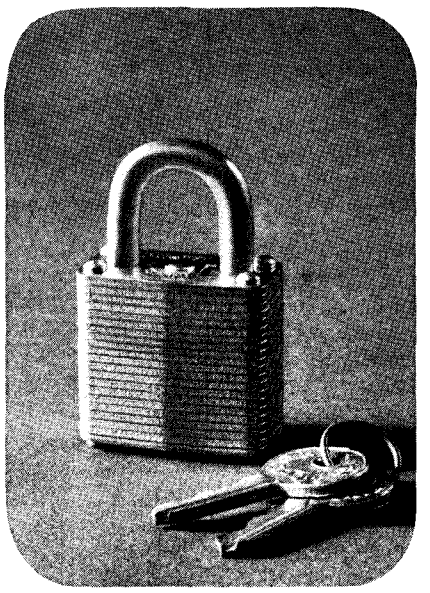

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life. "General Carter, they're moving again, sir. They're out of the ear and heading rapidly for the clot."

Carter looked at the Time Recorder, which read 12.

"Twelve minutes. Can they still make it, Reid?"

"They can make it. They can even get rid of the clot, maybe. But I don't know if we can get them out in time."

"They're reaching the base of the brain, sir," came the word.

There was a sudden flood of light all about the submarine. Grant looked up in astonishment and saw, outside, a tremendous wall of milky light, its boundaries invisible.

"The eardrum," said Michaels. "On the other side is the outside world."

An unbearably poignant homesickness pulled at Grant. He had almost forgotten that there *was* an outside world.

Duval said brusquely, "Where are we, Michaels?"

Michaels looked at him with a bitter expression and said, "We're about to enter the subarachnoid cavity. Right at the base of the brain."

"Suppose we go in past the oculomotor nerve."

"All right," said Michaels. "If that will give you the most favorable shot at the clot, that's how we'll go in."

General Carter looked at the Time Recorder, which read 9. "Think they'll make it?"

Reid shook his head. "No, I don't."

In nine minutes, maybe ten, the men, ship and all, might be standing full-size before them—and Benes' body would have exploded.

Carter thought of what the newspapers would make of Combined Miniature Deterrent Forces if this project failed. How far would CMDF be set back? How many months—years—would it take to recover their prestige, their priorities, support for their vital research?

"We've entered the brain itself," Owens announced, with controlled excitement.

There was a silence about their surroundings. The cells they could see were jagged, with fibrous dendrites jutting out here and there, like a bramblebush.

As they drifted through the interstitial fluid, they could see the dendrites dangling overhead, and for a moment they were passing under what seemed the twisted limbs of a row of ancient trees.

Duval said, "See, they don't touch. You can see the synapses clearly; always that gap between the nerve fibers which must be jumped across chemically."

Cora said, "Do you see the lights? Watch up above. Watch that dendrite as it comes close."

Owens said, "You know what it looks like? Anyone ever see movies of old-fashioned advertising signs with electric lights? With waves of light and dark moving along?"

"Yes," said Cora. "That's *exactly* what it's like."

The moving wave of sparkles could be seen everywhere: moving along the cells, twisting into a complex system which seemed, at first glance, to lack any order.

"What we see," said Duval, "is the essence of humanity. The cells are the physical brain, but those moving sparkles are actually nerve impulses. They represent thought, the human mind."

They were in the bloodstream again, but the red corpuscles drifted without any definite motion. A forest of dendrites could be seen through the transparent walls of the capillary, each strand with its line of sparkle—but moving more slowly now, and still more slowly. And after a certain point, there were no more sparkles. Up ahead was a shadow. The *Proteus* came to a halt. For an instant or two, there was silence, then Owens said quietly, "That's our destination, I think."

Duval nodded. "Yes. The clot. Notice how the nerve action ends at the clot. That's visible evidence of nerve damage, possibly irreversible. I wouldn't swear that we can help Benes now, even if we remove the clot."

"Good thinking, Doctor," said Michaels sarcastically. "That excuses you, doesn't it?"

Duval said, "On with the diving suit, Miss Peterson. This has got to be done right now. And put it on inside out. The antibodies are sensitized to its normal surface, and there may be some of them about."

Michaels smiled wearily. "Don't trouble yourselves. It's too late." He pointed to the Time Recorder, which was just making the slow, slow change from 7 to 6. He said, "You couldn't possibly perform the operation in time to get us to the removal point in the jugular. Even if you succeed in the removal of the clot, we'll end by deminiaturizing right here and killing Benes."

Duval said, "He'll be no worse off than he will be if we don't operate."

"No, but *we* will. We'll get larger slowly at first. It may take us a whole minute to reach a size that will attract the attention of a white blood cell. There are millions of them around this site of injury. We'll be engulfed."

"So?"

"I doubt that either the *Proteus* or we could withstand the physical strain placed upon us by the compression within a white cell. You'd better leave here, Owens, and make as quickly as you can for the removal point."

"Hold it," said Grant angrily. "Owens, how long will it take us to reach the removal point?"

Owens said faintly, "Two minutes."

"That leaves us four minutes. Maybe more. Isn't it true that deminiaturization after sixty minutes is a conservative estimate? Couldn't we remain miniaturized for longer, if the field holds a little longer than expected?"

"Maybe," said Michaels flatly, "but don't kid yourself. A minute longer. Two minutes at the outside."

"All right. Two minutes. And couldn't it take longer to deminiaturize than we're counting on?"

Duval said, "It might take a minute or two, if we're lucky."

"All right," said Grant, "we've got four minutes, plus maybe two minutes extra, plus maybe a minute of slow deminiaturization before we do damage to Benes. That's seven minutes—seven of our long, time-distorted minutes. The ship is staying right here till the operation has succeeded. Now, Duval, get on with it."

Duval said, "Get the laser, Miss Peterson." Both were in their diving suits now.

Michaels said, "Are you mad? All of you? There's not time. All this is suicide."

Grant said, "Owens, operate the hatch for them."

Michaels flung himself forward, but Grant seized him, whirled him around, and said, "Don't make me hit you, Michaels."

Michaels lifted his fists almost as though he were ready to accept the challenge. But Duval and Cora had disappeared into the hatch, and Michaels, watching them leave, became almost pleading. "Listen, Grant, don't you see what's happening? Duval is an enemy agent. He wants to kill Benes. It will be so easy. A slip of the laser, and who will know the difference?"

"I happen to think *you* are the enemy agent, Michaels."

"*I?*"

"Yes. I don't have any real evidence for that either, nothing that could hold up in a court of law; but once security is through with you, Michaels,

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the evidence will be found, I think."

Michaels pushed away from Grant and stared at him with horror. "Of course, I see now. *You* are the agent, Grant. Owens, don't you see? There were a dozen times when we could have got out safely, when it was obvious that the mission couldn't succeed. Grant kept us in here every time. Help me, Owens. Help me."

Owens stood undecided.

Grant said, "The Time Recorder is about to move to Five. We now have three minutes more. Give me three minutes, Owens. You know that Benes won't live unless we remove the clot in those three minutes. I'll go out and help them, and you keep Michaels immobilized. If I'm not back in three minutes, get out of here and save the ship and yourself. Benes will die, and maybe we will, too. But you'll be safe, and you can put the finger on Michaels."

Owens still said nothing.

Grant said, "Three minutes." And he began putting on his suit. The Time Recorder said 5.

Owens said, finally, "Three minutes, then. All right. But only three minutes. Not ten seconds more."

Duval and Cora swam quickly in the direction of the clot. He carried the laser, she the power unit.

The beams of the ship's headlight and of their own smaller headlights were weakened by the tangle of fibers that seemed to encase the clot.

"If we can break up the clot and relieve the pressure without touching the nerve itself," said Duval, "we'll be doing well. Let's see, now."

He pressed the laser trigger. For the barest moment, a thin beam of light flashed into being. The clot stood out in relief against the brilliance of the laser beam, and a line of small bubbles formed and marked out its path.

Cora said, "It's working, Doctor Duval. A whole dark area is lighting up."

Grant was swimming up to them. "How's it coming, Duval?"

"Not bad," said Duval. "If I can cut it through transversely now and relieve the pressure on one key spot, I think the entire nerve pathway will be freed."

"We have less than three minutes, you know."

Cora said, "It's all right, Grant. He'll do it. Did Michaels make trouble?"

"Some," Grant said grimly. "Owens has him under guard."

"Under guard?"

"Just in case . . ."

Inside the *Proteus*, Owens cast quick glances outward. "I'll be damned if I know what I'm to do," he muttered.

Michaels said, "You can't believe I'm an enemy agent."

Owens said, "I'm not believing anything. Let's wait for the two-minute mark, and if they're not back, we'll leave. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"All right," said Michaels.

Suddenly Owens cried out, "The clot! I can see the sparkle of the nerve action where it couldn't be seen before. It's working! And they'll be back. It looks as though you were wrong, Michaels."

Michaels shrugged. "All right, so much the better. If I'm wrong and if Benes lives, I could ask for nothing more." His voice grew tightly alarmed. "Owens!"

"What?"

"There's something wrong with the escape hatch. That damned fool Grant must have been too excited to close it properly. Or *was* it excitement?"

"But what's wrong?"

"Are you blind? It's seeping fluid. Look at the seam."

"It's been wet here since Cora and Grant got away from the antibodies. Don't you remember ——"

Owens was staring down at the hatch, and Michaels' hand, having closed around a wrench, brought its handle down hard on Owens' head.

With a grunt, Owens dropped to his knees, dazed.

Michaels struck again in a fever of impatience and began jamming the limp figure into its diving suit. Perspiration stood out on his bald head in great drops. Opening the escape hatch, he thrust Owens into it. Quickly, he let the hatch fill with water, then opened the outer door. Frantically, he leaped to the topside bubble and studied the controls. There—throttle! A thrill of triumph surged through him as he felt the distant drumming of the engines begin again.

He looked ahead toward the clot. Owens had been right. A glitter of light was racing down the length of a long nerve which until then had been dark.

Duval was aiming the laser beam in short bursts now and at quick intervals.

Grant said, "I think we've about had it, Doctor. Time's up."

"I'm just about finished. The clot has crumbled away. Just one portion. Ah . . . Mr. Grant, the operation has been a success."

"And we've got maybe three minutes to get out, maybe two. Back to the ship, now . . ."

Cora said, "Someone else is here."

Grant veered and lunged toward the aimlessly swimming figure. "Michaels!" he cried. Then: "No, it's Owens. What ——"

Owens said, "I don't know. He hit me, I think. I don't know how I got out here."

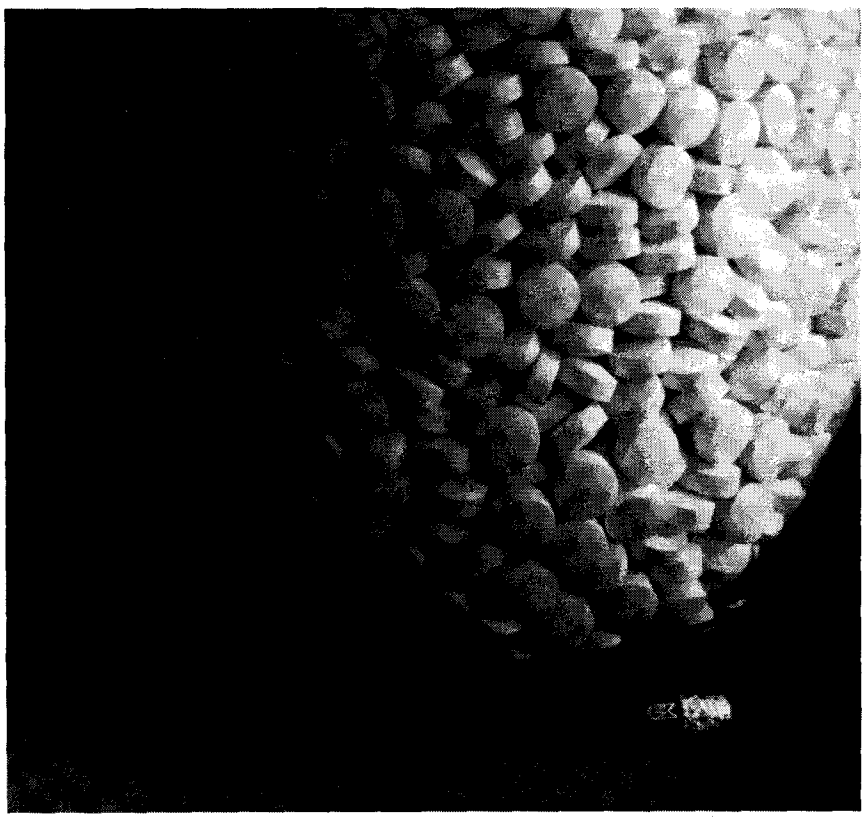
Duval cried, "The ship's motors have started."

"Michaels," said Grant. "Obviously, he must be at the controls."

"Why did you leave the ship, Grant?" demanded Duval, angrily.

"It's what I'm asking myself now. I had hoped Owens ——"

"I'm sorry," said Owens. "I didn't



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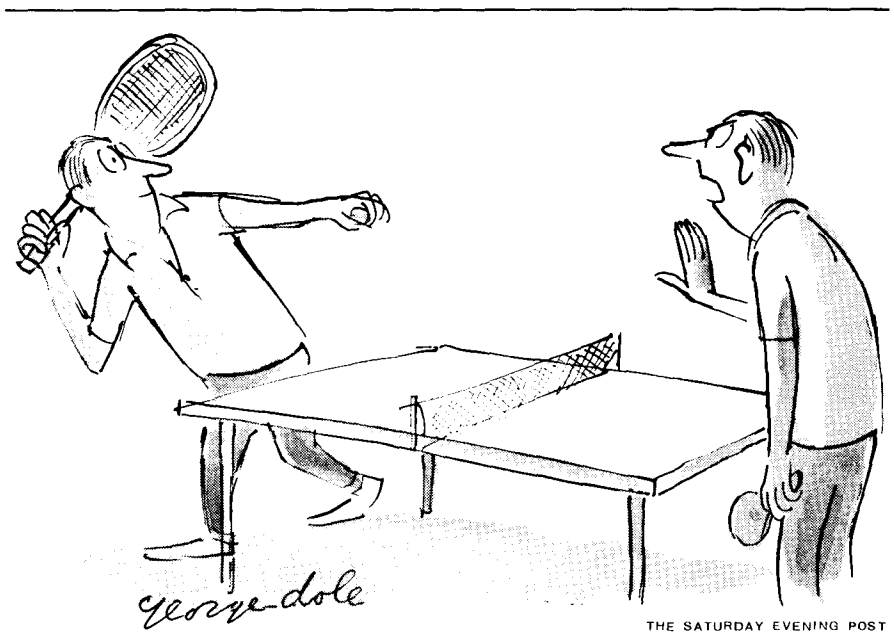

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		HEIGHT Ft.-in.	WEIGHT Lbs.	DATE BORN
SELF				Month.....Day.....Year.....
SPOUSE				Month.....Day.....Year.....
UNMARRIED DEPENDENT CHILDREN				Month.....Day.....Year.....
				Month.....Day.....Year.....
				Month.....Day.....Year.....

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OCCUPATION _____ SEX _____

BENEFICIARY _____ *(Person to be paid if you are killed)*

RELATIONSHIP OF BENEFICIARY NAMED ABOVE TO YOU _____

PLEASE DATE and SIGN Department H307N

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STEP 3—MAKE SURE YOU CHECK "YES" OR "NO" BOXES

To the best of your knowledge, have you or any family member to be covered ever had or been treated for any of the following: Arthritis, hernia, venereal disease, apoplexy, epilepsy, mental disorder, cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, sciatica, paralysis, prostate trouble, heart trouble, eye cataract, disease of the female organs? YES ☐ NO ☐

Have you or any other family member to be covered had medical or surgical care or advice during the past two years? YES ☐ NO ☐

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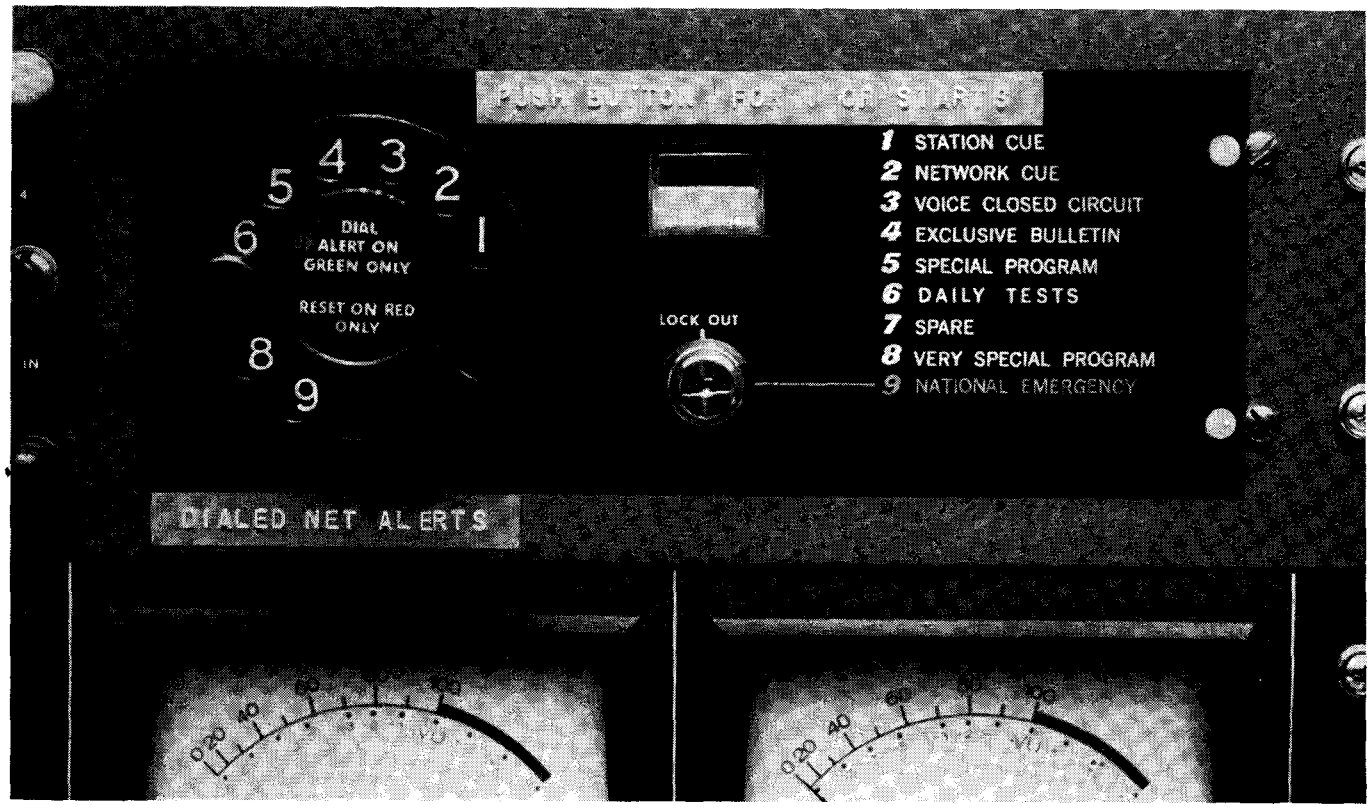

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think he was really an enemy agent. I couldn't tell——"

Grant said, "The trouble is, I wasn't completely certain of it myself."

Michaels' voice sounded in their radio headsets. "All of you back off. In two minutes, the white cells will have come, and by that time I'll be on the way out. I'm sorry, but you had your chance to come out with me."

The ship was angling high now, and making a large curve.

"He's got it under full acceleration," said Owens.

"And," said Grant, "I think he's aiming at the nerve."

"Exactly what I'm doing, Grant," came Michaels' voice, grimly. "Rather dramatic, don't you think? First, I'll ruin the work of that mouthing saint, Duval, and do the kind of damage that will bring a swarm of white cells to the scene at once. They'll take care of you."

Duval shouted, "Listen! Think! Why do this! Think of your country!"

"I'm thinking of mankind," Michaels shouted back furiously. "The important thing is to keep the military out of this. Benes' secret in their hands will destroy the earth. If you fools can't see that ——"

The *Proteus* was now diving directly for the just-relieved nerve.

Grant said desperately, "The laser! Let me have the laser!" He snatched the instrument from Duval and angled upward, trying to intercept the hurtling ship. "Give me maximum power," he called to Cora. "Full power!"

He took careful aim, and a pencil-wide beam of light shot from the laser, and flickered out.

Cora said, "The laser gave out, Grant."

"I think I got the *Proteus*, though."

It was hard to tell. In the general dimness, there was no way to see clearly.

"You hit the rudder, I think," said Owens.

"Whatever you hit," said Duval, "the ship doesn't seem to be handling very well."

The *Proteus* was shaking, its headlight flashing up and down in a wide arc. The ship pulled downward, crashed through the arteriole wall, barely missed the nerve, and lunged downward into a forest of dendrites, catching and breaking free and catching again, until it lay still, a bubble of metal entangled in thick, smooth fibers.

"He missed the nerve," said Cora.

"He did damage enough," growled Duval. "That may start a new clot—or maybe not. I hope not. In any case, the white cells will be here. We'd better leave."

"Where?" said Owens.

"If we follow the optic nerve, we can make it to the eye in a minute or less. Follow me."

"We can't leave the ship," said Grant. "It will de-miniaturize."

"Well, we can't take it with us," said Duval. "We have no choice but to try to save our own lives."

"We can still do something, perhaps," insisted Grant. "How much time do we have left?"

Duval said emphatically, "None! I think we're beginning to de-miniaturize now. In a minute or so we'll be large enough to attract the attention of a white cell." He took a quick look around him to get his bearings. "Follow me," he said again, and began swimming away.

Cora and Owens followed, and, after a last moment of hesitation, Grant swam after them.

He had failed. He had failed because, not feeling convinced that Michaels was an enemy, he had vacillated. He had been a jackass.

"But they're not moving," said General Carter, savagely. "They stay there at the clot. Why? Why? Why?" The Time Recorder read 1.

"It's too late for them to get out now," said Reid.

A message came through from the electroencephalographic unit, which registered brain waves. "Sir, EEG data indicate that Benes' brain action is being restored to normal."

Carter yelled, "Then the operation is a success. Why are they staying behind?"

"We have no way of knowing."

The Time Recorder moved to 0, and a loud alarm went off. Its shrill jangle filled the entire room with the clang of doom.

Reid raised his voice to be heard. "We've got to take them out."

"It will kill Benes."

"If we don't take them out, *that* will kill Benes, too."

Carter said, "If there's anyone outside the ship, we won't be able to get him out."

Reid shrugged. "We can't help that." After a nod from Carter, he went to the transmitter. "Remove the *Proteus*," he said quietly, then went to the window that overlooked the operating room.

Michaels was only semiconscious when the *Proteus* came to rest in the dendrites. The sudden veering that had come after the laser flash had thrown him against the panel with great force. The only sensation he had from his right arm now was one of frightful pain. It must be broken.

He tried to look behind him, fighting off the haze of shock. There was a tremendous cavity in the rear of the ship, and viscous blood plasma bulged inward, held back partly by the pressure of the miniaturized air within the ship and partly by its own surface tension. The air he had left would last him for the minute or two remaining before de-miniaturization. At full-size, his arm could be taken care of. The others would be killed by white cells. He would say something that would explain the broken ship. And in any case, Benes would be dead, and unlimited miniaturization would die with him. There would be peace in the world.

Michaels felt his sense of achievement slip away as the dendrites became clouded over with a milky haze. Milky haze? A white cell! Of *course* it was a white cell. The ship was larger than the individuals out in the plasma, and it was the ship that was at the site of damage. The ship would be the first to attract a white cell.

The window of the *Proteus* was coated with sparkling milk. Milk

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invaded the plasma at the break in the ship's hull and struggled to pass through the surface-tension barrier.

The next-to-last sound Michaels heard was the hull of the *Proteus*, strained to the breaking point by what it had already been through, cracking and splintering under the assault of the white cell.

The last sound Michaels heard was his own laughter.

The others saw the white cell at almost the time Michaels did. The cell was tremendous. It was five times as big as the *Proteus*.

Grant started toward the *Proteus*, almost as though by reflex action.

Cora seized his arm. "What are you going to do, Grant?"

Duval said excitedly, "There's no way to save him. You'll be throwing away your life."

Grant shook his head violently. "It's the ship, not Michaels, I'm thinking of."

Owens said sadly, "You can't save the ship, either."

"But we might be able to get it out, where it can expand safely. Listen, even if it *is* crushed by the white cell, even if it's separated into atoms, each miniaturized atom will de-miniaturize; it is de-miniaturizing right now. It doesn't matter whether Benes is killed by an intact ship or by a pile of splinters. You three keep on going."

He swam back, heart beating in an almost unbearable revulsion at the white monster he was approaching. There were others behind it, farther off, but he wanted this one—the one that was engulfing the *Proteus*.

The *Proteus* was entirely within it now: a splintering dark shadow enveloped in milky whiteness. Grant thought for a moment he had seen Michaels' face in the bubble, but that might have been only imagination.

Grant was now at the heaving, mountainous surface, but how was he to attract the attention of such a thing? It had neither eyes nor sense, neither mind nor purpose.

Yet a white cell could tell when a bacterium was in its vicinity. In some cellular way, it knew. It had known when the *Proteus* was near, and it had reacted by engulfing it.

Grant was far smaller than the *Proteus*, far smaller than a bacterium, even now. Was he large enough to be noticed?

He had his knife out and sank it deeply into the material before him, slitting in downward. Nothing happened. Then, slowly, a bulging of the inner protoplasm appeared at the site of the ruptured membrane, and that portion of the membrane drew away.

Grant struck again. He didn't want to kill it; he didn't think he could, at his present size. But was there some way of attracting its attention?

He drifted off and, with mounting excitement, noticed a bulge in the wall, a bulge pointing toward him. He drifted farther away, and the bulge followed. He had been noticed. The white cell with everything it contained, with the *Proteus*, was following.

Grant moved away faster now. The white cell followed. With gathering speed, he swam toward the others, who were still delaying, still watching for him. He gasped, "Get a move on. I think it's following."

"So are others," said Duval, grimly.

Grant looked about. The distance was swarming with white cells. What one had noticed, all had noticed.

Duval said, "I saw you strike at the white cell. If you damaged it, chemicals were released into the bloodstream, chemicals that attracted white cells from all the neighboring regions."

"Then, for God's sake, *swim!*"

The surgical team was gathered round Benes' head, while Carter and Reid

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watched from above. Carter's mood of black depression was deepening by the moment.

"General Carter! Sir!" The voice was cracking with excitement.

"Yes?"

"The *Proteus*, sir. It's moving."

Carter yelled, "Stop surgery!"

Reid said, "The motion may be simply the effect of the ship's slowly accelerating de-miniaturization. If you don't get them now, they will be in danger of the white cells."

"What kind of motion?" shouted Carter. "Where's it heading?"

"Along the optic nerve, sir."

Reid's face lit up. "It means an emergency exit I hadn't thought of. They're heading for the eye, and out through the lachrymal duct. They may make it. Get a microscope slide, someone. Carter, let's get down to the operating room."

The optic nerve was a bundle of fibers, each like a string of sausages. The white cells had to negotiate the close-packed network, and did so less easily than the swimmers. Grant watched anxiously to make sure that *the* white cell, the one with the *Proteus* in it, was still in pursuit. He could not make out the *Proteus* any longer. If it existed in the white cell nearest, it had been transferred so deep into the cell's substance that it was no longer visible.

Owens said, "Everything's definitely getting smaller. Do you notice that?"

Grant nodded. "I sure do." The white cell was only half the monster it had been only a few moments before, if that.

"We have just seconds to go," said Duval.

"We're only the width of a teardrop from safety," Grant gasped.

Duval said. "Through here, and we'll be in the lachrymal duct." He kicked open the membranous wall he had come up against. "Miss Peterson, you first," he said.

Grant pushed her through, and followed her. Then Owens, and finally Duval.

"We're out," said Duval, with controlled excitement. "*We're out of the body.*"

"Wait," said Grant. "I want that white cell out, too. Otherwise ——"

He waited a moment, then cried out, "There it is! And, by heaven, it's the right one."

The white cell oozed with difficulty through the opening that Duval's boot had made. The *Proteus*, or the shattered splinters of it, could be seen clearly through its substance.

The four remaining crew members drifted upward in a well of rising fluid. The white cell drifted up with them.

Duval said, "This is the cornea. The other wall is the lower eyelid. We've got to get far enough away to de-miniaturize fully without hurting Benes, and we only have seconds to do it in." High above was a horizontal crack. "Through there," said Duval.

"The ship's on the surface of the eye," came the triumphant shout.

"All right," said Reid. "Right eye."

A technician leaned close with the microscope slide at Benes' closed eye. A magnifying lens was in place. Slowly, with a felt-covered clamp, the lower eyelid was gently pinched and pulled down.

"It's there," said the technician, in hushed tones "Like a speck of dirt."

Skillfully he placed the slide to the eye, and a teardrop containing the speck squeezed onto it.

Reid said, "Something that is large enough to see is going to get much larger very quickly. Scatter!"

Everyone backed away

The technician, torn between hurry and the need for gentleness, placed the slide down on the floor, then started for the door at a quick trot.

The nurses wheeled the operating table quickly through the large double door, and with a startlingly accelerated speed, the specks on the slide grew to full size.

Three men, a woman and a heap of metal fragments, rounded and eroded, appeared where none had been a moment before.

Reid muttered, "Eight seconds to spare."

Carter said, "Where's Michaels? If Michaels is still in Benes..." He started after the vanishing operating table.

Grant pulled off his helmet and waved Carter back. "It's all right, General. That's what's left of the *Proteus*, and somewhere in it you'll find whatever's left of Michaels. Maybe just an organic jelly with some fragments of bones."

Grant still hadn't grown used to the world as it was. He had slept for fifteen hours, and he woke in wonder at a world of light and space.

He had breakfast in bed, with

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Carter and Reid at his bedside, smiling.

Grant said, "Are the rest getting this treatment, too?"

Carter said, "Everything that money can buy—for a while, anyway. Apparently, Grant, the mission's success was more to your credit than anyone else's."

"Actually, the mission would have been a failure without any one of us. Even Michaels guided us efficiently enough—for the most part."

"Michaels," said Carter, thoughtfully. "That bit about him, you know, isn't for publication. The official story is that he died in the line of duty. It wouldn't do any good to have it known that a traitor had infiltrated the CMDF. And I don't know that he *was* a traitor, at that."

Reid said, "I knew him well enough to be able to say that he wasn't. Not in the usual sense of the word."

Grant nodded. "I agree. He wasn't a storybook villain. He took time to put a swimsuit on Owens before pushing him out of the ship. He was content to have the white cells kill Owens, but he couldn't do the job himself. No—I think he really wanted to keep unlimited miniaturization a secret for, as he saw it, the good of humanity."

Carter said, "Tell me, Grant, how did you catch on to Michaels?"

"I didn't, really," said Grant. "It was all the result of a confused kind of thinking. In the first place, General, you put me on board ship because you suspected Duval."

"Oh, now, wait . . ."

"Everyone on the ship knew you had done so. Except Duval, perhaps. That gave me a head start—in the wrong direction. We were plagued with a series of accidents, or what might possibly have been accidents. For instance, the laser was damaged and there was the chance that Miss Peterson, not Duval, had damaged it. But why in so clumsy a fashion? She knew a dozen ways of gimmicking the laser so that it would seem perfectly all right and yet not work properly. She could have arranged it so that Duval's aim would be off just enough to make it inevitable that he kill the nerve, or perhaps even Benes. A crudely damaged laser was either an accident, then, or the deliberate work of someone other than Miss Peterson.

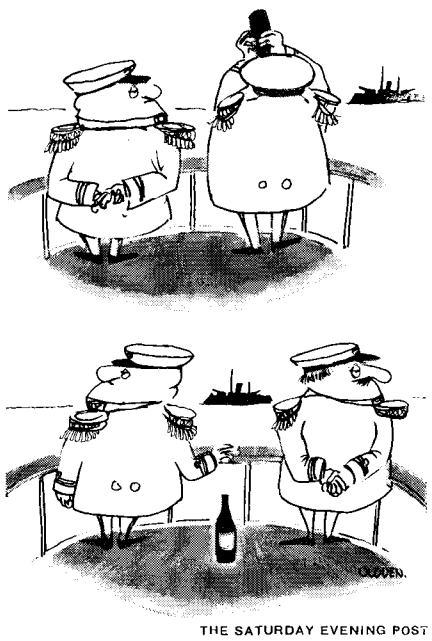
"Then, too, my lifeline came loose in the lungs, and I nearly died as a result. Duval was the logical suspect there, but it was he who suggested that the ship's headlight be shone into the gap, and that saved me. Why try to kill me and then act to save me? It doesn't make sense. Either that was an accident, too, or my lifeline had been loosened by someone other than Duval.

"We lost our air supply, and Owens might have arranged that little disaster. But then when we pulled in more air, Owens improvised an air-miniaturization device that performed miracles. He could easily not have done it, and none of us would have been able to accuse him of sabotage. Why bother to lose our air and then work like the devil to gain it back? Either that was an accident, too, or the air supply had been sabotaged by someone other than Owens.

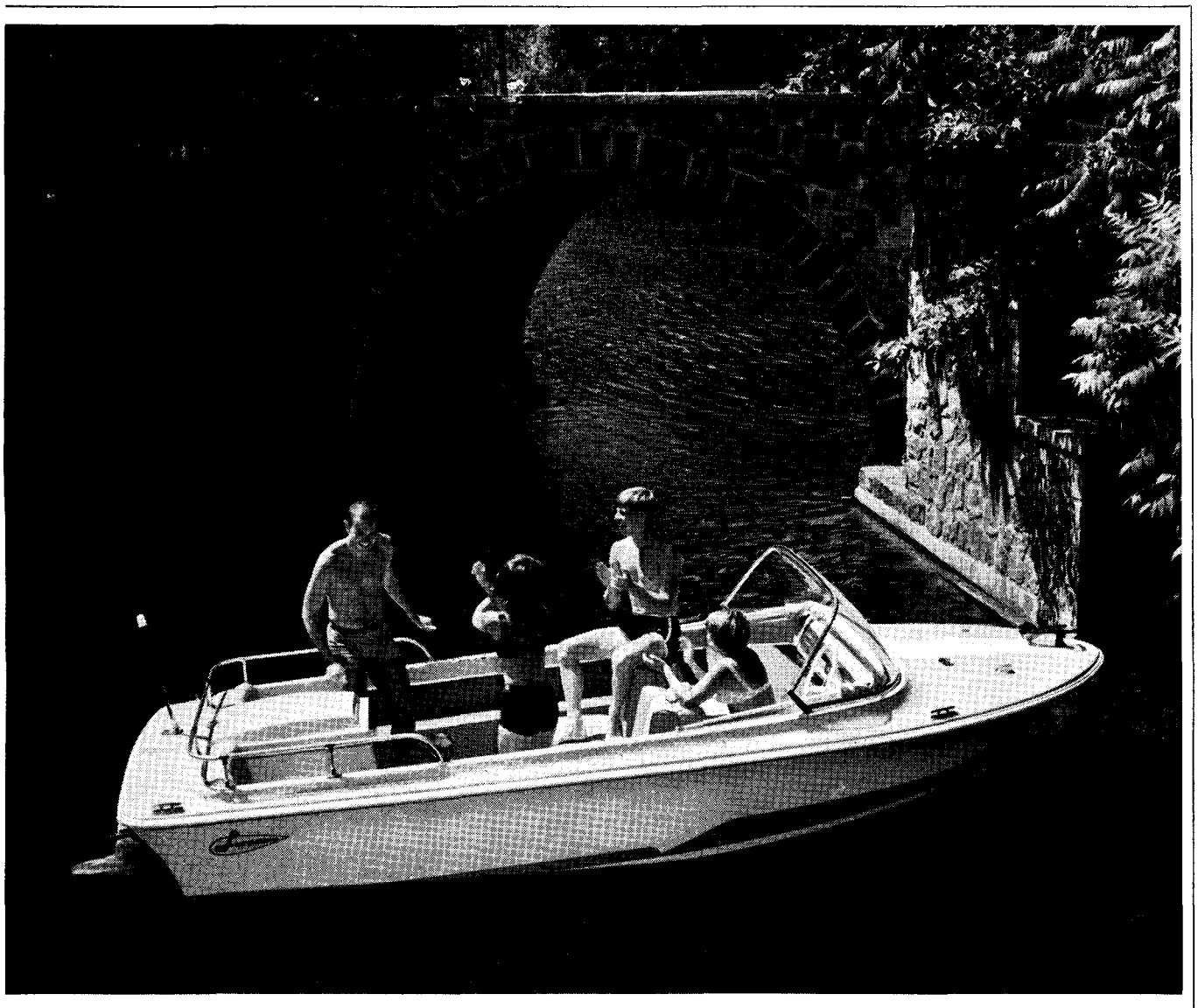
"I could omit myself from consideration, since I knew that I wasn't engaged in sabotage. That left Michaels."

Carter said, "You reasoned that he had been responsible for all those accidents?"

"No, they might still have been pure chance. We'll never know. But if it *was* sabotage, then Michaels was far and away the most likely suspect, because he was the only one who was not involved in a last-minute rescue, or who might be expected to have performed a more subtle piece of sabotage. So now let's consider Michaels.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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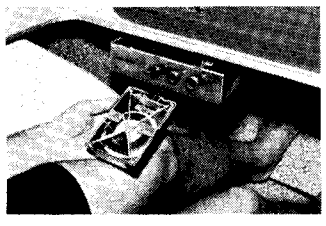

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"The first accident was the encounter with the arterio-venous fistula. Either that was an honest misfortune or Michaels had guided us into it deliberately. If this was sabotage, then, unlike all the other cases, only one culprit was conceivable, only one—Michaels. I said as much to Michaels himself at one point. Only he could possibly have guided us into the fistula; only he could possibly have known Benes' circulatory system well enough to spot a microscopic whirlpool; it was he, remember, who directed the exact spot of insertion into the artery in the first place."

Reid said, "It might still have been a misfortune: an honest error."

"Yes, but whereas, in all the other accidents, those who were involved as possible suspects did their best to pull us through, Michaels, after we had emerged into the venous system, argued hard for immediate abandonment of the mission. He did the same at every other crisis. He was the only one to do so consistently.

"By the time we were in the ear, I had made up my mind that Michaels, not Duval, was our man. But then in the end, I made a mistake. I didn't stay with him during the actual operation, and thus gave him his chance to seize the ship. There was this last little shred of doubt in my mind. . . ."

"That perhaps it was Duval after all?"

"I'm afraid so. So I went out to watch the operation when I could have done nothing about it even if Duval *were* a traitor. If it hadn't been for that final piece of stupidity, I might have brought the ship back intact, and brought Michaels back alive."

"Well," Carter said, getting to his feet, "it was cheap at the price. Benes is alive and slowly recovering."

Cora put the papers together. "Well, then, Doctor Duval, if the report can wait over the weekend, I would appreciate the time off."

"Yes, certainly," said Duval. "I think we could all use some time off."

Cora smiled and walked toward the door, just as Grant's head pushed past it. "When do you quit work?" he asked, grinning.

"I've just quit for the weekend."

Grant thought a moment, rubbed his clean-shaven chin, then nodded toward Duval, who was bent over his desk.

"Are you all tied up with him?" he asked at last.

Cora said gravely, "I admire his work. He admires my work." And she shrugged.

Grant said, "May I admire *you?*"

She hesitated, then smiled a little. "Any time you want to. As long as you want to. If—if I can admire *you* occasionally, too."

They laughed together. Duval looked up, saw them in the doorway, smiled faintly, and waved something that might have been either a greeting or a farewell.

Cora said, "I want to change into street clothes, and then I would like to see Benes. Is that all right?"

"Will they allow visitors?"

Cora shook her head. "No. But we're special."

Benes' eyes were open. He tried to smile.

A nurse whispered anxiously, "Only a minute, now. He doesn't know what's happened, so don't say anything about it."

"I understand," said Grant. To Benes, in a low voice, he said, "How are you?"

Benes tried again to smile. "I'm not sure. Very tired. I have a headache, and my right eye hurts, but I seem to have survived."

"Good!"

"It takes more than a knock on the head to kill a scientist," said Benes. "All that math makes the skull as hard as a rock, eh?"

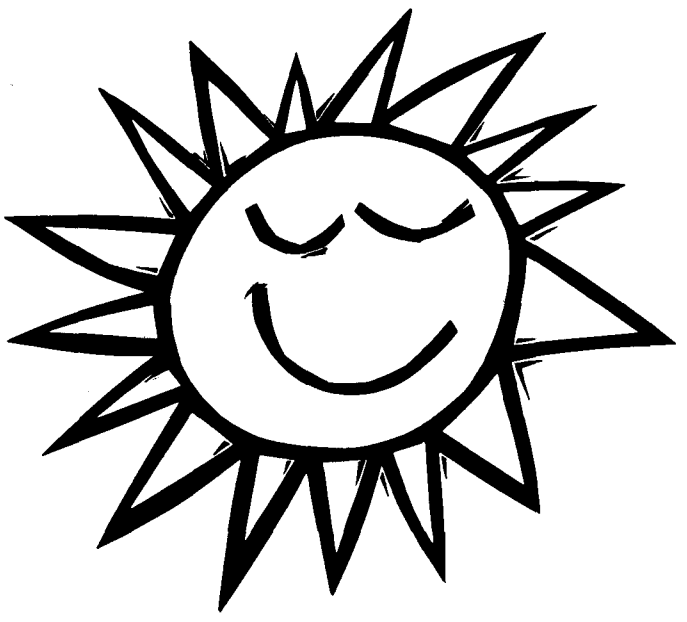
"We're all glad of that," said Cora, gently.

"Now I must remember what I came to this country to tell. It's a little hazy, but it's coming back. It's all in me, all of it." And now he did smile.

Grant smiled, too. "You'd be surprised at what's in you, Professor." □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The kids will love it."



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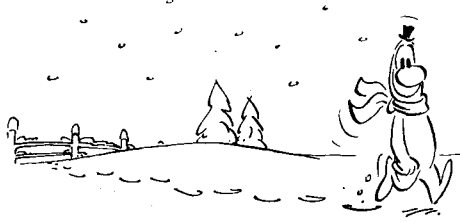
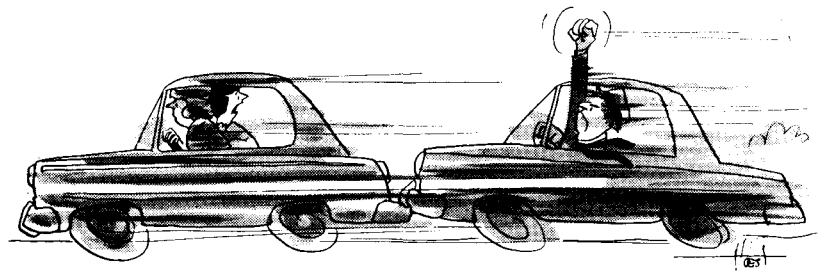


". . . however, the preceding is effective only in the event that my long-lost brother cannot be located. . . ."

"Of course, after we're married this kind of thing will have to stop."

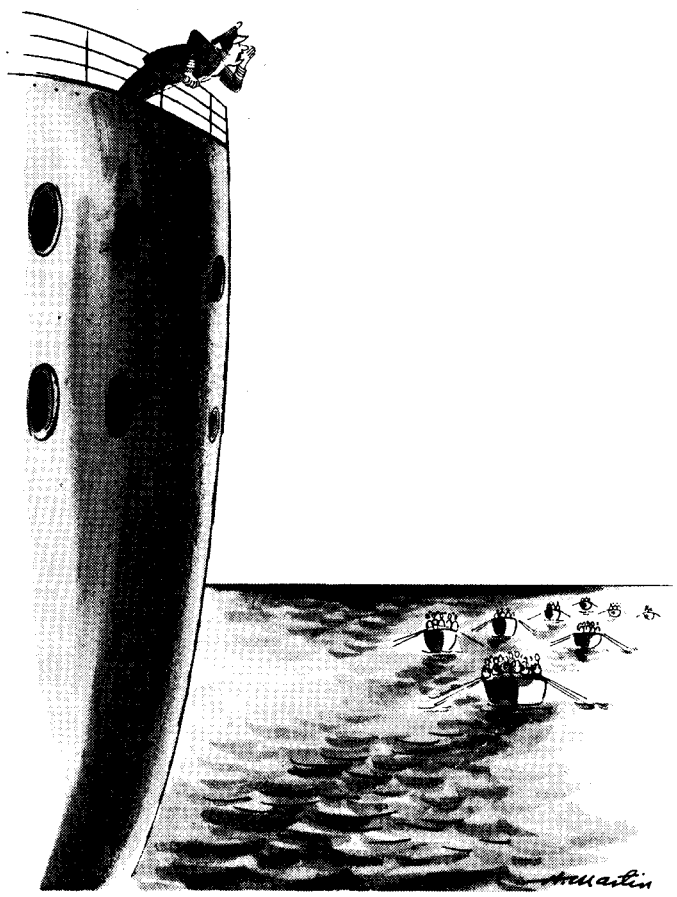


"Go faster, Ethel—he's still following us and he's getting madder!"

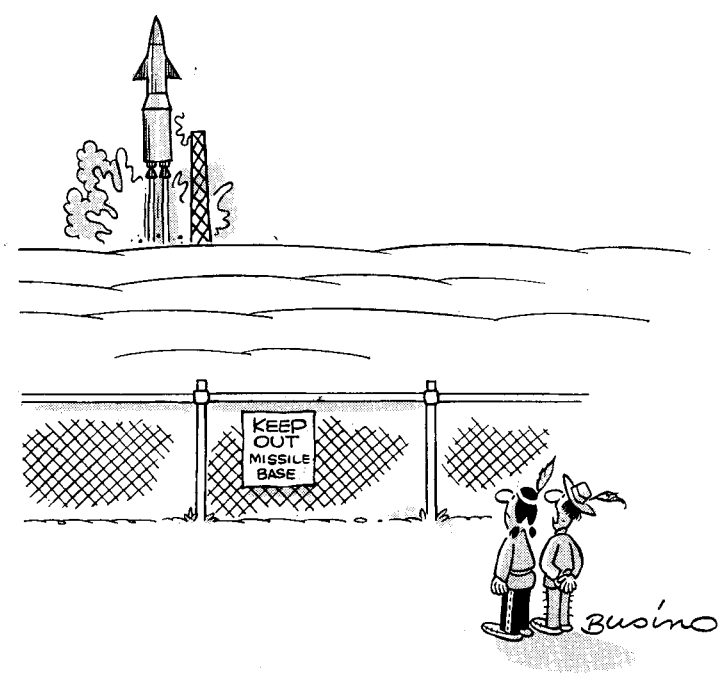
EVERY Q NEEDS A U

An exiled Iraqi went back
To his home with a ewe in his pack,
He said people all knew
Every Q needs a U
So he put the ewe back in Iraqu.

OGDEN NASH



"It was just a drill! It was just a drill!"



"I pity the Martians."

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Ford LTD, Daimler limousine and, in the distance, Lord Bath's manor house, "Longleat."

Ford's Quiet Man reports from England:

"Remarkable! I do believe your Ford is quieter!" exclaimed Lord Bath, surprised by the hushed performance of the Ford LTD.

England's 6th Marquess of Bath has a vast estate in Wiltshire and a 100-room manor house, built in 1556. He also owns a seven-passenger Daimler limousine, jet-black, leather-lined, the epitome of British tradition.

Would Lord Bath compare the quiet of his huge Daimler with the Ford? "Of course," he told the Quiet Man . . . but it was evident he didn't expect to be impressed. Nevertheless, he was. He drove the Ford, listening intently, rode in the Daimler, drove the Ford again and found it quieter. "How do you people do it?" he asked. "I mean, this Ford costs hundreds of pounds less than the Daimler, I should think, and you can't put all that amount of hand work into it, can you?"

"Very simple," said the Quiet Man, and explained how Ford used computers to find the exact spot to place the thick butyl-rubber "pucks" between body and frame, eliminating almost all metal-to-metal contact between chassis and body. How even the little gear that drives the speedometer cable is constructed of nylon, not metal. How Ford made the front wheels yield a little, horizontally, to take the thump out of bumps.

"Remarkable," said Lord Bath . . . but what impressed him the most was the new optional stereo-tape system — not the fact that a tape cartridge played more than 70 minutes of music but the tremendous realism of the sound.

"Really astonishing," he said . . . and you're certain to be astonished too, when you quiet-test an LTD at your Ford Dealer like the one that impressed the Marquess of Bath.

Ford

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OUR GREATEST MAN

In a good cause, the general had done terrible things.

'We had to do it,' he said now. 'I had to do it, or fail entirely. . . .'

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

DRAWING BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

General Antranik himself is actually sitting there, in Aram's law office, in October of 1924, and he's actually talking to me, sixteen years old, even though I haven't even asked him, "How are you, sir?"

He's a very handsome man in his late forties or early fifties, one of the most famous Armenians in the world, if not in fact *the* most famous one, but now he's in Fresno, in an ordinary-looking suit, far from the white horse he sat upon in the famous photograph everybody has on the wall of his house. He's now on foot, without an automobile of his own, even. The life-and-death struggle of his troops on behalf of the nation has ended—not in life, not in death, but in *fact*, and he doesn't understand what happened.

Armenia is far away now, farther away than the geography and distance involved; it is part of Russia now, a very small part, a fragment of its true self. He will never see it again, the world has changed, the people have changed—they are alive, thank God, most likely. Here and there all over the world the Armenians are busy hustling a living, and forgetting. The two major political parties in Fresno have had bitter disputes about him in their papers, at their meetings, in the coffeehouses, and in private homes, because somewhere along the line, near the end of the struggle, he had refused to take orders from the men who had formed the first government of Armenia, *independent* Armenia at last, and then—it's hard to believe—he had actually fought against the troops of that government. Is that what happens? Is that how it goes? Does the real enemy turn out to be your own people? *Yourself?* As he speaks, there is something in his voice that I feel is rage, but rage now so gentle it has become only sorrow, apparently for *all* of the dead, for the one great nation of them, *anybody's* dead.

Two things so far have made me feel Armenian—stones in the earth, and the face of this man, Antranik, especially the eyes. I don't understand this, but every time I have seen great stones in the earth I have felt Armenian, I have experienced sorrow, and I have become angry, although I haven't known why, or who or what I have been angry at. Antranik's voice is deep, but he speaks softly, slowly and clearly. His words say what they say, but they also say another thing, which I must listen carefully to hear. His words say, "Your mother's brother Aram is a very rare man, as you know. Very alive, very swift, very effective, very successful in all that he does, very *helpful*. It is always pleasant to visit his office, to see him, to hear his voice, to notice the alert humor of his eyes, to know he is doing so well in America—for all of us. But I am glad I have come at a time when he is not here, and *you* are."

I listen and watch his eyes, and I think, "What is Antranik saying?"

"I see you like to read," he says, glancing at the stack of books from the Public Library on my desk, but I feel he really wants to talk about something else.

"Yes, sir."

"And the books—are they books of quality?"

"I read everything, but very little fiction." In Armenian the word for fiction is *vep*, which means fable, invention, or possibly even falsehood.

"History? Poetry? Drama?"

"Science. Art. Philosophy. Anthropology. Medicine. Whatever."

"*Why* do you read such books?"

"I don't like it here. When I read I don't notice so sharply that I *am* here."

"Where would you prefer to be?"

"Wherever I might be able to be more truly myself."

"To be truly yourself with everybody is not possible here?"

"I have my job at the telegraph office, which I enjoy very much, because it permits me to see so many different kinds of people. And I get along with everybody, but perhaps only because I've learned *how*, and because I *could* get along somehow with anybody anywhere, I think. But I hate cruelty, and I see a lot of it here."

"Is the form of the cruelty *physical?* A father beating a son, for instance? Or an angry man beating a horse?"

"Sometimes, but the most painful form to witness is not physical. The innocent always seem to get the worst of it, and I can't understand why."

He looks at me out of his gentle eyes as if he were seeing me for the first time, and I wonder if he is going to tell me what's really on his mind, after all.

"It is difficult to understand certain things," he says, and then he stops and waits, perhaps wondering if he wants to go on. He brings a small box of Egyptian cigarettes from his pocket, opens the box, removes a cigarette, lights it, inhales deeply, and then exhales very slowly.

"We had good reasons, of course. What had been done to us by them, we in turn did to them—to *their* innocent. Well, innocence is a nationality in itself, by itself, and against all other nationalities. It has no government, no political philosophy, no race, no religion, only people. I tried at first to forbid my soldiers—I tried to *instruct* them that we could not make a country of our own on the blood and bones of the innocent, whether ours or theirs. The punishment for such killing was trial and execution, and it was my terrible responsibility to be both judge and executioner. A small army which can survive only by swift attack and retreat must have supplies, and it must take them where it finds them, but when you kill a boy of eleven or twelve because he is hugging a sack of grain, which means life to him and to his brothers and sisters, who have you killed but your own son? And then when you kill the man who killed the boy, who have you killed but your own brother? Little by little the trials and executions stopped, and the killing of the innocent continued, and even increased. Soon it was the old men and old women, too. Soon it was *everybody* in a whole village. Every living soul in one village after another was destroyed, and everything that we needed, that we could carry, was taken away. We did that. *I did it.* We *had* to do it, *I* had to do it, or fail entirely. But *after* we had done it—and this is what I am saying—*after* we had done it, we failed entirely."

"Don't stop," I think. "For God's sake, let's tell the damned truth about ourselves, and let everybody else lie—and live, or die, or own the lousy world."

He is telling me more about what happened when Aram comes in and takes him to the inside office and shuts the door.

After only ten or fifteen minutes General Antranik goes away, without

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"Don't stop," I think. "For God's sake, let's tell the truth about ourselves."

even glancing in my direction again, and Aram says, "You see, Willie, I have been put on this earth to do good." And I know he has written a check and handed it to Antranik, and I'm glad that he has, and proud that he's my mother's brother, and has been *able* to.

"He is our greatest man," Aram says, "but what a terrible thing it is for such a man to be nothing now. How long was he here before I arrived?"

"About an hour, I guess."

"Well, what did he say? Did he just *sit* here, or what?"

"No, he talked."

"For almost an hour?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did he talk *about?*"

"He talked about you. He admires you and likes you very much."

"All right, so *now* you understand what I've been trying so hard for so many years to get into your thick head. Here is our greatest man in the whole world, far from where his greatness was achieved and who does he admire and love? *Me.* Aram Saroyan is a name that will never be forgotten as long as there is one Armenian left in this world. I had nothing when I came to this country. Now I have everything. Fame. Fortune. And a great name." He whispers now, as he always does when his subject is his greatness. "*Try* to be like me, Willie. When I was your age, I didn't sit around reading books and writing poems. I *ran.* Run, Willie, run."

I ran out of the office, and he ran after me, shouting, "Not *now,* you jackass. Not *that* way."

A year or two later General Antranik died in Fresno, but by that time everything had changed a little more, and his death really didn't seem to matter very much, although there were tears in Aram's eyes when he said, "He did right to get out of it. This is no world for a man like that." □

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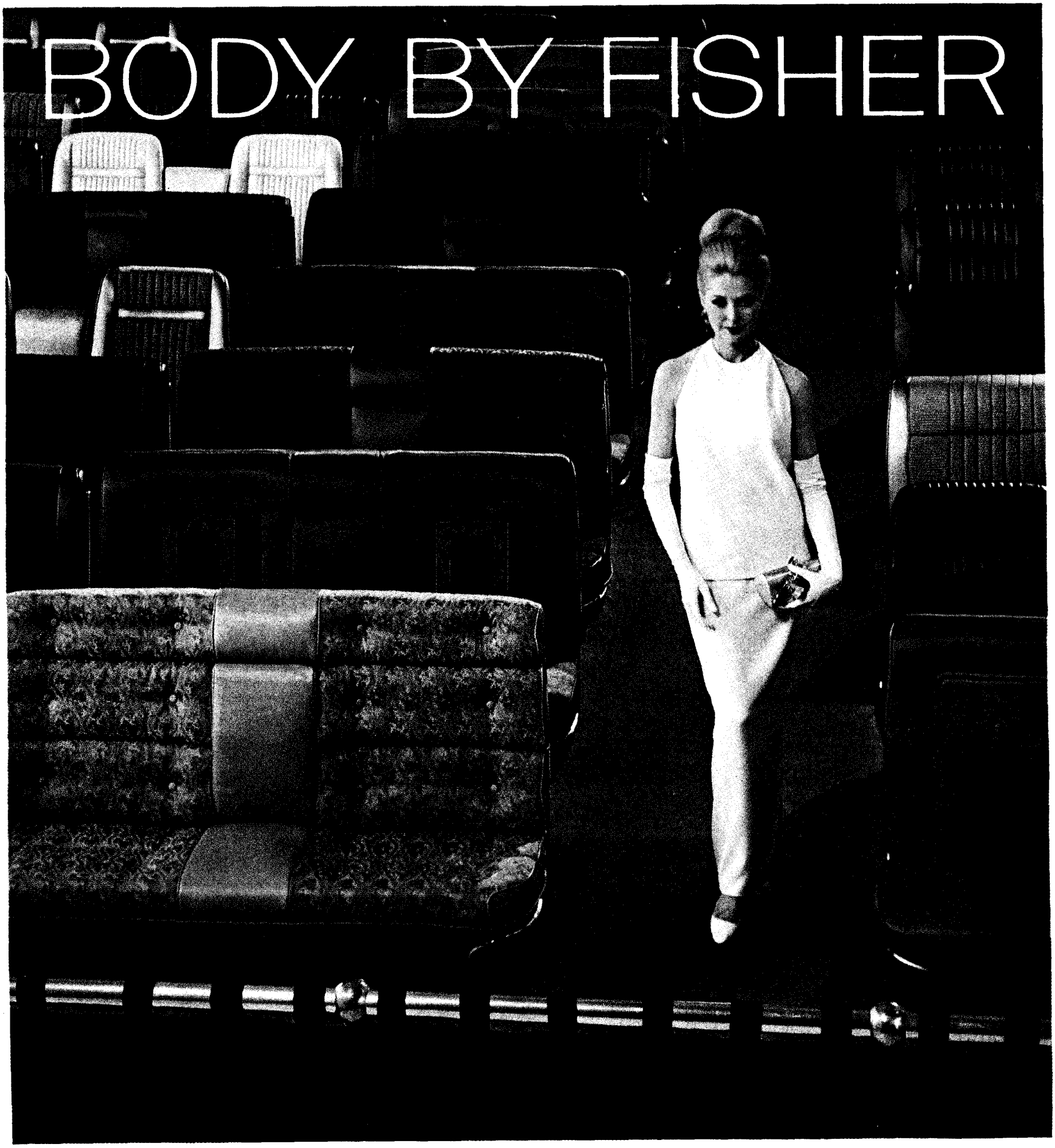

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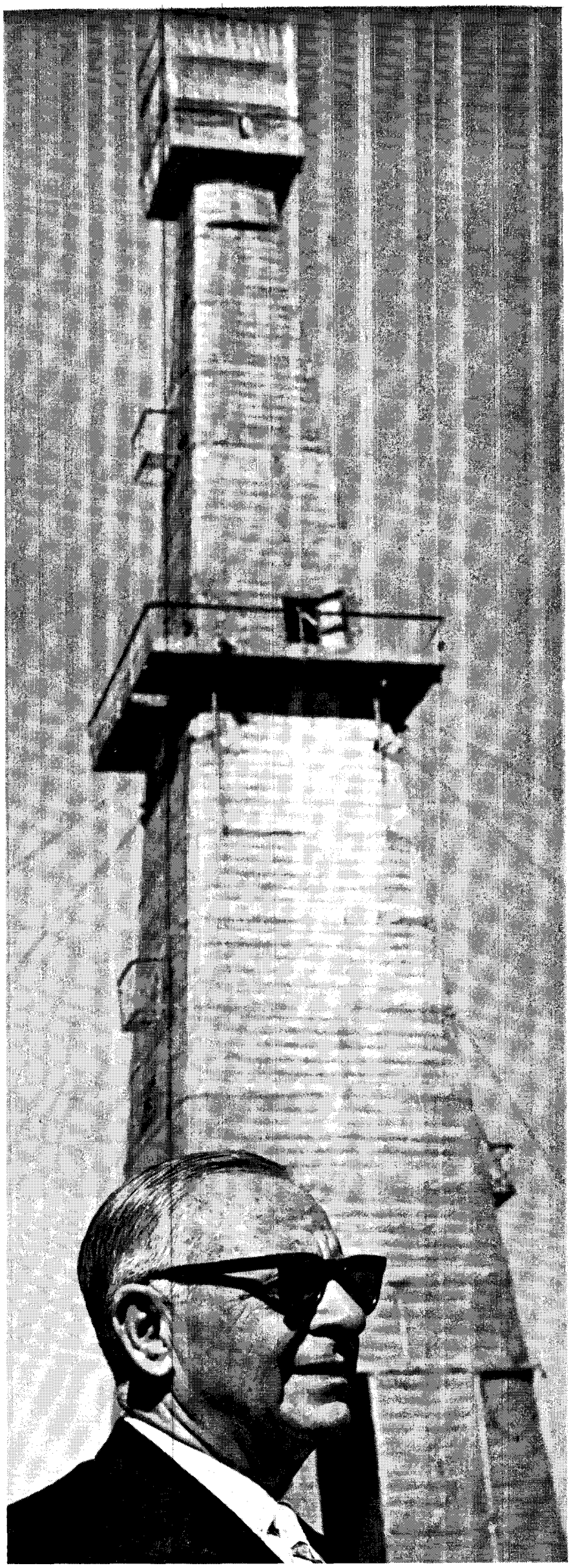

MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Armand Hammer has the air of a confidence man, but he has made honest millions out of everything from barrel staves to bourbon.

By SPENCER KLAW
Photographs by Bill Bridges

People who have only a casual acquaintance with the career and personality of Dr. Armand Hammer, a 67-year-old non-practicing physician who has been making a considerable splash lately as a financial operator, sometimes take him for a confidence man. The assumption is a natural one. Hammer's ideas for making money often have the suspicious sweep and simplicity one associates with plans for harnessing the power of volcanoes, or for recovering the lost treasure of the Incas. (A little while ago, for instance, he was talking enthusiastically about using giant power shovels to mine gold in Montana—a scheme that he suggested might eliminate the United States' balance-of-payment difficulties.) Hammer's reminiscences are no more plausible than his projects. He may recall, for example, how he became the proprietor, at the age of 27, of the only pencil factory in the Soviet Union; or how, when Prohibition was repealed, he forehandedly cornered most of the world's supply of beer-barrel staves. Hammer also likes to embellish his stories with recollections of such improbably assorted personages as Prince Abdullah, brother of King Hassan II of Morocco; Nikita Khrushchev; and the late Senator Robert A. Taft.

Hammer does not look like the kind of man who dines with Moroccan princes or builds factories in the Soviet Union. Short, smiling, and comfortably upholstered, he goes about in an elderly camel's-hair coat and a limp Borsalino hat, chuckles disarmingly at his own anecdotes, and might well be mistaken for an old-fashioned country doctor. In a way, this is reassuring; no confidence man in his right mind who wanted to pass for an international financier would get himself up like Hammer. But even when one has hit on this comforting theory, a glance from Hammer can quickly arouse one's suspicions all over again. Hammer's brows are divided by two very deep vertical furrows which give his eyes at times a look of hypnotic intensity, like the eyes of a mad scientist in an old

Behind the dark glasses is Armand Hammer. Behind Hammer is an oil rig he owns in West Los Angeles—padded to keep down noise of drilling.

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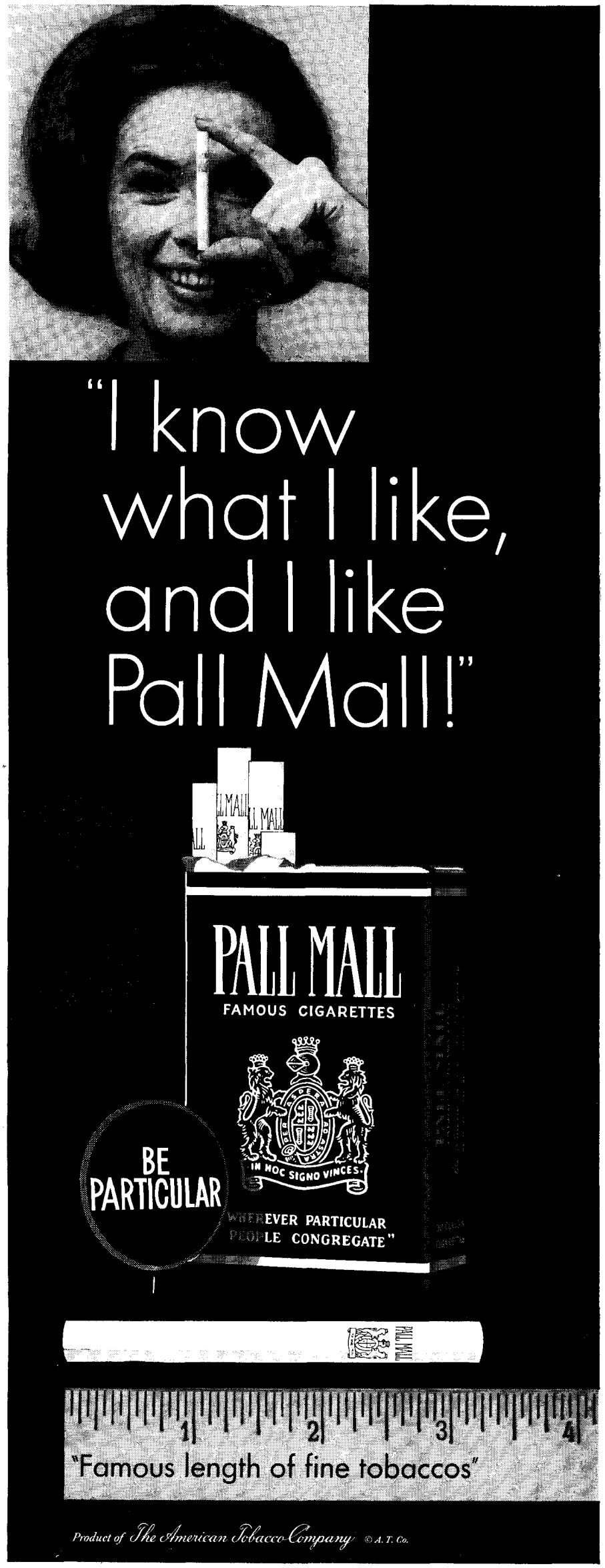
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A flutter for amusement led Hammer to c

horror film or the author of a book on *Conquering Life Through Will Power.*

As it happens, Hammer's stories are true. He does know Prince Abdullah and Khrushchev—he also knew Lenin and Trotsky—and in the course of nearly half a century in business he has shown a remarkable flair for converting into large sums of money almost anything that has come to hand. At one time or another he has turned into gold, or its equivalent, not only barrel staves and pencils, but Aberdeen Angus cattle, asbestos, bourbon, caviar, chloroform, potato spirits, furs, gas, hides, jade, jewelled Easter eggs, mouthwash, oil wells, old masters, a radio network, shampoo, sheep's intestines (for sausage casings), tractors and wheat.

Hammer's most recent feats of financial alchemy have been performed in the oil-and-gas business, which he drifted into mainly as a means of escaping boredom. The drift began in 1956, not long after he had sold a thriving distilling business and had moved from New York to Los Angeles with the intention of lying around in the sun and writing his memoirs. He soon found this intolerably dull, and at the urging of a friend who owned stock in a company called Occidental Petroleum he decided to amuse himself by taking a flutter in oil. Occidental's net worth was less than $50,000, and its only assets were a few nearly depleted oil wells. But its management thought it knew where more oil could be found, and Hammer agreed to put up $120,000 to finance two wildcat wells near Bakersfield, Calif.

Occupational therapy has seldom paid off so handsomely. To Hammer's surprise and delight, both wells came in. Asking himself ecstatically how long this had been going on, he began buying stock in Occidental, and in 1957 he took over the presidency of the company and started running it himself. Since then, Occidental has grown spectacularly. Its balance sheet now lists assets of $190 million, and last year the company reported earnings of more than $13 million. Hammer's own holdings of Occidental stock, consisting of some 400,000 shares for which he paid about $600,000. now have a theoretical market value of about $16 million.

Hammer is constitutionally incapable of sticking to one line of business, however lucrative, and he has recently involved Occidental in a number of new businesses besides gas and oil. In 1964 he was intermittently occupied with plans for mining gold in an area west of Butte, Mont. 'I learned there was gold there from a consulting engineer who was doing some work for us," Hammer told a visitor to Occidental's headquarters in Los Angeles not long ago. "He had grown up in Montana, and he told me he had known about the gold since he was a boy. He said he was going to go back when he retired and see if it could be profitably mined. I'm a great believer in moving fast, so I said, 'Let's do it now,' and persuaded him to come to work for Occidental." Hammer took a small vial from his desk drawer, emptied its contents, consisting of fine black sand, onto a piece of white paper, and invited his visitor to take a look through a magnifying glass. "Those little flecks are gold," he continued. "We've leased five thousand acres of land, and we're processing a few hundred tons of ore in a pilot plant we've built to get an idea of what our costs would be. It looks good." Hammer smiled happily, and poured the sand back into the jar.

As it turned out, the engineer from Montana was wrong. Further exploration showed that there wasn't enough of the gold-bearing sand to justify the mining scheme, and Hammer dropped it. But he is now immersed in a much more substantial project that excites him even more than ending the U.S. gold shortage.

In 1963 Occidental took control, through a merger, of a trading company called Interore, which handles the sales of nearly half of all chemical fertilizers and soil nutrients exported by the United States. In addition to Interore, Occidental has acquired other subsidiaries which produce sulphur and ammonia, two of the principal ingredients of chemical fertilizers. It has also opened a plant in Lakeland, Fla., which is mining local deposits of phosphate rock (another fertilizer ingredient) and converting it into superphosphoric acid with a new process developed by the British. "One shipload of super-acid is the equivalent of four shiploads of plain phosphate rock," Hammer says. "Think

Hammer drives to his office at Occidental Petroleum each day in on

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fortune in oil, a budding empire in fertilizer.

what this will mean to underdeveloped countries! By reducing the shipping cost, we will be able to provide India with phosphate at half the present cost."

Hammer plans to move Occidental itself into a number of underdeveloped countries. Just a few weeks ago, Morocco's Prince Abdullah flew to the U.S. at Hammer's invitation to talk over final details of a major deal which has been simmering for some time. Occidental has been given the exclusive right (in partnership with the Moroccan government) to exploit Morocco's enormous reserves of high-grade phosphate rock, the largest known to exist anywhere. Now the company is preparing to build a large plant in Morocco to process the rock into superphosphoric acid for the world market.

Phosphate is often combined with ammonia in making fertilizer, and Hammer envisages a future in which super-acid from Morocco and Florida will be combined with ammonia produced in Occidental plants strategically situated all over the world. He is negotiating for permission to build ammonia plants in Saudi Arabia, Libya, Tunisia and Venezuela. The plants would use as raw material the natural gas which these countries produce in abundance but for which they have virtually no market.

Even desert countries can increase their agricultural harvests by the use of fertilizers, Hammer says, since chemicals help the soil retain sparse water. But lack of capital and technology has kept them from using the rich chemical resources they have. Hammer hopes to remedy both deficiencies. Occidental's payroll already includes a number of agronomists whose job will be to teach modern methods to Saharan farmers, and hopefully turn them into customers for the new fertilizer factories.

Back home, meanwhile, Occidental geologists are exploring in Arizona for deposits of potash (the one chemical fertilizer the company doesn't yet produce), and Occidental chemists have developed a new process for preserving food shipments in a low-temperature nitrogen atmosphere. The fertilizer and food-shipping business now accounts for 70 percent of Occidental's sales.

In pursuit of his and Occidental's fortunes Hammer pushes himself very hard, shuttling restlessly between Los Angeles and New York and standing ready to take off from either city on a few hours' notice for London or Casablanca. When he is in Los Angeles, where he lives in a 20-room house in Westwood, his working day begins at breakfast. He may invite a business guest to share it with him, and whether he does or not he is likely to spend a good part of the meal talking on the telephone—an instrument that Hammer uses so incessantly, wherever he happens to be, that he has been heard to address a restaurant waitress absentmindedly as "operator."

A few minutes after nine he steps into a white Rolls-Royce with red carpeting and is driven to Occidental's general offices on Wilshire Boulevard. When he gets home it is usually well after seven, and often he is carrying a batch of technical and trade journals, which his wife, Frances, obligingly reads aloud to him in the evenings. (The Hammers were married in 1956, he for the third time and she for the second; they have no children.) In New York his routine is much the same. Occidental has headquarters in midtown Manhattan, and Hammer works there in a big, mahogany-walled room hung with paintings by Hals, Van Dyck, Rubens and other old masters that he bought some years ago when his main business was dealing in art objects.

To keep fit, Hammer tries to take some exercise every day. Sometimes he walks, and in New York, where he owns a charming old brick house near Washington Square, he and his wife can now and then be seen strolling briskly around Greenwich Village at seven o'clock in the morning. In Westwood Hammer begins each day by descending a circular stairway that leads from his bedroom to an indoor pool, and swimming 40 laps. Except for the last five laps, when he swims the crawl, he propels himself by a sedate breaststroke, which permits him to listen to a morning newscast while he takes his exercise.

The swift growth of Occidental has not drawn the uniformly favorable notices on Wall Street that Hammer would like. Some bankers and brokers, noting the extraordinary number and the heady

of the two white Rolls-Royces he keeps at his Los Angeles home.

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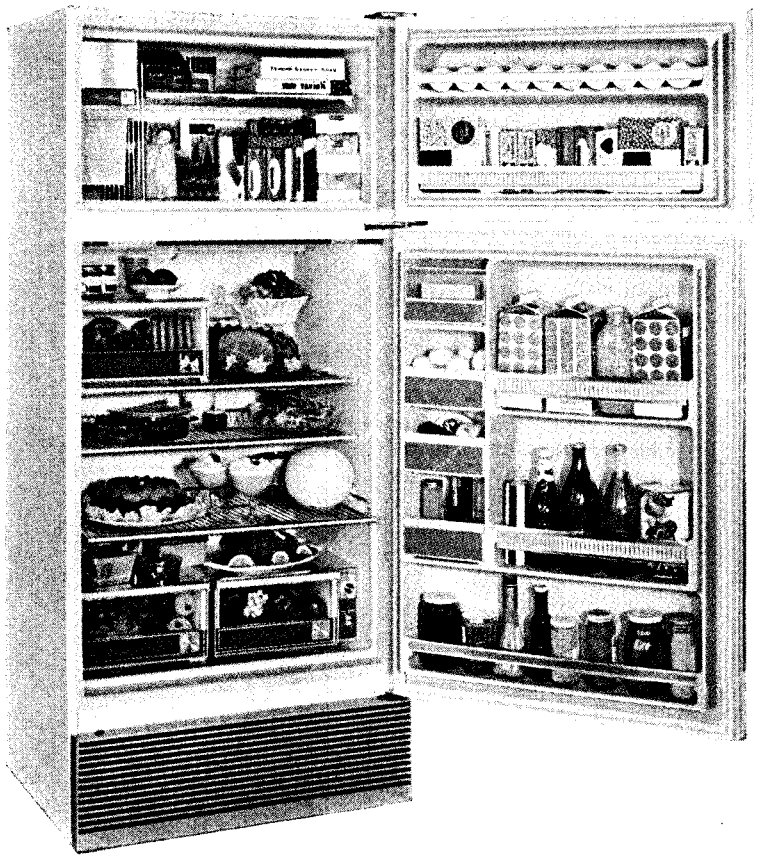

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Continued from page 85

optimism of the press releases that were emanating from Occidental in the early 1960's, concluded that Hammer was more concerned with touting the company's stock than with building a sound business. In 1964 Hammer was invited to address the New York Society of Security Analysts, and he tried to dispel this notion by turning over the floor to Occidental's operating executives for sober, factual reviews of the company's activities and prospects. The result was less than a total triumph. During the next few weeks, the price of Occidental stock dropped four points—partly, no doubt, because one executive, in discussing Occidental's gold-mining plans, candidly (and accurately) warned that "there's an awful lot of gravel between those pieces of gold."

But investors familiar with Hammer's career are seldom disturbed by such incidents. While conceding that Hammer has a weakness for counting his chickens before they hatch, they feel this only enhances, like a beauty spot, the attractions of an otherwise flawless entrepreneurial talent. This talent was first displayed while Hammer was still a student at Columbia University. His father, a New York physician, had invested all his savings in a small company that sold a line of shampoos, mouthwashes and pharmaceutical chemicals. In Armand's sophomore year at Columbia, his father informed him that the business was in bad shape—so bad indeed that unless it could be revived at once, Armand would have to leave college and give up his plan of going on to medical school. The elder Hammer suggested that Armand and his older brother, Harry, a chemist, take a crack at putting the company back on its feet.

While going through medical school he made $1,000,000 on the side.

At first their efforts were only moderately successful. Then Armand had a hunch. The price of drugs and medical supplies slumped after the Armistice in 1918, but he was convinced that the slump would be a short one, and he persuaded his father and brother to invest every dollar they could lay their hands on in chloroform, antiseptics and similar commodities. His hunch was right, and when prices rose they found themselves rolling in money.

By this time Armand was enrolled in Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, where business activities forced him to cut so many lectures in his senior year that some of his classmates assumed he had dropped out of school. But with the help of borrowed lecture notes and an excellent memory he managed to graduate among the top 10 in his class. He had the further distinction of being the only man in history, so far as anyone knows, to have made a million dollars on the side while going through medical school.

Hammer had been appointed to an internship at New York's Bellevue Hospital. But he was not scheduled to report there until January, 1922, which was six months away, and he decided to spend the intervening time in Russia. Russia was then suffering from a terrible famine, and his intention was to set up and operate a field hospital, which he bought for the purpose from United States Army surplus stock.

Hammer reached Moscow in August, 1921, and while waiting for his field hospital to catch up with him, he accepted an invitation to join a group of Soviet officials setting out to tour the famine districts by special train. Hammer soon saw that no amount of medical aid would keep millions of Russians from starving. What they needed was something to eat, and it struck him that even though the Soviet Union was desperately short of foreign exchange, it was fairly well supplied with certain commodities that might be bartered for food. He consulted his brother Harry by cable, and when the train reached Sverdlovsk, a city in the foothills of the Urals, he called on the local authorities and formally undertook to furnish them with a shipload of American wheat in exchange for a cargo of Russian fur, hides and caviar.

News of the deal spread quickly, and as the train moved on, Hammer was cheered at every stop. At one town he was called on for a speech. He had been trying to master Russian by memorizing 100 words every day, and he decided to display his proficiency. "The crowd was very enthusiastic," Hammer recalls. "At the end I turned to the official who had introduced me, and apologized for the fact that my accent was so poor. He said, 'Oh, don't worry, they didn't understand a word you said. They thought you were speaking English.'"

Shortly afterward Hammer was summoned back to Moscow for a meeting with Lenin. The Soviet leader thanked him for what he had done and said that Russia was eager to enlist the services of energetic capitalists like Hammer. He suggested that Hammer drop his plan to set up a field hospital and, instead, take over and operate an abandoned asbestos mine at Alapayevsk, at the western edge of Siberia. Hammer agreed, thereby ending his medical career before it had started.

The asbestos mine did not pay off for several years, but in the meantime Hammer had prudently added a second string to his bow. He persuaded a number of big U.S. firms, including Ford Motor Company, to make him their sales agent in the Soviet Union. And by offering to export Soviet goods to pay for products that Russia bought, he obtained a trading concession from the Soviet government.

The Russians almost at once began importing Ford trucks and tractors by the shipload. Hammer and a younger brother named Victor, who joined him in Russia in 1922, were soon enjoying an income of several hundred thousand dollars a year. They took up residence in an enormous Moscow mansion, known as the Brown House, where they entertained Will Rogers, Mary

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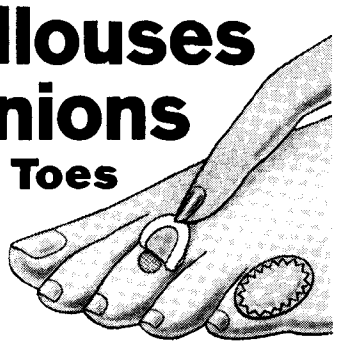

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MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Pickford, the philosopher John Dewey, and just about every other American who visited Russia during the 1920's. The house was crammed with Gobelin tapestries, Louis XVI chairs and English silver that Victor, a Princeton art major, had picked up at auctions where such things sold for almost nothing right after the Revolution. The Brown House became such a showplace, in fact, that the Hammers were not surprised when a Soviet motion-picture crew asked permission to photograph the interior; they were a little hurt when the pictures were used in a film depicting the horrors of capitalism.

In 1925 a Soviet official informed Hammer that the government was setting up an organization of its own to handle all foreign trade. He said that if Hammer would relinquish his position as agent for U.S. firms, he could have a manufacturing concession on very favorable terms. Hammer said he would like to manufacture pencils. Russians were then paying 50 cents apiece for pencils, which were all imported, and Hammer pointed out that if the government was going to teach every Russian to read and write, as it had promised, the price would have to come down.

The authorities agreed, but were skeptical, since certain basic processes of pencil manufacture were known to be closely guarded secrets. Hammer overcame this difficulty by going to Nuremberg, Germany, the capital of the pencil industry, wangling an introduction to the manager of the big Eberhard-Faber factory, and offering to triple his salary if he would move to Moscow. The manager said he would be delighted. Six months later Hammer had his factory in operation, and within two years he not only was providing Russians with all the pencils they could use, for five cents apiece, but also was exporting pencils to England, China and Iran. The profits in one year amounted to more than $1 million.

But the sweet life that foreign capitalists had enjoyed under Lenin's New Economic Policy was drawing to a close. In 1926, just after the asbestos mine had begun to yield a nice profit, the government bought it back. Five years later the government bought the pencil factory too. Soon afterward Hammer left Russia to take up a new business career—this time as a cultural missionary bringing art into the home of the ordinary American.

When the Soviets took over his pencils, Hammer moved on to sell fine art at Gimbels.

As a hedge against inflation, Armand and Victor had for years been investing part of their profits in art objects, mainly jewelry, silverware and other items that had once belonged to the Romanov family. They included, for example, a solid-gold egg, as big as a pineapple and profusely decorated with rose diamonds, that Czar Nicholas II had presented to his mother on Easter morning, 1895. When the Hammers left Russia, they took all this treasure with them, intending to sell it off at a gallery they had arranged to open on Fifth Avenue in New York.

But the depression was on, and sales were slow until Armand got the notion of putting the merchandise on sale in department stores. His idea was that many people who were too timid to enter an art gallery would not hesitate to walk into a Lord & Taylor or Bullock's Wilshire and buy a silver dish from which a Romanov had scraped his butter. "We simply took the chi-chi out of buying art," Hammer says.

The technique worked so well that in 1940 Hammer was asked to take charge of selling off part of William Randolph Hearst's enormous art collection. Under Hammer's direction, the entire fifth floor of Gimbel Brothers in New York was cleared to make room for paintings, porcelains, antique furniture and even whole paneled rooms. Each item was priced in traditional department-store manner—a painting by Del Sarto might be offered at $7,980 and later marked down to $5,789—and the stock was regularly replenished with objects taken from other private collections. To lend a little tone to the proceedings, Hammer got out a handsome monthly magazine, *The Compleat Collector*, whose contents included articles about items on sale at Gimbels. Many articles were written by Hammer himself under various pseudonyms, his favorite being Braset Marteau, a literal French translation of arm-and-hammer.

While catering to the public's cultural hunger, Hammer was also engaged in slaking its thirst. In 1933 he had learned that American brewers, then just starting up after Prohibition, would for some time be largely dependent on the Soviet Union for supplies of seasoned-oak barrel staves. Hammer quickly bought up the entire Soviet output of staves for the next two years, and began manufacturing beer barrels at a plant in Milltown, N.J.

Not long after the Hearst collection went on sale, he got into the whiskey business as well. The war was on, and because of government measures to conserve grain, there was a shortage both of whiskey and of neutral grain spirits, which distillers combine with whiskey in making so-called blends. A chemist persuaded Hammer that good neutral spirits could be made from potatoes instead of grain. Anticipating public resistance, Hammer decided to identify the stuff on whiskey labels as neutral *vegetable* spirits. At first the government objected, but when Hammer promised to add a few bushels of carrots to every carload of potatoes he distilled, the objection was withdrawn. Hammer bought an old distillery in New Hampshire and began cooking up spirits for distillers, using some in a blend of his own called Old Cooperage. He bought more distilleries, and by the end of the war he was the country's No. 2 producer of bulk whiskey.

But when wartime restrictions were lifted, other distillers no longer wanted

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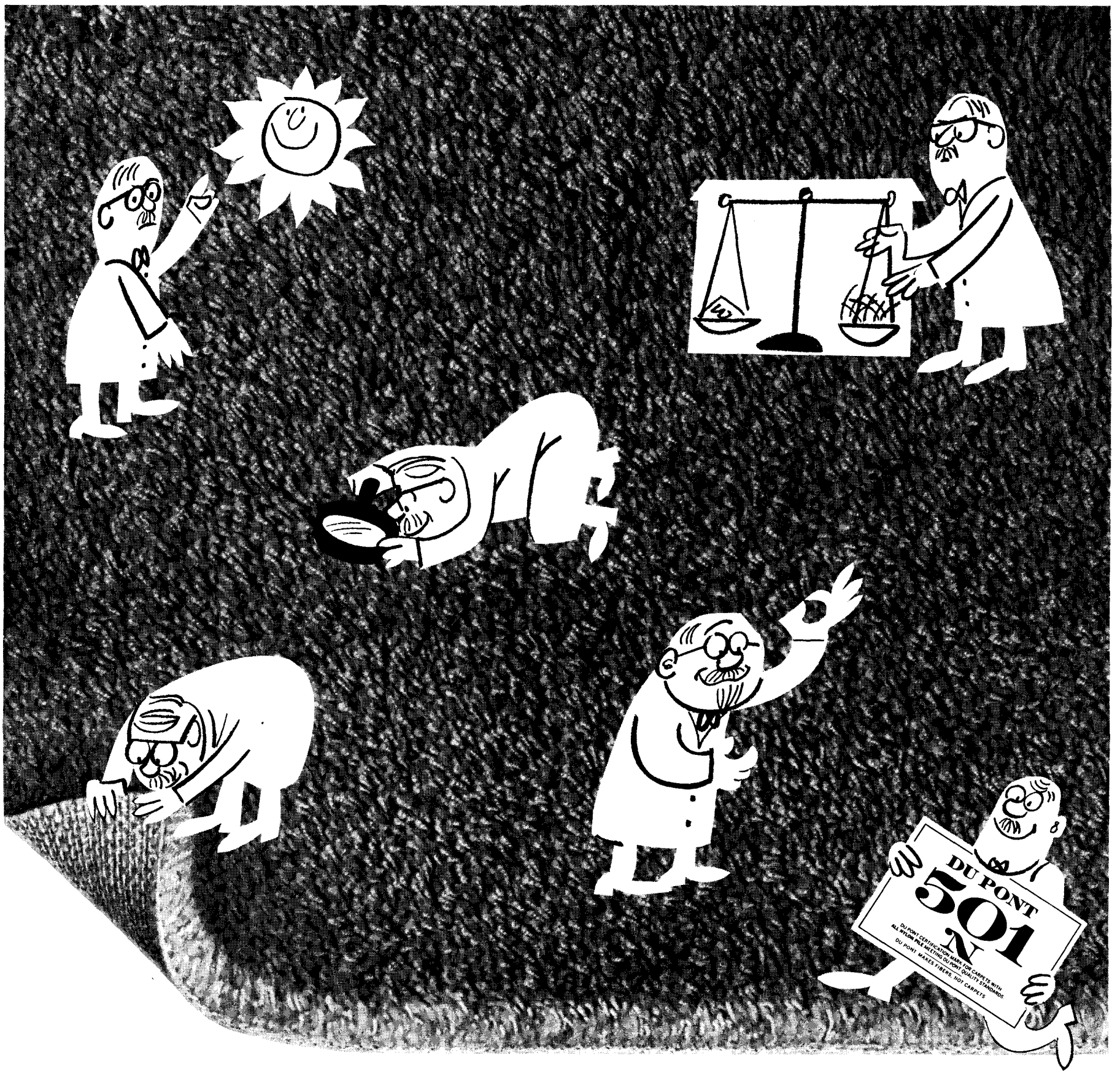
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his potato spirits, and the public turned up its nose at Old Cooperage and the other obscure brands Hammer had acquired. To keep from drowning financially in unsold whiskey, Hammer took steps to make a best seller out of one of these brands, a 100-proof bonded bourbon called J.W. Dant.

Like most bourbons with any pretensions to quality, Dant sold for just under seven dollars a fifth. Hammer cut the price to $4.49, and set out to persuade the liquor trade that Dant was a bargain worth pushing. He took with him on his rounds a jeweled Victorian stomacher owned by the Hammer Galleries. It had little to recommend it from an aesthetic standpoint, but it had belonged to a Hapsburg, it was encrusted with showy blue and yellow diamonds, and it was worth (or, at any rate, priced at) a quarter of a million dollars. Hammer decided to promote Dant as "The Crown Jewel of Kentucky Bourbon," and at meetings with distributors he dramatized this slogan by draping the stomacher around a bottle of Dant. After making his pitch, he would invite all wives who were present to put the stomacher on and have their pictures taken. This helped work up such enthusiasm in the trade that Dant quickly became the top-selling bonded whiskey, yielding a profit of more than $3 million a year before taxes.

This was a lot more money than Hammer had been able to make selling art at Gimbels and knocking out articles on "Ancient Glass as the Ancients Knew It," and his style of living reflected the change. He ran his whiskey business from an oak-paneled office on the 78th floor of the Empire State Building, where visitors could inspect his growing collection of old masters—some of which Hammer had thriftily bought at Gimbels to take advantage of the usual employee's discount. He bought a farm near Red Bank, N.J., and began breeding some of the world's finest Aberdeen Angus cattle. In the summers he visited Franklin D. Roosevelt's old summer home on Campobello Island, in New Brunswick, which Hammer and his brothers bought in 1951, and which they have recently donated to the governments of the United States and Canada as an international park.

Hammer also spent some time on a 78-foot yacht, the *Shadow Isle*, which he used for commuting between Red Bank and New York. During the day the craft would be moored at the Flushing yacht basin, and when Hammer was ready to go home, he would send word by telephone. By looking out of his office window he could watch the *Shadow Isle* coming down the East River, and time his departure so that he and the yacht would arrive simultaneously at the pier.

Hammer was continually on the move, rushing about the country to visit his nine distilleries, talk with distributors and attend cattle sales. He traveled mostly at night, in a twin-engined Beechcraft, fitted out with a couch for sleeping, in which he once logged 250,000 miles in a year. By 1953 he was weary of this routine, and when Schenley offered him $6.5 million for J.W. Dant, he accepted happily. In the next few months he sold the rest of his distilleries and auctioned off most of his cattle at a three-day sale that brought more than a million dollars. Not long afterward he sold the *Shadow Isle* as well and moved to California.

"I tried water skiing," Hammer recalls. "I even took flying lessons. But there's no substitute for running a big business once you've had the experience." Hammer was soon running two big businesses. In 1957, after taking over Occidental, he headed a syndicate that bought the Mutual Radio Network. But this proved too much even for a man of Hammer's formidable energy, and he soon sold Mutual—at a profit—to give full attention to Occidental.

Hammer's success in the oil-and-gas business seems to have been due mainly to three factors. For one thing, he has been very lucky. For another, he has drilled most of his wells with money put up by individual investors whose incomes are high enough so they are gambling mainly with tax dollars. Occidental contributes leases, geological expertise and some cash; in return, it gets at least a 50 percent interest in any oil or gas that is found. Occidental was the first publicly held oil company to finance drilling this way.

Finally, Hammer has been very generous with stock options, and a number of executives who joined Occidental a few years ago are now worth two or three hundred thousand dollars. This generosity has helped Hammer not only to obtain the services of some first-rate oil men but also to arouse in them a little of his own instinct for seizing opportunity by the forelock. As an illustration, he likes to tell how Occidental acquired a major interest in California's big Brentwood gas field. At the time of its discovery, Occidental and Shell both had drilling crews in the area, at sites several miles apart. The young geologist assigned to monitor Occidental's well had taken it on himself to keep a close watch on the Shell rig. While peering through his binoculars late one evening he saw a flame, indicating that gas had been found. He immediately drove to Bakersfield, where Occidental has its operating headquarters, to alert his associates. The next day was a Saturday, and the land office at Bakersfield would normally have been closed, but the man in charge was persuaded to open up so that a list could be compiled of all landowners in the Brentwood area who retained drilling rights. Occidental agents spent the weekend calling on these landowners with checkbooks, and when Monday came, and Shell and other oil companies set out to acquire leases, they found Occidental had been there ahead of them.

One of Occidental's newest wells, which taps a promising oil pool on West Pico Blvd. in Los Angeles, may be the only oil well in the world located next to a supermarket, and it is almost certainly the only oil well in the world colored powder blue. The company has sheathed the 161-foot drilling rig with a tower of fluted blue-steel panels and surrounded it with a 12-foot flagstone wall. The motive for all this is entirely aesthetic, Hammer admits. Only a block from the site is the border of Beverly Hills, an impeccably groomed residential town which geologists believe is on top of a vast lake of oil. The principal purpose of the tower is to convince Beverly Hills' town fathers that oil drilling, too, can be beautiful, and persuade them to let Occidental do some drilling inside the town limits.

Hammer's crowded career seemed to have come neatly full circle not long ago when he found himself once again negotiating to build factories and feed people in the Soviet Union. In 1961 he visited Moscow as an unofficial agent of the Commerce Department charged with seeing what might be done to increase U.S. exports. He spent a couple of hours with Anastas Mikoyan, whom he had met in the 1920's, and on the next day he returned to the Kremlin for a talk with Khrushchev. Khrushchev expressed interest in Hammer's success as a cattle breeder. "He said he had observed that American steaks were three times as large as Russian steaks," Hammer has recalled. "He said that unless Russia could bring its steaks up to American size and quality, Communism was sure to fail."

Hammer went to Moscow again in 1964 to explore the possibility of doing some fertilizer business. Again he met with Khrushchev, who asked if Hammer would be interested in building fertilizer plants in the Soviet Union. When Hammer pointed out that the U.S. government would not supply the necessary credits, Khrushchev suggested that Hammer work something out with the British. Hammer later went to London and arranged for an English engineering firm to build such plants as the Russians might agree to buy, and to share the profits with Occidental.

Engineering reports were prepared for an ammonia factory on the Kamchatka Peninsula, and Hammer began making plans for another plant in Murmansk. Khrushchev's fall from power later in the year apparently had no effect; Hammer was at no loss for high-level contacts in any case, being acquainted with the new premier, Aleksei Kosygin. Last winter he was back for still another Moscow visit to discuss trade. Between business sessions, Hammer went on a guided tour which included Lenin's old office, preserved just as it was when Lenin last left it in 1924. Among the objects in this Communist shrine is a bronze monkey which rests on the desk. When the lady guide learned that the American in her group was the man who had given the monkey to Lenin, she wept.

Not long afterward, however, the Russians called off all negotiations for the plants. Hammer blames this on the deterioration of U.S.-Soviet relations caused by the Vietnam war.

Hammer's principal current enthusiasm concerns U.S.-Moroccan relations. Inspired by his Moroccan dealings, he rounded up a group of U.S. businessmen who might be interested in starting their own enterprises in Morocco and made plans to charter a jetliner and fly them over for a firsthand look.

Big U.S. investments in Morocco would strengthen Occidental's position there, of course. Yet when Hammer talks about underdeveloped countries, he speaks with a zeal that cannot be ascribed solely to his belief that doing business with them can be profitable. He feels he has a mission to cover every arable portion of the earth's surface with a thick blanket of fertilizers, and he has no intention of retiring until he has made at least a good start. "With the population exploding all over the world, the only way people can feed themselves is by the increasing use of chemical fertilizers," he says. "When I first went to Russia, and went to the famine areas, I used to lie awake for hours trying not to listen to the wailing of hungry children that went on all night. I've never forgotten that. It seems to me that it would cap everything I've ever done if I could help furnish the means for feeding the hungry people of the world."

Without trying to account fully for the forces that impel a man of Hammer's age and wealth to drive himself so hard, it seems clear that he now finds the conferring of benefits on his fellowmen almost as appealing a notion as making money, and that the prospect of doing both at the same time, on a large scale, is altogether irresistible. □

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THE GI's BEST FRIEND

With gags and skits and pretty girls, Bob Hope breezed through Vietnam like a Christmas present from home.

By Trevor Armbrister

The band played *Thanks for the Memory*, and he sauntered onstage—a stocky, brown-eyed man wearing an orange shirt, black dancing slippers and the green beret of the U.S. Army's Special Forces. In one hand he held a golf club. For a few seconds he stood there, unsmiling, and surveyed the audience. Then a sharklike grin began to spread across his face.

"I've never seen such happy servicemen," he said, "and why not? This is the only country in the world where the women come out to meet you in pajamas. It's called Operation Head Start. . . . This is my second time in Vietnam, which puts me in the same class with our ambassador. He's also a two-time loser."

Overhead, like aerial scorpions, armed helicopters circled the camp. Out on the perimeter, 1,000 yards away, infantrymen crouched behind machine guns and scanned the clumps of elephant grass for a sight of the Viet Cong. Up on the stage, comedian Bob Hope was delivering his rapid-fire monologue—and bringing laughter to thousands of U.S. servicemen who hadn't had anything to laugh about in a long time.

In 12 days last December, Hope and his troupe of entertainers traveled 23,000 miles to visit four hospitals and put on 24 shows for U.S. military personnel in Thailand, Vietnam, the Philippines and Guam. As the war in Vietnam has escalated, other entertainers have traveled overseas to lift servicemen's morale. For many of them, it was a new experience. For Hope, it was almost routine.

Twenty-five years ago this month, at March Field, Calif., the seemingly indefatigable comedian staged his first show exclusively for servicemen. Since then, under the joint sponsorship of the U.S.O. (which is celebrating its 25th birthday this year) and the Defense Department, he has flown more than two million miles to entertain 11 million soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen. In the process he has become a sort of jet-propelled national institution. To these servicemen, as columnist Irv Kupcinet once pointed out, "He's Uncle Sam, Santa Claus and a letter from home all wrapped up in one neat package of hilarity."

Though Hope is pushing 63, there is an ageless quality about the man—many of the servicemen applauding his performances today are the sons of GI's he once entertained in places with names like Palermo, Tarawa and New Caledonia.

"People are always asking me why Bob knocks himself out the way he does for the GI's," says actor Peter Leeds, who has accompanied Hope on 12 overseas jaunts. "Well, I think it's because he

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Destroyer TURNER JOY steams alongside carrier TICONDEROGA as Hope does his monologue, reading gags from cue cards.

BOB HOPE

knows they need the kind of entertainment he provides and that they really appreciate it. But it's also true that Bob needs an audience. And no matter how tired he gets, when he hears that laughter and applause . . . well, it rejuvenates him."

In 1963, for example, an old eye ailment put Hope in a San Francisco hospital. His doctors warned him that his vision could be impaired seriously if he didn't rest, and told him to cancel his scheduled tour of U.S. bases in Africa and the Middle East. Eventually, Hope's troupe of entertainers left without him. But the thought of remaining at home in bed gnawed at his pride. Thirty-six hours later he caught a commercial flight and joined the cast in Turkey. "The moment I saw those boys' faces," he says, "something snapped within me and I got well."

One morning, just before Christmas last year, I joined the troupe in the cabin of a U.S. Air Force C-141 as it streaked at 27,000 feet toward Saigon. In the past four days the comedian had staged five full-length shows for U.S., Thai and Australian servicemen at airbases in Thailand. At Korat he lost his balance, fell from the platform and tore two ligaments in his left ankle. But he went on with the show and later that night, his ankle swollen and throbbing, played a command performance at the Royal Palace in Bangkok for Thailand's King Bhumibol Adulyadej and his beautiful Queen Sirikit. Doctors X-rayed and taped his ankle, but it still gave him trouble, and now, as the plane began its descent into Saigon, he seemed apprehensive. "This is where the trip really starts," he said to singer Jack Jones. "If you want to be nervous, now is the time."

Landing at Tan Son Nhut Airport, the giant jet taxied to a halt, and the door was opened. Clutching a golf club, Hope stepped off the plane first, followed by Jerry Colonna, Carroll Baker, Anita Bryant, Kaye Stevens, Diana Lynn Batts (Miss U.S.A.), Joey Heatherton, Jack Jones, Peter Leeds and Harold and Fayard Nicholas. Next came Les Brown and 14 members of his "Band of Renown," 17 NBC-TV cameramen and sound technicians, nine production assistants, three writers, two hairdressers, two cue-card flippers, a makeup man, a wardrobe man, a public-relations adviser, and Hope's personal masseur.

Spotting comedienne Martha Raye in the reception committee at Tan Son Nhut, Hope smiled widely and gave her a warm embrace. She had been in Vietnam for several weeks already—entertaining troops in remote and often dangerous locations—but he had no time to ask about her experiences. Public-information officers wearing cards marked "Operation Big Cheer" whisked him away to a press conference in a nearby chapel.

"What's the golf club for?" a reporter asked.

Hope grinned. "Well," he said, "that's just to keep my grip in shape until I get back, and also for a little protection."

"From whom, Bob?"

"From both sides."

"They blew up the Brink Hotel (an officers' billet in Saigon) the last time you were here," another newsman said. "Are you scared this time?"

"Not at all," Hope replied. "In fact, I may even sleep on top of the bed."

Like a master conductor leading an orchestra, Hope dominated the press conference. For more than 20 minutes, he parried questions with gags, not only because he seemed to believe that this was what the newsmen expected of him, but also because he seemed genuinely wary about expressing personal opinions.

"Bob doesn't like to talk about his health, politics, religion or his adopted children," explained Jan King, a bubbly woman who serves as his "secretary for movies." Nor does he like to talk about himself. Questioned on personal matters, he becomes fidgety and either changes the subject abruptly or turns and walks away.

Inside his dressing room behind a knock-down stage at Tan Son Nhut Airport that afternoon, Hope put on his own makeup, then turned to review his cue cards. For the past few weeks, his seven writers had been concentrating on gags for this tour and here—stacked on the floor of the dressing room—were the results of their efforts: 800 large, rectangular cards, each containing one or more jokes. The gags were broken down into such loose-knit categories as "traveling with pretty girls," "remote bases," "bad food" and "excessive security." As his chief cue-card assistant, an affable Irishman named Barney McNulty, flipped the boards, Hope decided that he would emphasize the security theme on this show. Up onstage, Les Brown's musicians were playing *Fly Me to the Moon.* Hope was due to go on next. Grabbing his golf club, he waited in the wings to be introduced, and then strolled out to the microphone amid a burst of applause from 12,000 servicemen.

"I want to thank the provost marshal for the wonderful protection we've been getting," the comedian declared. "They have twenty-five men with machine guns guarding the girls, and for the fellows, they have a midget with a slingshot. . . . There's one guy standing outside my room with a rifle. I don't know whether that's to protect me or Carroll Baker. . . . No, security here is really sensational. I've been frisked so many times, I'm even beginning to like it. . . ."

At every punch line he lowered his jaw, and his face took on an expression of feigned anguish. The mannerism never failed to provoke laughter.

The show continued for more than two hours, and Hope was onstage constantly—both as a performer and as master of ceremonies. He introduced Kaye Stevens, a tall (5′ 11″) redhead who sang a throaty rendition of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* and then tossed her long white gloves into the audience; he brought on Harold and Fayard Nicholas, a Negro song-and-dance team with whom he had appeared in the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1936*, and then he called for Anita Bryant. She had been Miss Oklahoma in the Miss America Pageant of 1959. Now she sang *Tumbling Tumbleweed.* As she ventured into the audience, microphone in hand, the servicemen whistled and cheered.

Then Hope came back onstage to introduce singer Jack Jones, to do a stand-up comedy routine with Miss U.S.A., Diana Lynn Batts, and to welcome Jerry Colonna. The popeyed "professor" was making his 17th overseas tour with

Everywhere in Vietnam, when show ended, men crowded in around the stage, reaching out to touch the man who was knocking himself out to bring them a whiff of home

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'You go out and sock 'em and those guys applaud, and you have a feeling you're really helping.'

Hope, and for a few moments the two of them walked through a series of humorous "crossovers"—impersonations and sight gags of the type they once used to "warm up" studio audiences before radio shows in the late 1930's. The servicemen at Ton Son Nhut roared. Later they roared even louder when Hope brought Carroll Baker onstage.

"That's a nice gown you've got," the comedian began. "Is it a Schiaparelli?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Bob," Miss Baker replied. "I've forgotten where I bought it."

"Well, can I check the label?" With a knowing wink at the audience, Hope stepped behind her and pretended to examine the manufacturer's tag.

"What does it say, Bob?"

"Off limits," Hope replied.

He kept up the comedy routine for another 10 minutes, danced a soft-shoe number called *Will You Still Be Mine?* with Miss Baker and then took a break as actor Peter Leeds stepped forward to tell a few gags about U.S. television commercials. But soon Hope returned to the microphone to introduce Joey Heatherton, a 21-year-old blonde who burst onstage wearing a black-sequined leotard and waving a feathery white boa. A few months earlier Miss Heatherton had accompanied Hope and Colonna on a trip to entertain U.S. troops in the Dominican Republic. Her uninhibited dancing had drawn so much applause that Hope decided then to bring her to Vietnam. And now a grin spread across his face as he sat in the wings and watched her stomp through a wild Watusi with volunteers from the audience. "What a kid!" he said. "Isn't she great?"

Ten minutes later Hope was back onstage for a final production number with the entire cast, and then, as the show closed, he asked Anita Bryant to sing *Silent Night*. It was Christmas Eve, and many of the servicemen had tears in their eyes.

After the finale, General W. C. Westmoreland, chief of the U. S. Military Assistance Command in Vietnam, presented a plaque to each member of the troupe and called Hope "the best friend the serviceman ever had." He went on to quote the comedian as having said, "I'll stop going overseas only when they stop having Christmas." The audience applauded resoundingly, and Hope seemed embarrassed. But now a limousine was waiting to speed him to a nearby military hospital. Followed by the rest of his troupe, Hope moved through the wards at a brisk pace. He asked each man how he got hurt and how he was feeling. He told a few jokes and signed autographs. But he never expressed any sympathy.

"That's the last thing these guys want," he says. "If you give them sympathy, they'll turn away. You gotta be clinical about it and talk to 'em on an honest basis. All these guys in traction, I say, 'Don't get up, fellas,' or 'OK, somebody get the dice and let's get started.' In the old days, Colonna and I would even get in bed with the patients."

"You have to show them that you're really happy to see them," Colonna says, "and in some cases, it's really tough. You know how they feel and they know how they feel. I choke up and get a lump in my throat and I have to walk away. But Bob—he's learned how to hold back his emotions."

He hasn't always succeeded. Once, on the island of Espiritu Santo in 1944, Hope stopped by the bedside of a severely wounded soldier who was receiving blood transfusions. "I see where they're giving you a little pick-me-up," the comedian declared. "It's only raspberry soda," the boy replied, "but it feels pretty good." Two hours later, Hope was told that the boy was dead. "I thought about how in his last moments he'd grinned and tried to say something light," Hope recalls, "and I couldn't stand it. I had to go outside and pull myself together."

With sirens screaming, Hope's cavalcade raced into Saigon. It was late afternoon and the broad, tree-lined boulevards were jammed with motor scooters, tiny Renault taxis and pushcarts full of vegetables. As the traffic increased, the convoy slowed to a crawl. "You gotta remember to keep your windows closed," the driver said. "There's nothing they like better than to throw a grenade into a car full of Americans."

Later that evening Gen. Ben Sternberg threw a party for the troupe on the roof of the Hotel Meyerkord. Hope decided to skip it. Although he is not a Catholic, his wife Dolores is—and he promised her long ago that he would always attend services on Christmas Eve no matter where he was. So at 10 o'clock he drove back to Tan Son Nhut Airport where Francis Cardinal Spellman was preparing to celebrate Mass.

"You seem so tired," Hope said as he greeted the Cardinal. "You've done five shows already today. Why don't you take it easy?"

"Well, Bob," the Cardinal smiled. "I'm not as spry as I used to be and my eyes are fading a bit. But I have an idea. Why don't you do my next show for me? The boys will listen to you."

At nine o'clock next morning, three Chinook helicopters lifted the troupe from Tan Son Nhut Airport to the First Infantry Division's base at Di-An. It was very warm and the sky was clear and because it was Christmas Day, a truce was in effect. Yet most of the 3,200 men in the audience were carrying weapons. Only a few hours ago, four GI's had been killed when their Jeep struck a mine just north of the base, and now an escort officer was saying that extensive security precautions had to be taken because the Viet Cong were known to be less than a mile away. As he listened to the officer, singer Jack Jones turned to Les Brown. "In case of a mortar attack," he told the band leader, grinning, "you can cut my second number."

Up onstage Hope was beginning his monologue. " . . . and our astronauts finally got together," he declared. "I thought White and McDivitt were just wonderful walking on air. Of course, they made de Gaulle jealous because he's been trying to walk on the water for so long. . . ." For a moment, the servicemen's laughter threatened to drown out the noise of the helicopters circling overhead.

The temperature at the airbase in Bien Hoa that afternoon was a blistering 98 degrees, but the

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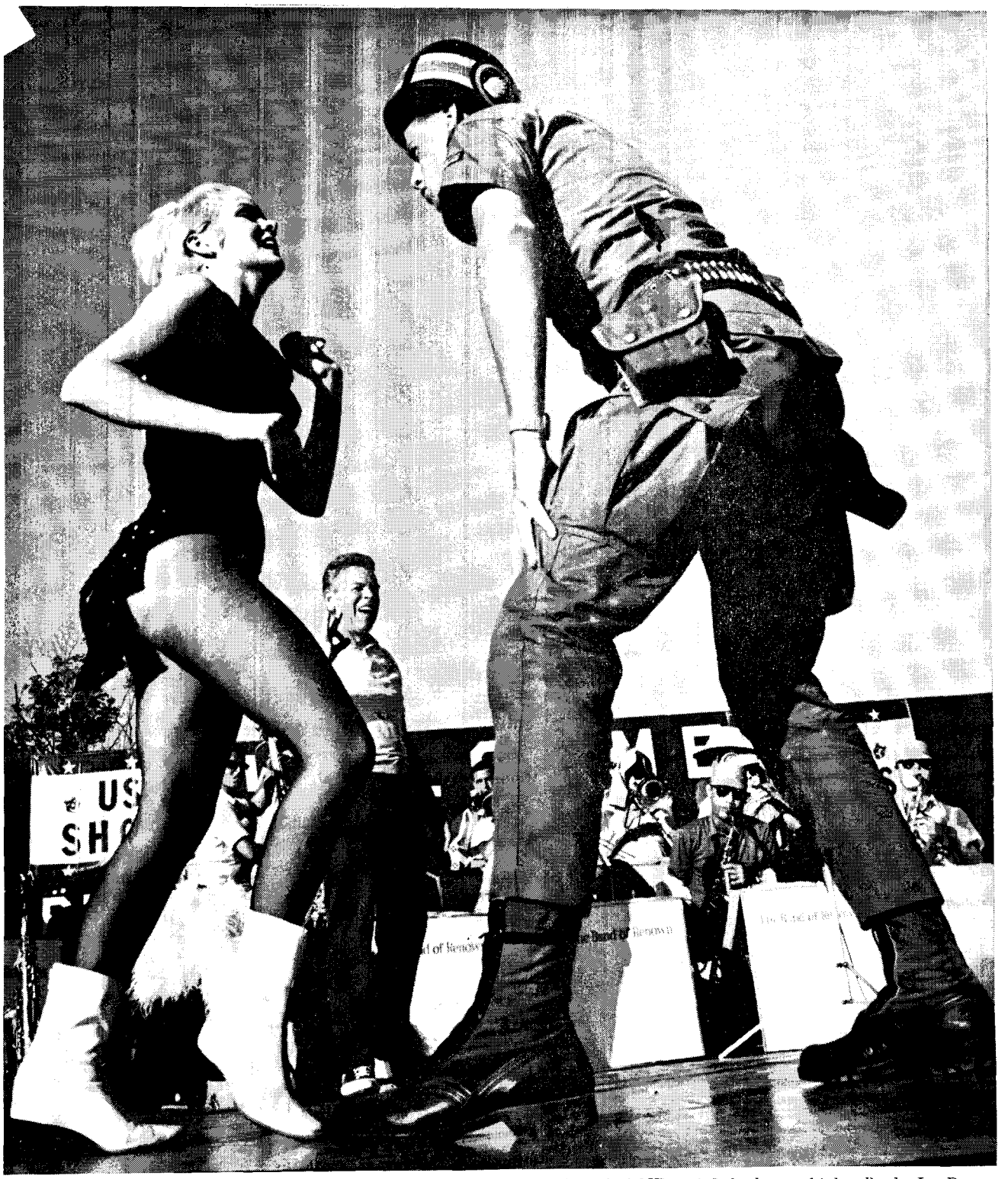

At Bien Hoa, a volunteer joins Joey Heatherton in a wild and wonderful Watusi. In background is bandleader Les Brown.

When some marine units were ordered back to duty, Hope cut right to the finale and brought on the girls.

BOB HOPE

7,000 servicemen in the audience didn't seem to notice the heat. They roared their approval as Hope ridiculed the peace demonstrators on U.S. college campuses:

"Our Government's got a new policy about burning draft cards," he announced. "Now they say, 'If he's old enough to play with matches, draft him.' . . . You've seen some of these guys with the shoulder-length hair. I guess they'd rather switch than fight."

"One of the things that sets Bob apart," Barney McNulty says, "is that he'll venture into areas the other comedians avoid. The peace pickets aren't sacred. But who else jokes about them?"

At 1:45 next afternoon, Hope was onstage again—this time at Cam Ranh Bay, a sandy supply depot on the Vietnamese coast 200 miles northeast of Saigon. "What is this," he asked, "a rest-and-recreation area for camels? A supply depot for the Sahara?" The servicemen whistled and applauded.

A few minutes later helicopters whisked the troupe to the *U.S.S. Ticonderoga* five miles offshore. Hope had never put on a show from the deck of a carrier engaged in combat operations, and the prospect clearly excited him. After dinner with Admiral Ralph Cousins, he climbed up to the bridge to watch a squadron of F-8 Crusaders return from a mission over enemy territory.

The carrier was steaming into a 30-knot wind. Her deck was pitching and the recovery operation was slow—and suspenseful. One Crusader landed safely, followed by another. Then a third picked up the guidance beam and started its approach. But something went wrong. The Crusader's undercarriage scraped the carrier's stern; its tail hook failed to grab an arresting wire and the jet skidded along the deck—finally plunging in flames into the sea. "Oh, my God," Hope said.

A klaxon sounded, its mournful wail springing men into action. Someone spotted a parachute off the port bow. But no pilot. Moments dragged by. Then came a signal from the destroyer *Turner Joy* 1,000 yards astern. The pilot, Lieut. W. S. Braugher, of Newark, Ohio, had been picked up. He was alive and well. Later, in the carrier's sick bay, Hope told Braugher warmly, "I'm sure glad you decided to stick around for our show."

By two P.M. next day all air operations had ceased and carpenters were driving the last nails into a makeshift stage on the flight deck. As the show began, the destroyer *Turner Joy* and the supply ship *Sacramento* steamed abreast of the carrier. Many of their crewmen had binoculars; many others were listening on ships' radios.

"I've played water holes before," the comedian began, taking a practice swing, "but this is ridiculous. . . . And it's amazing what you can rent from Hertz these days. What a raft this is—it looks like Jackie Gleason's surfboard."

Shortly after eight o'clock next morning, helicopters carried the troupe from the *Ticonderoga*'s deck to the First Cavalry Division (Airmobile) base at An Khe in the Central Highlands. En route, an officer pointed out Mang Yang Pass where 4,000 Frenchmen of Group Mobile 100 had been massacred during the Indochina War; below and to our left, we could see flashes of artillery.

It was overcast and drizzly as the choppers settled on their pads at An Khe. Six months ago this camp was virgin jungle. Today, with 435 helicopters, it is the largest heliport in the world. It is also the site of considerable enemy activity. "The nickname of this base," an escort officer explained, "is Happy Valley—because the men get to kill so many Viet Cong here."

At An Khe Hope's monologue drew loud applause. So did Joey Heatherton's frenzied Watusi. These were predictable. The surprise was Jack Jones. The 28-year-old Californian was the first male singing star ever to accompany Hope on an overseas tour. He didn't wiggle or sing rock-'n'-roll and his repertoire was limited to such standard tunes as *The Sound of Music*. At first he fully expected to play second fiddle to the girls. But the troops at An Khe called him back for an encore.

Stacked on tables in a tent behind the stage were platters of roast beef, turkey and chicken. "The men have been skimping on their rations for the past three weeks," an escort officer explained, "just to provide this feast." As Hope gnawed on a drumstick, a tall, white-haired lieutenant colonel named Malcolm Baer approached him to say that he had seen the comedian perform in Bremerhaven, Germany, in 1945. "I remember it distinctly," Baer explained, "because we had real eggs that morning for the first time. And now look at this—it's the best chow we've had since we got here."

That afternoon the troupe flew to Nha Trang. Until a year ago, this former French resort—which has one of the world's most beautiful beaches—served as a rest area for American forces. But its once-tranquil atmosphere has long since been shattered. Twenty-four hours before the troupe's arrival, Viet Cong suicide squads blew up a warehouse 100 yards from the show site.

Now inside his dressing room, Hope began to review his cue cards with Barney McNulty. Nha Trang is headquarters for the Army's Fifth Special Forces Group, and one of the gags in the monologue referred to these men as "ruthless." "Change that to 'brave,' and put in that they're handsome, too," the comedian said.

At 10 o'clock next morning the troupe piled into a C-130 for the short flight to the marine base at Chu Lai. Hope has long had a special affection for the marines (During the Korean War he landed—

Flaked out on a cot between shows, Hope, true to form, makes a gag out of the physical exhaustion involved in traveling 23,000 miles to put on 24 shows in 12 days.

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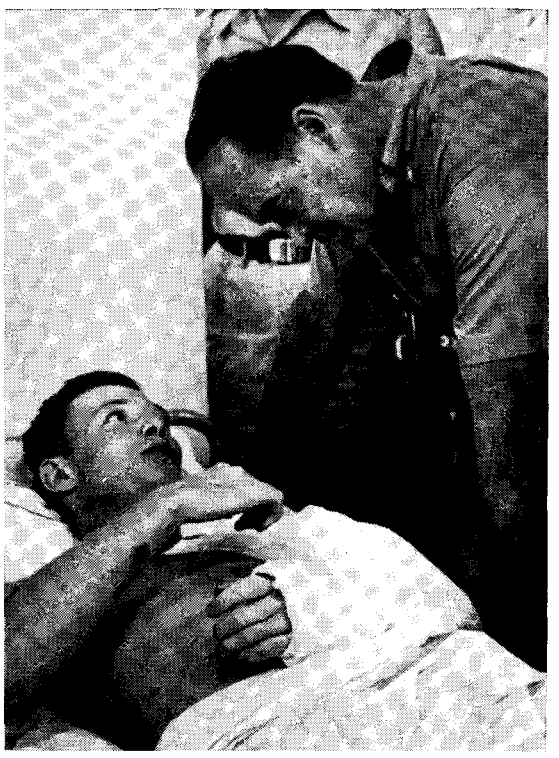
Hope stops for talk with a wounded soldier in one of four hospitals he visited during the tour. He never offered them sympathy—"That's the last thing these guys want."



by an incredible mistake—on the beach at Wonsan 20 minutes before the marines stormed ashore to occupy the place. "It's nice to have you here," he quipped. "You must come to all our invasions.") and that affection is reciprocated.

For security reasons, the marines had not been told in advance when Hope would arrive. Yet they knew he would come eventually and, at six o'clock each morning for the past four days, hundreds of troops had swarmed into the show site hoping to get a good seat. Now as he walked on the stage, swinging his ever-present golf club, a mammoth cheer erupted from the audience. Perched in the tall pine trees surrounding the sandy amphitheater, scores of marines whistled and clapped. And Hope didn't disappoint them.

"When I got off the plane this morning," he said, "I asked a sergeant where the Viet Cong was. He draws wonderful circles. . . . This trip, I'm traveling light. I just brought a toothbrush, a pair of black pajamas and a white flag. . . . This is the most secret base I've ever visited. Everything's strictly hush-hush. At dawn, the bugler just *thinks* reveille. . . ."

As he left the stage, a sergeant cracked, "You look tired. Why don't you *send* for the troops next Christmas?" Hope grinned, but when the show was over, he lay down on a wooden bench in the dressing room and, within two minutes, was fast asleep. But he didn't have long to rest. There was another show to do that afternoon.

At four o'clock the C-130 landed in a rainstorm at Danang. Limousines transferred the cast to helicopters for the eight-mile ride to a show site where 8,500 marines and airmen had been waiting in the mud and rain since early morning. Entering his dressing room, Hope recognized Sen. Stuart Symington. As Secretary of the Air Force in 1948, Symington had persuaded Hope to go to Germany to put on a show for servicemen flying the Berlin airlift. In 1949 he had called the comedian again—this time with a request that he bring a troupe to Alaska. "This is the guy," Hope said, pumping the senator's hand, "who's really responsible for all our Christmas tours."

As the comedian waited in the wings to be introduced, someone handed him a telegram. He turned to pass it to Freddie Miron, but the masseur was nowhere in sight. So he opened it himself. "Along with thousands of brave young Americans, their families and friends," the message read, "I'm glad that Christmas brought Hope to Vietnam. Please accept my thanks—and pass along my appreciation to your wonderful company—Lyndon B. Johnson."

Now a burly marine stepped up to the microphone to order some units back to their duty stations. The sky was dark; the rain was coming down in sheets. Wearing a poncho, Hope sailed into his monologue and then cut directly to the finale so the men who had to leave would have a chance to see all the girls. But even as the troops filed out, the show continued. Hope did his stand-up comedy routines with Diana Lynn Batts and Carroll Baker; he introduced singers Kaye Stevens, Anita Bryant and Jack Jones. And when he brought on Joey Heatherton to cap the performance with a stomping Watusi on that rain-splattered stage, the servicemen roared.

According to the schedule, the troupe was supposed to return to the officers' club in Danang and enjoy a leisurely dinner before flying on to Guam. But Hope received an urgent request to put on a show in the Philippines. He sent the musicians, technicians and production assistants back to Danang, gathered guitarist Bob Gibbons, the girls and Jerry Colonna, and took off in a special jet for Clark Field, just north of Manila.

By the time the C-141 carrying the rest of the troupe touched down at Clark Field, Hope and his skeleton crew of entertainers had done three shows and walked through hospital wards crowded with the worst casualties of the Vietnam War. "There was one ward with sixteen or twenty men," Colonna remembers. "They were in terribly bad shape, under heavy sedation, and they hardly knew we were in there. That was the tough one to see. Bob very seldom speaks his mind about this sort of thing, but I knew by his expression and the tone of his voice that he was really shook."

Five hours later the plane landed at Guam. As Hope stepped down—his golf club in hand—a Navy band swung into *Thanks for the Memory*. Most of the entertainers went immediately to their quarters to get some sleep before the show. But when Hope learned that a squadron of 24 B-52's was about to take off on a mission over Vietnam, he drove to the pilots' ready room and—with Jerry Colonna and Carroll Baker at his side—performed for nearly an hour.

There was a show that afternoon for 12,000 servicemen at Andersen Field, then another banquet in another officers' club. At nine o'clock on that final night of the tour, the troupe climbed into the C-141 for the long haul back to Los Angeles, and all the entertainers fell asleep immediately.

All except Hope. In the last 24 hours, he had had three rubdowns, but his legs still hurt and there were dark circles under his eyes. A special bunk had been prepared for him in the cockpit, but he couldn't sleep, and he stood now by the galley in the darkened cabin and talked about the special thrill he gets from performing for servicemen.

"It's instant satisfaction," he said. "You do a movie or a TV show and you have to wait to find out if it's any good. But here, you go out and sock 'em and those guys applaud; it's man to man and you have a feeling you're really helping when you make those kids forget their own problems. . . ."

"Aren't you tired?"

For a second the comedian paused. "Yeah," he said. "I'm happy tired." □

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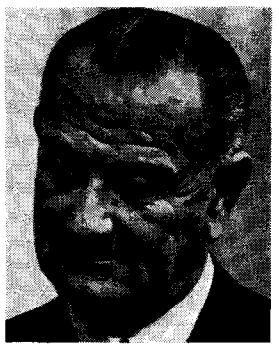
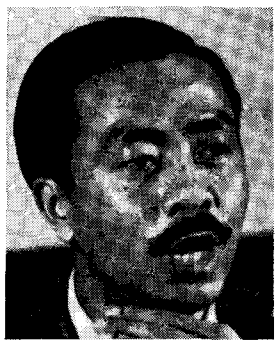
Editorials



Hard questions on Vietnam



Premier Ky

U Thant

It is one of the painful absurdities of the struggle in Vietnam that we keep launching policies we once proclaimed unthinkable. This is most obvious in the military tactics that have grown from little more than advisory assistance to full-scale war. As for the rest of Southeast Asia, to which we once pledged neutrality, we now stage raids on Laos, use bases in Thailand, and declare that we shall attack Cambodia whenever we feel so inclined.

Yet escalation in Vietnam has not been a purely military affair. On the diplomatic front, too, what had once been anathema suddenly becomes policy. There was a time, for instance, when "negotiation" was treated as a dirty word in Washington—as it still is in Communist China—but that time abruptly ended last year when President Johnson announced that he was ready for "unconditional negotiations." There was a time, too, when United Nations Secretary General U Thant suggested that the U.N. might play an intermediary role, and was told, in effect, to mind his own business. Now, it is the United States that has called for the U.N. to assume the role that the United States had previously opposed. Slightly bewildered, but ever willing to rush in where angels fear to tread, the U.N. has accepted the challenge.

To the eternal optimists who consider the prospect of negotiation a virtue in itself, the prospect seems virtuous. At least, it is an improvement on those days when each side said the other must stop fighting before there could be any talks at all. But there is little evidence so far to show that "peace offensives" bring peace, any more than bombing raids bring victory—particularly since both sides are still enmeshed in a purely preliminary conflict about who will be allowed to negotiate with whom. The Communists insist that the Viet Cong guerrillas, and the political arm known as the National Liberation Front, must be accepted as the official voice of the people of South Vietnam, and the "decisive" group in any coalition government. The U.S., by contrast, insists that the only legal representative of South Vietnam is the military regime of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, the 35-year-old air-force officer who holds office by virtue of winning the most recent in a long series of coups in Saigon.

Yet even if we assume that the present impasse can be resolved in a few months, and that both sides decide to make a real attempt at real negotiations; even if we can convince the Communists that we will not abandon Vietnam, and they convince us that they will not surrender, then we will finally have to come to grips with the basic questions that have largely been ignored so far: What is there to negotiate? Is there any compromise that both sides can accept?

A coalition government? This sounds like the only alternative to Communist rule or Western-backed military rule (each extreme being unacceptable to the other side), but the history of coalitions among wolves and tigers is not a cheering one. Who would head such a coalition? Who would control the key ministries? Who would control rival armies? Who would provide the finances?

Free elections? This, too, is pure theory, since South Vietnam has never had a free election. How could an election mean anything? Who would be candidates for what offices? And who would guarantee honest balloting?

U.N. supervision? For more than 10 years the record of international supervisors in Southeast Asia has been a record of impotence, of watching impartially as hostile forces violated their agreements. Is there any precedent for the U.N. intervening in a major war and policing a truce?

In all the talk of a "great debate" on Vietnam substantive questions like these have so far received surprisingly little attention. Yet they are essential to any realistic settlement that might someday be negotiated. Until they can be answered, both sides will go on issuing their pronouncements about "peace," "freedom," "aggression" and "liberation," and none of the pronouncements will be of much help to the tormented people of Vietnam.

Is there a Republican Party?

If our two-party system were functioning as it should, the Administration's ambiguous policy on Vietnam might inspire the Republican Party to provide an imaginative alternative. Granted, of course, it is hard to find any such alternative. In the Korean War days, many Republicans liked to denounce "Harry Truman's War," and Dwight Eisenhower won votes by promising to go to Korea in search of a solution. Today, however, the G.O.P. seems reluctant to proclaim itself a Peace Party, for fear it might be accused of "appeasement." On the other hand, there are always those who demand more troop shipments and more bombing, but wiser Republicans seem equally reluctant to be the sponsors of expanding an unpopular war in a far-away land. Richard Nixon, that bellwether, struck a characteristic pose a few weeks ago when he denounced those liberal Democrats who had failed to support the Democratic President. This, he indicated, would be a campaign issue.

Some issue. Indeed, the G.O.P. vagueness on Vietnam seems a symptom of G.O.P. vagueness on virtually all the major issues confronting this country. Is there a Republican Party program nowadays that offers any constructive alternatives on civil rights or economic planning or urban blight or anything else? Apart from the rhetorical arabesques of Senator Dirksen, there is little evidence that the Republican Party is even trying to fulfill its role of loyal opposition, to provide alternative policies on the major issues, to offer the voter what was once proudly proclaimed as "a choice, not an echo."

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